

THE  
NATIONAL  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, LL.D.

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Pulchrum est bene facere republicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.

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Weed Sewing Machine Co.,	“	21,993	“
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Grover & Baker S. M. Co. (estimated),	“	15,000	“
Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.,	“	14,522	“
American B. H., &c., Sew'g Machine Co.,	“	14,406	“
Gold Medal Sewing Machine Co.,	“	14,262	“
Wilson Sewing Machine Co.,	“	9,508	“
Victor Sewing Machine Co.,	“	6,103	“
Florence Sewing Machine Co.,	“	4,892	“
J. E. Braunsdorf & Co., (Ætna),	“	1,447	“
Secor Sewing Machine Co.,	“	1,507	“
McKay S. M. Ass'n,	“	161	“

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5. *The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century.* By NATHAN L. BEAMISH. London. 1841.
6. *The History of Greenland.* By DAVID CRANTZ. Translated from the High Dutch. London. 1767.

THE honor of having first discovered America has been claimed by almost every race, ancient as well as modern. The Phenicians, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, Tartars, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, Scandinavians, Welsh, Scotch and Irish—all have their advocates to plead their cause more or less earnestly. Amid all these conflicting claims there still remains the unexplained fact that our continent has for countless ages been inhabited by nations in a more or less advanced stage of civilization. There is evidence tending

to show that centuries before historic Gaul and Britain were known to the enlightened nations of the East, the American continent possessed rich and populous cities. The valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi were once teeming with an industrious population, and it is there doubtless that we must seek for the once famous Huehuetlapalan of the Toltecs.

Nothing could be farther from our present purpose than to attempt an examination of these different claims. Yet, as bearing somewhat upon our subject, it has been thought not altogether irrelevant to give a brief outline of the more important theories adopted.

One historian,\* for example, is fully persuaded that the original settlers here were Carthaginians and Jews. The Carthaginians being a commercial people sent their emissaries over the world, among other places to the western hemisphere. This system of emigration proving hurtful to the State, the Carthaginian Senate put a sudden stop to it, and so those who had been left upon this continent were cut off from communication with the mother country, and turned barbarians. As to the native Brazilians, the learned Portuguese declared that the institution of circumcision alone was needed to render their similarity to the Israelites perfect.

The well-known French writer, Charlevoix, is equally convinced that the first arrivals upon our coasts were from Hyrcania and Tartary; an opinion which geographically speaking is certainly most plausible. To corroborate his views he relates the experience of Father Grellon. This was a French missionary, who after performing his ecclesiastical labors in New France, went to China, where he continued to prosecute his missionary work. While in Tartary he met a Huron woman, whom he had known long before in Canada. In answer to the priest's surprised interrogatories, she assured him that she had been taken in war, and conducted from nation to nation until she had reached the place where she then was, so far from her native land. As accumulative evidence upon this point, the chronicler adds the testimony of

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\* Emanuel de Moraes.



another French Jesuit. The latter while on his way home from China met a Spanish woman, whom he had formerly known in Florida. Like the Huron captive, she had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and given to the inhabitants of a more distant country, and so passing from tribe to tribe, and country to country, through regions extremely cold, having started from Florida, she at last ended her singular journey in Tartary, where she had married and found a home.\* These incidents, even if they possessed an atom of credibility, beyond showing a possible knowledge by the aborigines, of a communication between the two continents, prove little or nothing. Yet it is on much more unsubstantial foundations that many of the speculations concerning the early settlement of America are based. Thus the discovery of a few crosses in Mexico was sufficient to put Lord Kingsborough to an incredible amount of pains and labor to prove that St. Thomas must have visited America. Boturini, a Milanese, came to America in 1735, by direction of the Countess Santibañey who claimed to be a descendant of Montezuma. He too was convinced that St. Thomas had been in Mexico,† and it was even earnestly argued that Quetzalcoatl was no other than the doubting disciple.

We must not omit to mention the Dutch historian, Horn, who strenuously advocates the view that the first settlers here were Scythians. Later came the Phenicians and Carthaginians by way of the Atlantic, and the Chinese by way of the Pacific; others perhaps having been driven hither by tempests. This writer is authority for the assertion that the Phenicians in the Tyrian fleet in the service of Solomon, must have crossed the Atlantic, finding the mines of Ophir in the island of Hayti.‡

All these theories, if we except the vagaries of Lord Kingsborough and Boturini, though for the most part the result of sheer speculation, probably contain some germs of truth. It

\* Journal d'un Voyage, etc., 85.

† Boturini *Catdlogo, Idea*, pp. 43, 50, 52, Cf. Baldwin's *Ancient America*, p. 195.

‡ *Georgi Horni de Originibus Americanis Libri quatuor*.

has, for instance, been strongly urged that the Chinese as early as the fifth century knew of the existence of the American continent.\* The part of the country which they are supposed to have visited, possibly Mexico, was called by the melodious name of Fusang; such being the Chinese name for a plant somewhat resembling the American aloe, said to flourish in the region to which they penetrated. According to Chinese traditions, "five priests of the country of Ripin (now known as Bokhara) went to Fusang, and there spread the law of Buddha. They took with them books, holy images, ritual observances, and established habits of monasticism which altered the manners of the inhabitants."† Forty years later, a Chinese monk, named Hœi-Shin, came from Fusang, and narrated the accounts of his travels, which were duly entered in the official records of the celestial empire.

The course of the travels of these monks seems to have been through Asia to Alaska, by way of the Aleutian Islands, and down the American coast to California, or Mexico, or wherever the region of Fusang was situated. It will be remembered that this was the era in which the Buddhist religion was at its height, and its propagandists were sent in every direction to spread its doctrines of the Holy Trinity, and of universal love. It would not, therefore, be surprising that these missionaries, led by the enthusiasm of their creed, should have wandered so far in the service of their faith. But whether from the obstinacy of the native Americans, or from other causes, the Buddhist religion seems not to have made any deep impression upon the aborigines. For, with the exception of a few idols unearthed from Mexican ruins, said to bear some resemblance to the image of Buddha, no traces of that religion have as yet been found upon this continent. At all events, it does not seem that the Chinese ever established any settlements here.

However skeptical we may be concerning the narrative of

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\* See *Fusang*, by C. G. Leland who follows Prof. C. F. Neumann, cf., also De Guignes in *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 503, and De Paravey's *L'Amérique sous le nom de pays de Fou Sang*.

† Leland's *Fusang*.

Hœi-Shin, it seems not improbable that the Phenicians, or more properly the Tyrians, visited America at a far earlier period. Allusions to voyages by these people are constantly found in ancient writers.

According to Plutarch\* there was an island called Ogygia, lying far to the westward of Britain. Three other islands are described as being near this, and at equal distance from each other, somewhere in the tropics, or literally, "very far toward the hot sunset." A vast continent is described as lying beyond the island Ogygia, five thousand stadia, or about five hundred and fifty English miles distant. By the multitude of rivers which washed down mud and slime, the sea was rendered thick and earthy. The continent was said to be inhabited, especially around the bay, which was described as being not smaller than the sea of Azof. The description of Ogygia has led to the supposition that it could be no other than the Island of Cuba; and it is at least significant that the alleged distance of Ogygia from the continent corresponds exactly with that of Cuba from the mouth of the Mississippi, whose delta is composed of such a mass of slime and mud as seemingly to identify the spot referred to by Plutarch. The bay, not smaller than the Sea of Azof, is of course believed to be the Gulf of Mexico, and the three islands equi-distant are Jamaica, Hayti, and Porto Rico, which are in fact about equally distant from each other.

Another famous Greek historian, Diodorus Siculus,† mentions an island several days' voyage distant from Africa, possessing a fertile soil, mountains and beautiful plains, abounding in navigable rivers, gardens and farms, adorned with magnificent buildings; a description, as Prof. Kruger justly remarks, which cannot be applied to any of the Canaries or Azores, and which corresponds with Plutarch's description of Ogygia. Its discovery is related by Diodorus thus:—The Phenicians had made many voyages of discovery, had ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and had established colonies on the coast of Africa. While exploring the African coast a

\* *De Facie in Orbe Lunae*, 26.

† Book v., 19 and 20.

Phenician vessel was driven by heavy winds far out into the ocean. Tossed about for many days by storms, it was at last carried far to the westward, to this island. The crew explored the island, and carried home an account of it. The historian proceeds:—"But when the sea-mighty Tyrians were going to send thither a colony, the Carthaginians prevented them, partly out of fear that many would emigrate thither from Carthage—partly in order to keep an asylum in case of some misfortune occurring. In that event they wished to accomplish a universal emigration to that island."\*

There is nothing improbable in this enforced discovery of the western continent. The Phenicians, or Tyrians, were at that time the monarchs of the sea. They were bold navigators, undaunted by any perils of the deep. Their discoveries extended over the whole of the known world, and we may place what has been called the "first discovery of America," as early as somewhere between the eleventh and seventh centuries before Christ.

But far from forming any settlements here, the Tyrians even at that remote date found busy cities already existing; towns "adorned with stately buildings and banqueting houses, pleasantly situated in their gardens and orchards." The remnants and traditions upon this continent of a long extinct civilization, would seem to preclude the notion that the Greek descriptions were drawn purely from the imagination.

There is, of course, no direct evidence that the island mentioned by Diodorus is the Ogygia of Plutarch. It is possible that it may be identical with the mysterious isle of Atlantis, that remote western land, the story of whose marvellous disappearance was so faithfully preserved by the priests of Egypt. The account preserved in Plato's *Timæus* is to the effect that there once existed a large western island, with a continent beyond it. On this island, called Atlantis, there existed a great and powerful empire, holding in its sway many of the adjoining islands, and part of the continent. Extending its conquests eastward, this formidable power subdued

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\* See Kruger's "*First Discovery of America*."

Africa as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Etruria; attempted to enslave Egypt, and invaded Greece itself as far as the site of the future city of Athens. Its conquests here met with a sudden check, and its designs of universal dominion were frustrated. The island disappeared beneath the ocean, leaving in its place shoals which rendered navigation in the neighborhood impossible. This, according to Plato,\* is the account narrated by the Egyptian priests to Solon. It is an interesting fact that among the few of the ancient records of Central America which have been preserved, there is said to be a similar account of the engulfing of an eastern land, a few of whose inhabitants escaped by boats.† These two narratives, written thousands of miles apart, without the possibility of communication between their authors, would seem to indicate, even to the most skeptical minds, that the story of Atlantis is something more than a mere fable. Brasseur de Bourbourg has gone so far as to attempt to develop a theory that the ancient American civilization was introduced by those inhabitants of Atlantis who escaped the cataclysm, and were carried by their boats to the continent—a theory which has the questionable recommendation of being more easily ridiculed than either refuted or sustained.

In the work entitled "*De mirabilibus Auscultationibus Liber*," by some attributed to Aristotle, we find mention made of the discovery by the Carthaginians of a large island, several days' voyage west from the Pillars of Hercules. The island was rich in vegetation, abounding in woods and navigable rivers. This statement derives its chief importance from the fact of its corroborating to a certain extent the narrative of Diodorus.

Any attempts to explain American antiquities by reference to emigrations from the old world, have proved in a greater or less degree unsatisfactory. The oldest traditions that we have of supposed American discoveries, contain allusions to nations already existing here, and that fact seems to give appreciable weight to the theory that the ancient American races were

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\* Timaeus, vi. † Brasseur de Bourbourg, *Quatre Lettres sur le Mexique*.

autochthonous. According to Professor Orton,\* "Geology and archaeology are combining to prove that Sorato and Chimborazo have looked down upon a civilization far more ancient than that of the Incas, and perhaps coeval with the flint flakes of Cornwall and the shell mounds of Denmark," so that the belief that all the ancient civilizations upon this continent, including that of the Mound-builders is traceable to South America, seems at any rate well founded.† In the meantime, however, it is as well not to ignore the so-called "accidental theory," of the earliest discovery of America. Observation has shown that as many as fifteen Japanese junks have been storm-driven on our coasts within a not very extended period, and it is quite possible that similar calamities may have befallen luckless voyagers in pre-historic times.

These ancient races, whether native or transplanted have long since passed away, leaving only such traces as the most ancient ruins of Mexico and Central America, which had become subjects of mystery to the inhabitants long before the conquests, or such vestiges as those remarkable mounds scattered over the face of our country from Virginia to Nebraska, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the great lakes. The mechanical skill and ingenuity displayed in the construction of these mounds are such as could be developed only by an advanced stage of civilization, and geological observations prove that their years are to be counted by thousands. The construction of many of these mounds was perhaps coeval with that of Solomon's Temple. Yet the works of the uncivilized Mound-builders have endured centuries and even millenniums after the temple of the inspired king had crumbled into dust. The subject of the age of these mounds has already been fully discussed in these pages.‡

It is unnecessary to do more here than allude to the proficiency of this strange people in the manufacture of cloth, pottery and domestic utensils; their skill in mining, as shown

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\* *The Andes and the Amazon.*"

† See Baldwin's *Ancient America*, p. 272.

‡ "*Extinct Races of America—the Mound-builders.*" National Quarterly Review, No. XLVII, Dec. 1871.

by the remains of their works on the shores of Lake Superior ; or their knowledge of astronomy, as evidenced by their use of telescopic tubes. "In further evidence of their commercial energy, we have copper and silver from the great lakes, pearls and shells from the gulf, mica from the Alleghanies, and obsidian from the volcanic ranges of Mexico."\* Their history is still shrouded in darkness. Like the Romans of old, these nations were perhaps over-run by barbarians from the north, and wandered away to the southward,† or were subdued and exterminated, and so the Mound-builders vanished from the earth. If in the gradual solution of the mystery enveloping the origin of this people, the results of historical research coincide with those of rational conjecture, we may yet be compelled to believe the first discoveries of North America to have come from the south.

The mistaken zeal which led the early discoverers of Mexico to destroy all the accessible records, has prevented our obtaining more than a few vague and unsatisfactory traditions that prevailed among the natives. There was a tradition current among both the Mexicans and Peruvians, that the Pacific coasts in those countries had in former times been visited by foreign people who came in ships. It is now pretty generally understood that the empire of the ancient Malays, whose history reached back to the remotest times, once extended over a great part of the Pacific. So extended were their possessions, that it is said the swiftest vessel could not have sailed round the empire in two years. It was probably the subjects of this ocean empire that once traded with the Mexicans and Peruvians. It is well known that the ruins discovered in the Pacific islands bear a startling resemblance to those of Mexico and Central America. Yet if the Malays came to this continent at all, it was as visitors and not as civilizers.‡ After all that has been written and said on the subject, it is still true that the architecture, language, style of writing and general mode of life, of the aborigines of Mexico and Central America differed too

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\* *Extinct Races of America.*

† Squier's *Smithsonian Contributions*, vol. I., p. 44.

‡ Baldwin's *Ancient America*, p. 170 ; and appendix.



essentially from those of any known race, ancient or modern, to justify us in attempting to identify them with any particular one.

Sahagan, the Spanish historian, who is said to have lived sixty years among the aborigines, and written only fifteen years after the conquest, relates "on the authority of Montezuma, who gave the tradition as from the remotest times—it was also proved by historical paintings—that their ancestors as a colony, first touched at Florida, then crossed or coasted the Gulf of Mexico and Yucatan, and finally landed and settled somewhere on the shores of the Bay of Honduras."\* Mr. Jones is at great pains to have us believe that the Tyrians after being driven from their capital by Alexander, B. C. 332, fled to the Fortunate Islands and thence to Central America, † however we must confess that we are not convinced by the evidence he adduces to support his views.

But we have dwelt sufficiently long upon what we may call the pre-historic discoveries of America. The mystery and obscurity which invest the subject render it doubly attractive; but we must abandon it, and pass over in silence the early myths and legends of the Peruvians, the Aztecs and the Toltecs, or of any of those other races whose domains, according to Hubert H. Bancroft, before the advent of the Europeans, "counted its aborigines by millions, ranked among its people every phase of primitive humanity, from the reptile-eating cave-dweller of the Great Basin, to the Aztec and Maya-Quiché civilization of the southern table-land,—a civilization, if we credit Dr. Draper, that might have instructed Europe; a culture wantonly crushed by Spain, who thus destroyed races more civilized than herself.‡ Without further comment on these we come down to historic times, when we have distinct evidence of the landing of Europeans on our shores.

It was for a long time felt to be such an imputation on the fame of the Genoese navigator to concede that any European

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\* See Jones' *History of Ancient America*, London, 1843; also, Kruger's *First Discovery of America*, p. 114.

† *Hist. Anc. America*, pp. 168-172.

‡ *Native Races of the Pacific Coast*, vol. I., p. 10.



had ever visited America before 1492, that the claims of other voyagers have been greatly under-estimated. Even at this late day, in spite of what appear incontestable facts, the claims of the Northmen are far from receiving the universal recognition to which they are entitled. It is of the adventures of these people in the western hemisphere during the middle ages that we wish now especially to speak.

Whether or not Iceland was the *ultima Thule* of the ancients, it is impossible to say. Though the island may have been visited by the Irish at a very early period, \* its existence was for a long time forgotten. During the ninth century however, it was visited by a swede named Garder, † and about the same time or a little later, by a Norwegian named Naddok or Nadod, who came upon it quite by accident, when intending a voyage to the Faroe Islands. For the same reason, doubtless, that it enjoys its present appellation, it was called by its discoverer, Snæland or Snowland. Returning to Norway, Naddok informed his countrymen of his discovery, whereupon a Norwegian pirate, named Flokko, or Floki Rafu, determined to go in quest of the island.

After sailing many days, having of course no compass, this pagan pirate, who had probably never heard or read a word of the Sacred Scriptures, adopted the stratagem devised many centuries before by a mariner in a somewhat similar predicament, and sent forth from his vessel a raven which, true to its instincts, flew toward the nearest lands. Flokko steered after the bird, followed it, and so reached Iceland.

Upon his return to Norway, Flokko gave most lugubrious accounts of the newly discovered land. He declared that it was cursed by gods and men; that it was inhabited by a terrible race of giants, who dwelt in caves and in mountains, and who were engaged in "an eternity of strife, in the midst of liquid fire, boiling water and burning stones." ‡ This uninviting picture had the effect for a period of deterring others from visiting the Island. But after Flokko's death, when Norway

\* Samlede Afhaudlinger, Bk. I., p. 165.

† Gronland's Historiske Mindesmaerker, vol. I., pp. 92-97.

‡ Otte's *Scandinavian History*, p. 73.

was groaning under the iron rule of Harold Haarfager, it seemed to the liberty-loving Northmen that any land would be preferable to Scandinavia. Accordingly, the Norse Jarl or Earl, Ingolf, fleeing with his retainers from the tyranny of his sovereign, emigrated to Iceland. In obedience to a national custom, Ingolf carried with him the consecrated door-posts of his house. When near Iceland he threw these overboard, and vowed his home should be where these were washed ashore. After drifting for three years, the posts were at last washed ashore, on the western side of the island near the modern town of Reikjábik.\* Ingolf colonized and cultivated the island, establishing a republic there somewhere about the year 874. Many of the most intelligent and wealthy of the Norwegian population emigrated thither to escape from the severe laws and enforced religion at home. In the mild and liberal character of its laws and in the general intelligence of its inhabitants, Iceland had now become far superior to the mother country. It may perhaps be gratifying to our national pride to reflect that the Iceland settlements were for the most part on the western side of the island, so that it was within the limits of the western hemisphere that an asylum was thus early offered to the persecuted of Europe; and it would be as well to remember amid the prevalent spirit of the time, that we have already passed through not the centennial, but the milennial of the establishment of republicism in the new world.

The discovery of Greenland followed naturally upon that of Iceland. But there is a sad discrepancy as to dates. There is a long account purporting to be Greenlandish annals in verse, by the Danish poet Christophersen, which puts the discovery of Greenland as far back as A. D. 770. Certain Armenians were first driven thither by a storm, and from Greenland they peopled Norway and America. "But this author writes many things that are not just or congruous, and we must make him allowances as a poet."† If it be true that Pope Gregory IV in 835, by a Bull, committed in express terms the conversion of Icelanders and Greenlanders to Ansgarin, the "Northern

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\* Otté's *Scand. Hist.*, p. 74.

† Crantz's *History of Greenland*, vol. I., p. 247.

Apostile," we may conclude that Greenland must have been discovered about 830 by Norwegians or Icelanders.\*

The *Iceland Chronicle*, our only other, but far more trustworthy source of information, published about the year 1215, puts the discovery of Greenland as late as 983. At any rate, it seems certain that its existence was unknown, when it was discovered in the latter year by Eric the Red. Eric had been out-lawed in Norway and condemned to a three years exile from Iceland. He had heard of the Rocks of Gunnibroin in the western ocean, and he resolved to seek them. Sailing off with his crew, he discovered a country which he determined to colonize. He returned to Iceland, and for the sake of alluring others to settle in the new country, gave it the false designation of Greenland. In the year 985, "fifteen winters before the christian religion was established in Iceland," Greenland was colonized by settlers from Norway and Iceland.

Shortly after this an Iceland sailor whose name is variously spelt Bjarni, Biorn and Biron, on his return from Norway, learning that his father had gone to Greenland, determined to follow him thither. He met with severe storms, which drove him far to the southwest, where after many days he found himself in the neighborhood of a flat, woody country, and what is now supposed to have been somewhere on the New England coast. Knowing that this could not be Greenland, after the storm was over, Biarni sailed to the northeastward, passing Nova Scotia on the second day, Newfoundland on the fifth, reaching Greenland on the ninth day after leaving New England. Biarni told the Greenlanders of what he had seen, but had nothing especial to relate concerning his discoveries, "and this," according to the Saga, "became somewhat a reproach to him."†

Eric, the Red, though now an old man, determined to go in quest of this new land to the southwest. A fall from his horse, which he regarded as an ill omen, prevented his departure. His son, Leif, however, was a "great and strong man,

\* Ib. p. 244.

† Beamish's *Discovery of America*, p. 59.

grave and well favored, therewith sensible and moderate in all things." Leif determined to follow out the expedition himself, and taking Biarni as his pilot, about the year 999 set sail for this unknown land.

Holding their course to the southwestward, these bold navigators were at last rewarded by sight of land. To this they gave the descriptive name of Helluland, or rocky country. Passing beyond this they afterward approached land with level shore, a white sandy beach, where there were no rocks, but plenty of woods, and so they called it Markland, or woody country, being probably Nova Scotia. Two days later they saw more land, and an island near the northern coast of it. Here upon what is supposed to have been the same as the present island of Nantucket, they landed. Re-embarking, they sailed westward, afterward entering a river. Their course, according to the best authority,\* seems to have been through Nantucket Bay, beyond the southwest extremity of Cape Cod, thence across Buzzard's Bay to Seaconnet Passage, up the Pocasset River to Mount Hope Bay.

The banks of the river were covered with bushes brilliant with the clusters of berries. Fish, particularly salmon, were seen in great numbers. The soil was rich and to the Norse sailors the air seemed especially mild and genial; while the forests glowing in all the brilliancy of an American autumn afforded a spectacle which to the astonished Europeans must have been the crowning beauty of all the strange scenes. Upon the shores of Mount Hope Bay they built their huts, and prepared to spend the winter.

They called the place in honor of their leader, Leifsbuthir. While here a member of the crew having wandered away from the rest, discovered some wild grapes growing. They spent the winter there, and "Leif gave a name to the land after its sort and called it Vinland it Goda, or the good Vine-land." In the spring they returned to Greenland with a cargo of lumber.

On their homeward voyage they rescued fifteen men whom

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\* Beamish's *Discovery of America by the Northmen*, p. 63.

they found wrecked on a rock; from which circumstance as well as from the fact that he had been the means of introducing christianity into Greenland—their leader was afterwards known as “Leif, the Lucky.” “But,” says the *Heimskringla*,\* “Eric, his father, said that these two things went one against the other, inasmuch as Lief had saved the crew of the ship, but brought evil men to Greenland, namely, the priests.”

A regular means of communication was now established between Greenland and Vinland, and many voyages were made. In 1002, Thorwald, a brother of Leif, led his Norse followers upon one of their expeditions to Vinland. They first went to Leifsbuthir where they spent the winter. In the spring and summer they continued their explorations, but saw no sign of any human beings.† The second winter they also spent at Leifsbuthir. In the next summer they seem to have explored the coast of Massachusetts. They had doubled Kialarness Cape, supposed to be Cape Cod, and were coasting in the neighborhood of Boston Harbor. “This is a beautiful spot and here I should like to fix my dwelling!” exclaimed Thorwald, a wish that met with an unexpected fulfillment. Three boats were drawn up and inverted on the shore and there were three men under each boat. They were the first natives seen by the Northmen in Vinland, and from their diminutive size were contemptuously called *Shrællings*,‡ chips, that is dwarfs. In the business-like narrative of the *Saga*, the explorers “caught them all except one, who got away with his boat. They killed the other eight, and then went back to the cape.”§ We are assured a few lines further on, without any intentional sarcasm, that “Greenland was then christianized.”

The natives who had been aroused by the fugitive, *Shræling*, rushed upon the shore in great numbers but met with a severe repulse. The Northmen, however, paid dearly for their cruelty in the loss of Thorwald, their chief, who alone of the number was slain.

After the massacre of the *Shrællings*, more amicable rela-

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\* *Antiquitates Americane*, p. 191.

† *Antiq. Amer.* p. 41.

‡ *Antiquitates Americane*, p. 45.

§ Beamish's translation, p. 72.

tions were established, the Northmen continuing to colonize Vinland. On one occasion, Thorstein, another brother of Leif's, started for the new colony, intending to obtain the body of the luckless Thorwald. He never reached Vinland, being storm-driven on the western coast of Greenland, where an epidemic broke out among his crew.

He was hospitably received by one of the inhabitants, whose wife Grimhild caught the contagion and died. Her husband "went after a plank to lay the body upon," when an interesting phenomenon was presented—Grimhild, though dead, "pushed herself up on her elbows and stretched her feet out of bed, and felt for her shoes. At that moment came in the husband, and Grimhild then lay down and every beam in the room creaked." They made a coffin for her, and although her husband "was a large and powerful man, it took all his strength to bring it out of the place. Now the sickness attacked Thorstein Ericson, and he died, which his wife, Gudrid, took much to heart."

An eminent citizen of Iceland, named Thorfinn Karlsefne, who derived his ancestry from the nobility of five nations, soon after Thorstein's death, came to Greenland and sought and won the hand of Gudrid, receiving with her Thorstein's right to Vinland. Gudrid accompanied her husband on a voyage of discovery to Vinland. The fleet consisted of three ships, with a hundred and sixty men, besides cattle for the colony. The history of this voyage is preserved in the "Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne."

They sailed from Greenland in the year 1007, passed Markland, or Nova Scotia, and arrived at Cape Cod. Continuing southward they beheld the long waste and sandy beach which, whether from the wonderfully white sand, or from the mirage and optical illusions common to Cape Cod, they called Furdurstrand, or Wonder-strand.\* They afterward sailed past the island discovered by Leif, where it is said the ducks' eggs were so thick that men could not walk without stepping on them!

In the summer the fishing declined, and with the summer

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\* *Antiq. Amer.*, 427.

coming on, the colony was altogether in a bad way. Thorhall, the huntsman, commander of one of the three ships, suddenly disappeared. After three days he was found on top of a rock. In the words of the Saga, "They asked him why he had gone there; he said it was no business of theirs; they bade him come home with them, and he did so. Soon after there came a whale, and they went thither and cut it up, and no one knew what sort of a whale it was; and when the cook dressed it, then ate they, and all became ill in consequence."\* All these evils Thorhall attributed to the anger of the god Thor, whose worship they had forsaken for Christianity, and an immediate return was vainly urged to the religion of their fathers. "But when they came to know this they cast the whole whale into the sea, and resigned their care to God."

The leaders determined to separate, Thorhall to go northward, with nine men, to explore Vinland, while Thorfinn resolved to go southward. As they were about to depart, Thorhall, the huntsman, gave vent to his feelings in this little burst of song:†

"People told me when I came  
Hither all would be so fine;  
The good Vinland known to fame,  
Rich in fruits and choicest wine;  
Now the water pail they send;  
To the fountain I must bend,  
Nor from out this land divine  
Have I quaffed one drop of wine."

And when they were ready and hoisted sail, then chanted Thorhall:

"Let our trusty band  
Haste to Fatherland;  
Let our vessels brave  
Plough the angry wave,  
While those few who love  
Vinland here may rove,  
Or, with idle toil  
Fetid whales may boil,  
Here on Furdurstrand  
Far from Fatherland."

† All these verses bear the stamp of the tenth and eleventh centuries.—*Antiq. Amer.*, p. 144, note a.

\* Beamish's *Discovery of America*, p. 91.



Our bard was unfortunate, however, and he and his crew were driven by storm across the ocean, to Ireland, "and were there beaten, and made slaves, according to what the merchants have said."

Thorfinn and his followers spent the winter at the head of Mount Hope Bay; Ho'p they called it, and the Indians called it Håup. They landed the live-stock they had brought with them, and here Gudrid gave birth to a son, from whom was descended, among other notabilities, Thorwalsden, the sculptor.

One morning it is said the Northmen saw "a speck," which upon nearer approach proved to be a *Uniped*. After killing one of their number, the *Uniped* ran away to the northward. They pursued him, till "he ran out into a bay." Then turned they back, and a man chanted these verses:\*

"The people chased  
A *Uniped*  
Down to the beach;  
But lo, he ran  
Straight o'er the sea—  
Hear thou, Thorfinn."

The appearance of this apparently one-footed creature is explained by the fact that some of the natives are said to have worn a triangular sort of garment, hanging down so low, before and behind, as to cover the feet.

Thorfinn seems to have explored the country as far south as the Carolinas. After an absence of three years, he returned to Greenland, and gave such glowing accounts of Vinland, its richness, beauty and fertility, that many desired to see it. He went back to Iceland, where he built a magnificent house, where he remained till his death. His widow Gudrid made a pilgrimage to Rome, after which she passed the rest of her days in a nunnery in Iceland, founded by her son Snorre.

The Norse people have ever been distinguished for their respect for womanhood. But Freydis, the daughter of Eric, seems to have gone beyond any established limit. She accompanied Thorfinn on his three years' journey to Vinland, and

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\* Beamish, p. 102.



on one occasion when the Northmen were attacked by the natives, she took a leading part in the battle. Seeing her countrymen waver under an attack by the natives, she seized a sword, and placing herself at the head of the ranks, led her comrades on to victory. She seems not to have been of a loveable nature however. Later she appears to have gone to Vinland with two brothers, Helgi and Finnebogi. She proved generally obnoxious and stirred up disputes in the colony. She procured the destruction of the two brothers and all their followers, slaying the women with her own hand. Extorting a vow of secrecy from her crew, she returned with the ships in triumph back to Greenland. It was pretended that her victims had chosen to remain in Vinland. But the truth afterwards became known, though no severe punishment seems to have been inflicted upon Freydis.

Our chief sources of information on this subject of Vinland's history are the Sagas of Eric the Red and Thorfinn Karlsefne. Another, the Eyrbyggja Saga contains the account of an Icelander named Gudleif, who was driven by storms to the south and west till he reached a land where the people were very savage, and had dark skins. Among the natives was a chief, distinguished from his comrades by his light hair. Recognizing the nationality of the captives, he addressed them in their native tongue. He saved their lives, but advised them to hasten their flight, as their captors are very cruel. He refused to give his name, but asked about a certain Icelander named Snorre Gode, and his sister Thurida. On his return to Iceland, Gudleif related his adventures, and it was supposed that the mysterious stranger was a famous Shald, named Biorn, who had conceived for Thurida, already the wife of another, an affection rather more ardent than the conventionalisms of civilized life would sanction. He had accordingly left Iceland more than thirty years before, and gone to Huitramannaland or White-man's Land, as the region south of Vinland was called, and had not been heard of since. This sensational tale, the subject of an unnecessarily long sort of epic, is the last authentic tidings of the Norse discoveries here; though we are told that

in the year 1059, an Irish or Saxton priest named John, "went to preach to the colonists in Vinland, where he was murdered by the heathen." In 1121 \* Eric, the bishop of Greenland, went to Vinland for the purpose of reclaiming such of his countrymen as had sunk into the barbarism of the native Shraellings. He never returned, and it is not known that he was ever seen again, though we shall have occasion to allude to him hereafter. In the year 1285 some priests discovered land west of Iceland, supposed to have been Newfoundland; which several years later, by command of King Eric the priest-hater, was visited by one Landa Rolf. †

And here, so far as our own country may be concerned, we leave our Norse invaders. They have left little or no trace of themselves in the shape of ruins or vestiges of any kind. For though the inscriptions on the Deighton Rock are by some enthusiasts supposed to record in Icelandic the fact that the Thorfinn took possession of the country in the early part of the eleventh century, yet others with equal confidence have ascribed those hieroglyphics to the ancient Phenicians. Even the Newport tower, after all the erudition expended upon it, turns out to be of unmistakeable English origin. Still the Icelandic records seem to prove beyond a doubt that at the darkest period of the Middle Ages, at a time when the old world was led by the wild fanaticism of the crusades, the western continent was being explored by the northern Sea-kings, and the long slumbering solitudes of the American forests were being roused by the rude music of

"Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung  
His gray and naked isles among,  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power."

The minute geographical descriptions given in the sagas clearly indicate the localities as stated above to be correct. But these views are strengthened by other circumstances. Thus, though the description of the relative position of the island to the mainland unmistakeably applies to Nantucket, yet

\* *Antiq. Amer.*, p. 256.

† *Ib.* p. 40.

in addition to this, we have the statement that the Northmen tasted the dew upon the grass there and found it sweet; this was undoubtedly the honey-dew known to be found on that island. The length of the shortest day is given as from half-past seven to half-past four, which is also true of that neighborhood. But as this subject has already been discussed in these pages \* it is unnecessary to add anything more here.

Though the settlement of Vinland was abandoned, the Northmen continued to colonize Greenland for several centuries, and seem to have sent occasional expeditions to the continent. Thus mention is made of a voyage from Greenland to Markland in 1347.† And it is known that they made a number of voyages in the Arctic regions. A stone with Runic inscriptions was found upon the island Kingitorsoak, showing the discoveries by the Northmen in that neighborhood.‡ Runic stones have also been found at Igalikko and Ikigeit, with inscriptions relating to the voyages of the Northmen.

In 1350, the plague called the black death which wrought such devastation in Europe, casting its blight not only on man and beast, but on the soil itself, causing the very trees to wither and die, spared not ill-fated Greenland.§ Many of its inhabitants were swept away, and the natives, who probably owed the colonists no gratitude, turned upon the feeble remnant, well nigh destroying them utterly. After the subsidence of the plague, an attempt was made in Norway to revive the trade with Greenland. But Queen Margaret, "the Semiramis of the north," in 1389 brought a law-suit against the merchants for attempting to carry on the trade without a grant from her, Greenland being claimed as belonging to the royal domain. || At last domestic troubles so much absorbed the attention of the Scandinavians, so many vessels were lost, and so little advantage now resulted from the western colony, which once boasted of its two hundred and eighty settlements, that it was by degrees abandoned; so that when

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\* See National Quarterly Review, No. LV, for December, 1873, Art. 4.

† *Antiq. Amer.* p. 40.

‡ *Antiq. Amer.* p. 354.

§ Crantz *History of Greenland*, vol. I., p. 263.

|| *Ib.*, p. 264.

America was re-discovered in 1492, the former colony was known to the Norwegians themselves only by the name of "Lost Greenland."

Casual reference has already been made to Huitramannaland or White-man's Land. It seems to have been known by name, at least, to the Icelanders for many years, and was called Irland it Mikla, or Great Ireland. It is mentioned in the Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and it is said the people "wore white dresses, used iron implements, and had poles borne before them, on which were fastened lappets, and who shouted with a loud voice."\* In the Landnámabók or national record of Iceland we find the following: "Ulf, the squinter, son of Högna, the white, took all Reikjaness, between Thokkafiord, and Hafrafell, he married Björg, daughter to Eyoind, the eastman, sister to Helge, the lean; their son was Atli, the red, who married Thorbiörg, sister to Steinoff, the humble; their son was Mar of Hólum, who married Thorkatla, daughter of Hergil Neprass; their son was Ari; he was driven by tempest to White-man's Land, which some call Great Ireland; it lies to the west in the sea, near to Vinland, the good."† From this lucid description we infer that Great Ireland was not far from Vinland. It probably embraced the whole of the eastern limits of the present United States, south of Chesapeake Bay, with perhaps its chief settlement in Florida, between which and Ireland there seems at one time to have been a regular communication. "There existed there (in Florida) a bishopric which had sent teeth of river-horses (hippopotami) as tribute to Rome."‡ According to the account preserved by Rafn, the Limerick trader, Are Marson, in the year 983, was driven to the shores of Great Ireland by storms. He was there baptised and being held in high esteem was not allowed to return to Ireland.§ It is supposed that it was discovered by the Irish, long before the Northmen colonized Vinland. The verdure and fertility of the newly discovered land suggested to the Irish exiles the

\* *Antiquitates Americanae*, p. 37.

† First Discovery of America, p. 46.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 210.

§ *Ant. Amer.* p. 36.

name of their own verdant isle, and hence the designation. Exactly when it was discovered is unknown. No records have been preserved of the colony, and its ultimate fate is very uncertain. It has been declared that traces of Irish origin have been found among the native Indian tribes. "In indigenis Americae Septentrionalis," says Prof. Rafn, "reperiri quædam Hibernicæ originis vestigia, plures docti et experti viri observaverunt."\* The "vestigia" thus far found, are rather faint, it is true, but there can be no reasonable doubt that a part of America during, and perhaps prior to the tenth century was really settled by the Irish.

We have the account of another supposed discovery of America, about the year 1170. It is related in Lloyd's translation and continuation of Caradoc's History of Wales, published by David Powell in 1584, and is quoted by Hakluyt † in his Book of Voyages. Owen Gwynneth, the prince of northern Wales, died in the year 1170, and his sons fell quarrelling for the possession of the throne. One of these sons, Madoc, becoming disgusted at the conduct of his brothers, threw over his chances for the crown, and taking a vessel sailed out into the open sea, south of Ireland. He sailed west until he came to a strange land, that had apparently never before been visited by Europeans, abounding in many wonderful things. Madoc left most of his people in this new land, and returning to Wales told his countrymen of what he had seen. He invited to accompany him such men and women as preferred a life of peace and quiet to one of turmoil and disturbance at home.

Accordingly a fleet of ten ships left Wales and sailed away to the west, and their crews were never heard of more. There seems no other just inference than that they visited America. Their place of settlement is unknown and has been located all the way from Nova Scotia to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Missouri River.

In 1680, more than five centuries after this Welsh emigration, a party of whites were captured by Tuscarora Indians in

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\* *Antiq. Amer.*, p. 449.† *Hawkins Voyage in Hakluyt Soc.*, p. 111.

South Carolina. One of the captives happening to address another in the Welsh tongue, a Dœg Indian approached him and addressing him in the captives' own language, assured him that he and his friends should not die. To the surprise of the whites it was found that the language of the "Indians" was Welsh. The account was well authenticated, and was preserved in writing by Rev. Morgan Jones,\* one of the captives. If really true, it is the most conclusive evidence we have, that Madoc and his fleet did in fact reach America.

John Paul Marana, an Italian, writing about the close of the seventeenth century, concerning an American settlement, says:—"There is a region in that continent inhabited by a people they call Tuscorards and Doege. Their language is the same as is spoken by the British or Welsh. \* \* \* Those Tuscorards and Doege of America are thought to be descended from them. \* \* \* 'Tis remarkable also what an Indian king said to a Spaniard, viz.: that in foregoing ages a strange people arrived there by sea, to whom his ancestors gave hospitable entertainment; in regard they found them men of wit and courage, endued also with many other excellencies. \* \* \* The British language is so prevalent here that the very towns, bridges, beasts, birds, rivers, hills, etc., are called by British or Welsh names."† Though these facts would seem to indicate chiefly traces of Madoc's expedition, it has also been suggested‡ that these Welsh-speaking natives might have been descendants of the original settlers of Great Ireland, alluded to above.

Meredith, a Welsh poet, commemorates Madoc's adventures in a Welsh poem, written in 1747. The first four lines of the poem, as translated, are quite sufficient to preclude any desire to see more, being as follows:—

"Madoc I am, the son of Owen Gwynedd,  
With stature large and comely grace adorned;  
No lands at home, nor store of wealth me please,  
My mind was whole to search the western seas."§

\* See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740.

† *Letters writ by a Turkish Spy, etc., written originally in Arabic*. 10th Edition. London, 1734. Vol. viii; p. 159, etc.

‡ Beamish, 216-17.

§ See Belknap's *American Biography*. New York, 1844.

It is said that the histories of the voyage are preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Strat-Flur, and that they furnished materials for other Welsh bards than the one referred to, long before the time of Columbus. Southey, in his long and imaginative poem on this subject, connects the arrival of the Welsh prince with the emigration of the Aztecs, from Aytlan. The Aztecs, under Huitziton, were vanquished by the Welshman and his followers, and were driven from their homes.

" So in the land  
Madoc was left sole lord ; and far away  
Yuhidhithon led forth the Aztecas  
To spread in other lands Mexitli's nam."<sup>\*</sup>

It is unnecessary here to do more than very briefly allude to the remarkable adventures of a celebrated Friesland fisherman, in the fourteenth century. According to his own account, he had crossed the Atlantic and found a wonderful western country called Estotiland. It contained magnificent cities, and its inhabitants were highly civilized, having a language and literature peculiarly their own. In the king's library were some Latin books which no one could read. The fisherman was treated with such exalted attention, that princes fought for possession of him. After an absence of twenty-six years he returned to his own country, and so enthusiastic was his description, that Bichmni, prince of Friesland, in company with a Venetian nobleman named Zeno, determined to see this strange western country. The fisherman, who was to have piloted the expedition, unfortunately died a few days before the intended departure, though this did not prevent the Frieslanders from starting. Bichmni eventually returned to his own country, apparently without having beheld the wonders of Estotiland.† Foster, in his *Northern Voyages*, has implicit faith in the narrative, and argues that Estotiland was nothing else than Vinland, and that the Latin books in the king's library must have once belonged to Eric, the unlucky bishop, who left Greenland in 1121 to convert the descendants of the North-

<sup>\*</sup> Southey's *Madoc*.

† Hakluyt—*Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America*. London, 1582 ; p. 72. Pub. for Hakluyt Soc., London.



men, that had degenerated into the idolatry of the native Shraellings.

In Bohun's Geographical Dictionary, published in 1695, Estotiland is described as "a great tract of land in the north of America, toward the Arctic Circle and Hudson's Bay, having New France on the south, and James's Bay on the west, the first of American shores discovered, being found by some Friesland fishers, that were driven hither by a tempest, almost two hundred years before Columbus." Alcedo is more skeptical. According to this writer Estotiland was "an imaginary country which some authors suppose to have been discovered in 1477 by a native of Poland, named John Scalve, and that the same is part of Labrador." The fact is that this island never had any existence, but in the imagination of two brothers of the name of Zanis, Venetian noblemen who had no particular information whatever respecting the expedition of this Polish adventurer; and that in 1497 John Cabot, or Gabot, left England with three of his sons, under the commission of Henry VII, when he discovered Newfoundland, and part of the immediate continent, where this country is supposed to exist. It is a little singular that among the early French and English discoverers a similar rumor existed regarding a powerful city called Norembega, supposed to be situated somewhere in the alleged neighborhood of the imaginary Estotiland. Like Norembega in the north, and the El Dorado at the south, Estotiland must, to use the words of Mr. Belknap, be referred to the fabulous history of America.

Much more trustworthy is the narrative of the Norman sailor, Cousin, a disciple of Descaliers. Infected with the spirit of his age, in the year 1448, Cousin set sail from Dieppe on a voyage of discovery. He sailed southward until, he entered the equatorial current. By this he was drawn westwardly to the South American coast. Landing near the mouth of what is now called the Amazon, he named the river Maragon. Reversing his course he now sailed southeastward, and touched on the southern point of Africa, nearly fifty years before Vasquez de Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Though authentic records of the expedition are no longer



extant, the tradition is still preserved among the inhabitants of Dieppe.\*

It is said that the mate of Cousin's vessel was named Pinzon, and that he was one of the three brothers of that name who so materially assisted Columbus in his expedition. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that one of the Pinzons is generally credited with the discovery of Brazil and the Amazon more than half a century after the voyage of the Dieppoise sailor. It may be fairly questioned whether greater honor has not been awarded to Pinzon for his supposed discovery than he is entitled to. At all events there is no evidence that he ever disclosed his experience to Columbus.

The only rational conclusion at which we can arrive upon reading these narratives is that America had really been discovered even by Europeans, centuries before Columbus was born. It would be strange indeed if in all the past ages of the world navigators had never been wafted across the ocean. Dim and vague suspicions of the existence of a great "Saturnian continent" beyond the ocean frequently appear in the poetic inspirations of ancient and modern writers long before the time of the Genoese's discoveries. Accounts of western Atlantic discoveries, though of course never matters of general knowledge, were obscurely preserved in the records and literature of the old world. How far Columbus may have been influenced by any knowledge of these discoveries must of course forever remain the subject of conjecture. It is well known that he made a voyage to Iceland in his youth. But whether he had any access to the manuscripts relating to the Vinland colony may well be doubted. His subsequent career and his own theories concerning his discovery would seem to disprove it.

There is a radical distinction, however, between the discoveries by Columbus, and those of his predecessors which we must bear in mind. The latter reached this continent as exiles seeking a new home, as vikings extending their predatory incursions, or as the unwitting sport of the winds and storms.

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\* See Katharine MacQuoid's "*Through Normandy*," New York, 1875.

The great Admiral started upon his expedition as the representative of the richest kingdom of Europe, with the Spanish throne to sustain him, and with the eyes of the world upon his enterprise. Who can wonder then at the difference in the results? His predecessors came hither as private individuals, whose rulers were too much occupied in fighting their neighbors to care anything about the existence of an uncultivated western continent. Though they came hither in rude and uncivilized ages, yet in the darkest periods they were never guilty of the atrocities committed by the Spaniards with and after Columbus.

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ART. II.—1. *The Claims of Labor.* JOHN STEWART MILL.  
London.

2. *Past and Present.* THOMAS CARLYLE. London.

EDUCATION is the demand one meets with from every quarter—education for the millions. It is pointed to, by the wise doctrinaires of the period, as the north star of civilization, toward which all who would escape from darkness and oppression into a realm of light and liberty must steer their course. The philanthropist and millionaire with their schemes of benevolence and college endowments; the ward politician and would-be statesman; the political reformer and the time-serving place-seeker; in fine, the demagogues and the demi-gods, all find, or profess to find, in the general diffusion of knowledge, and the development of intelligence, a sure specific for all the woes of mankind. One's confidence, well-founded perhaps, in the strength and stability of the American Republic, is in the education of the American people. The general diffusion of the common school system, but lately undertaken in the enlightened centres of Christendom, and the enforcement of the law of "compulsory education," are vainly expected to put wisdom at the helm of state; keep mediocrity out of responsible offices; remove corruption from places of trust; banish pauperism and poor

laws, vice, peculence and pestilence; and, as a finality sweeten the fountains of public morality, so that justice and fair dealing shall be the rule between all classes and conditions of men in all the relations of life. Such is the hope, and such the means, of the leaders of public opinion and the promulgators of cheap books and free-schools. It remains to be seen in what sense, and to what extent, these desirable hopes and schemes are realizable.

If by education is meant instructing the mind in general literature and abstract science; strengthening the memory and storing the mind with knowledge, one may well doubt, desirable as this is, the efficacy of the specific.

It has certainly failed to meet the indications, or to justify the confidence reposed in it in many notable cases. If we mistake not, the rise and fall of empires and civilizations; the progress and destiny of nations and peoples; the course of human history since the revival of letters, as well as before that period, teach in terms, clear and unmistakable, the fallacy of trusting the future of any people to mere scholastic, or book learning. The condition of American politics and of American industry to-day furnishes both an illustration of, and a warning against pursuing such an educational policy. Such an education may develop the cunning in one's nature; increase one's native ability to invent, contrive and devise; enable one to practise more successfully the arts and tricks, by which one can the easier fleece one's less cunning neighbor, and the better to maintain one's own ascendancy in the struggle for existence; and possibly refine the perceptions and improve the manners. So far as the possession of these qualities and the accomplishment of these ends are desirable, so far so good. But such an education can never fit one for the harder responsibilities of life. It cannot put wisdom in the heart and sense in the head; nor prepare one to serve one's needy fellow; nor make one more a man and a better citizen; nor enable one to love one's neighbor as oneself; nor to do the will of him whose only aim was the good of mankind—of him whose highest virtue was self-sacrifice; nor even fit

one to care for oneself in the broader and more significant acceptation of the phrase. It is an education that effeminates ; that takes the man out of men and the woman out of women, without leaving in their stead any adequate compensation. Against the fallacy of such an education may the gods protect us !

If by education, on the other hand, is meant the broader view of developing one's faculties and capabilities, and increasing not only the power to think, but the power to feel ; the skill to execute, as well as the ability to devise ; educating the hand and brain alike, and thus combining in the same individual the qualities of master and servant ; making men and women more self-helpful and mankind helpful ; then must one admit its specific adaptation to the requirements of mankind, to-day, and all days, and bid its diffusion God-speed. It is an education that creates the needed skill and the courage to use it ; extirpating as a noxious growth a vaunting ambition ; giving the power to discern, apply and practise truth and right ; qualifying one to do what one is appointed by nature and circumstance to do, and to do it well ; leaving nothing to be desired, be it boot-blackening or bread-making, high art or low art, that man most needs, and without which civilization on the earth will retrograde.

We submit, therefore, that the popular conception of education is erroneous, and its dissemination fraught with consequences to be seriously deplored. Let work and study, science and art, books and mechanical implements, supplement each other in fitting the individual to meet with fidelity the obligations which devolve upon him as a useful member of the body politic. And when books are inexpedient, or their study impracticable, from the want of a studious habit, or the means of supplying them, it should be remembered that they are, by no means, always of primary importance ; that not unfrequently they are altogether secondary ; observation, and the earnest participation in, devotion to, the world's work, all conspiring to develope in one the essentials of manhood and womanhood—  
• the real end and aim of an education worth the name.

Let us not be understood as disparaging the study of literature, or of the fine arts, or the establishment of institutions of learning, for the benefit of those who have decided tastes for them. It is a sad fact that isolates an individual from familiarity with the best thoughts of the best minds, and it is as undesirable and impossible as it is sad. Such advantages, however, are means, and not an end. An education that ends with the acquisition of the means of culture and discipline, is a deception, depriving both mind and body of the salt that saves, or that makes either of them worth saving. The conflict of mind with mind, and with opposing circumstances, earnest work and just compensation, are indispensable to an education in any proper sense; for it is only by such influences that strength of body, vigor of mind, and soundness of judgment can be secured and maintained.

Do we not then undervalue the influences of work as a means of culture? "A man that can succeed in working, is to me always a man." So nobly writes Carlyle.\* All effective work is certainly high art, whether the plane of industry be high or low; whether it be with the sculptor's chisel or the blacksmith's hammer; the pen or the plough; and whether the work itself be the master-pieces of literature, scientific discovery, or the products of mechanical skill; the industrial arts, or common manual labor, faithfully done. The power that directs, with certainty and integrity, the hand in any case—in all cases—is the mind. And surely the skilled hand could not exercise its cunning, if the mind, whose bidding the hand obeys, were uneducated. "It is by action," says John Stewart Mill, "that the faculties are called forth,—more than by words—more at least than words unaccompanied by action."† And

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\* Past and Present, p. 199.

† "Whatever acts on the minds of the laboring class, is properly their education. But their minds, like those of other people, are acted upon by the whole of their several circumstances; and often the part of their education which is least efficacious as such, is that which goes by the name. \* \* \* It is by action that the faculties are called forth, more than by words—more at least than by words unaccompanied by action. We want schools in which the children of the poor should learn to use not only their hands, but their minds for the guidance of their hands." *The Claims of Labor.*

what more effective stimulus to mental action can there be than the employment of the hand in honest work? the mind in useful industry? It may never teach one the alphabet, or the multiplication table; the nomenclature of one's mother tongue, or the meaning of conic sections, or other technicalities, useful only as means of knowledge; but it does discipline the faculties of mind and body; it does make one a more strongly conscious and better-centred man or woman; puts one more in harmony with nature and nature's method and processes; and brings one nearer the secret of God, the divine, and therefore, the most skilled, worker. He only can work as does nature, ceaselessly, consistently, with perfect adaptation of means to an ideal,—the perfect attainment—who has the perfection of nature in him, working in him and through him, the will of the divine workman. We have heard rude mechanics say that the delight which came to them upon the successful completion of some simple mechanism, over which they had labored long and diligently, with hand and brain, and might and main, exceeded their power of utterance. It could only be compared to that exhibited by Archimedes, when, upon discovering the law of specific gravity, he ran naked from his bath, crying: *Eureka! Eureka!* oblivious to everything but the supreme joy of his discovery.

The Greeks live in the work of their hands even more than in the work of their heads, immortal as is the latter. What people ever equalled them in sculpture, painting and architecture? For fine originality, idealistic conception, and exquisiteness of workmanship they give us models, to attempt to improve upon which would be presumption, the most idle. The exquisite cunning of their hands discloses the profound genius of their minds; one supplemented the other, and as might be said they mutually educated each other. Yet they could, with rare exceptions, neither read nor write. Were they for that reason the less educated?

Many of the greatest minds that ever helped to shape the course and destiny of human life, have been developed through honest toil, unaided by the knowledge of letters.

The traditions of the divine Jesus must have perished but for the memories of unlettered men. Jesus, himself, was an apostle of work, a carpenter by trade. The Apostle Peter was a fisherman, unfamiliar with letters. The great body of the Christian Church was, for more than a thousand years, unable to read and write. The Christian clergy for the same period were little better off. "In almost every council," says Hallam, "the ignorance of the clergy forms a subject of reproach. It is asserted by one, held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest in a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another."\* And yet what mighty trusts were reposed in these early Christians, and with what remarkable fidelity did they execute those trusts! Moreover, the Emperor Charlemagne, himself, could not write his name. And the wise King Alfred was not master of the latin language, the almost exclusive language of literature in his time. The most famous and powerful of the Ostrogoth kings of Italy, Theodoric, could not write his name; while the Emperor Frederick Barbossa, King John, of Bohemia, and Philip the Hardy, of France, could not read, much less write.† Hallam says that signatures first began to appear in the fourteenth century, before which seals were used to authorize state papers; and before these the sign of the cross + was in common use for the same purpose. To the mind of average capacity of the present day, who is not only master of his mother tongue, but speaks, reads, and writes with almost equal fluency several foreign languages, it seems incredible that so many of the illustrious governors of mankind were so ignorant of letters that they could not even append their names, with their own hands, to the grants and charters issued by them! But such is the fact.

In science, art and letters, the record of untitled merit is equally remarkable. Ambroise Paré, the founder of the French school of surgery, and the most distinguished French physician

\* *History of the Middle Ages*, v. iii., p. 288.

† *Ibid.*



of the 16th century, never saw the inside of a college. And John Hunter, the greatest English anatomist and surgeon of the 18th century, received his education in the dissecting-room. He had neither the time nor the opportunity to attend college. Robert Boyle, the distinguished English chemist, philosopher and theologian, of whom Hallam says "no one Englishman of the 17th century, after Lord Bacon, raised to himself so high a reputation in experimental philosophy," repeatedly refused to be titled; believing no doubt that he whom God honors with the impress of his own divinity is in need of no college or other certificate or indorsement. Sir Astley Cooper, to whom modern surgery is largely indebted, although made a baronet for his eminent abilities and important services to medical science, never acquired the title of Doctor of Medicine. Having the substance, he could well afford to despise the shadow of the honor. Henry Thomas Buckle, the eminent author of the *History of Civilization in England*, was an alumnus of no college; neither was his distinguished contemporary, the essayist and philosopher, John Stewart Mill. Harriet Martineau was denied a "liberal education;" and Margaret Fuller, though learned in the classics, was taught them chiefly at home. Charlotte Brontë taught school for a livelihood, but received a meagre schooling herself. The renowned M<sup>lle</sup> Rachel was born of humble Jews, and made her own way to the stage, where she achieved celebrity, only by the most indefatigable industry. Her no less renowned and equally admired rival, the incomparable Ristori, was mainly indebted for her reputation to the brilliancy of her genius and the unwearied devotion she gave to her art. Paganini was the eccentric son of a poor tyrannical father. Ole Bornemann Bull, a wandering Norwegian, was favored by fortune rather than by birth; and Rubenstein acquired his rare excellence as a pianist, according to his own acknowledgment, "by practice." Nothing can be truer in human life than that the price of superior excellence in any department of industry, is indefatigable diligence, be the aids what they may.

"The leaders of industry," says Carlyle, "are naturally the captains of the world." It is, indeed, no uncommon phenome-



non, in the trying epochs of a nation's career, to have men spring forth, Minerva like, from the brain of nature, fully armored to meet the exigencies of great occasions—unlettered, uneducated men, except it be the education which comes to them by toil and sweat in some useful department of the world's industry, and from intimate converse with men and things. Of them it may be said more truly than of any other class of men, that they are called by God—endowed by nature to fill the place and to do the work to which they seem to have been divinely appointed. The man to whom civilization in England is most indebted, a man who stands a peer among peerless men of any age, was in college but a single year. The early years of his life were devoted to the pursuit of agriculture, and to the discharge of those social duties which ordinarily devolve upon a public spirited citizen. The occasion came for the services of a commanding genius, and this man was equal to it. He came, unsought, an awkward, uncouth, rustic youth, unaccustomed to speaking, still less accustomed to writing; a man of prayerful habit, and undaunted courage; a believer in God and in himself; whose chief tutor was the occasion, whose chief training the work in hand. He came unsought, but not unbid, for the unseen but strongly *felt* Power behind all phenomena, called him from out of the depths to become the Protector of a great Commonwealth. The so-called "educated" statesmen of that period looked down with proud contempt upon the farmer, soldier, and statesman; who, inexperienced in statesmanship—let us rather say statesmancraft—as he was, aspired to preserve the liberty of a people, and promote the welfare of mankind. But in the language of Sir Philip Warwick, many of them lived to see this slovenly, uncombed gentleman, this same Oliver Cromwell, "by multiplied successes, and by mere converse with good company, appear, in my own eye, of a comely presence, and a great and majestic deportment." "Rapidly as his fortunes grew," says Lord Macaulay, "his mind expanded more rapidly still." And so it always is. It is almost incredible what power familiar converse with things, and the

inspiration of a grand occasion have, to develop a man into a god, when there is anything God-like in him!

In striking contrast by nature and training with this unlettered son of God—we mean to be taken literally, “for as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God,”\* are they not?—was King James II? Born a prince and a coward; educated a prince and a theologian; familiar with letters, but unfamiliar with labor; trained in the scholasticism of the period, which, like a monomania, frequently possesses the small minds of the species, he was as wanting in that sense called common—but which is by no means common—as any ape-like creature with the least show of brains, could well be. In making a Cromwell Nature seemed to have exhausted the supply of materials for statesmen for several generations, which is a sufficient reason and apology for the infliction of a James. What he might have been, this prince in name, had he been brought up to delve and dig, to act as well as think, and to work as well as act, the world can never know; what he was the annals of history but too plainly show.

The history of every people is replete with phenomena, illustrating the efficiency of that mental discipline which comes to one through patient, persevering toil. One of the greatest American statesmen of the period, a college graduate of only average grade, was a man who, early in life, was innured to toil, and whose faculties expanded into fine proportions under the stimulus of physical and mental exertion. If he ultimately became distinguished as an orator and a man of letters, it was through indefatigable industry in the public service, rather than by the advantages derived from his college course.† So, likewise, the man whose rare wisdom and broad statesmanship, guided the government of America safely through the most trying ordeal of its life, and preserved the unity of the nation from irretrievable wreck, was a hardy son of the soil, accustomed in early life to do, and to do well, whatever his hands found to do. Although he was, years before

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\* Romans, 8, 14.

† W. H. Seward.

entering the public service, a successful lawyer and a skilful debater, these were accomplishments achieved independently of even an ordinary common school. But the genius of Abraham Lincoln will live, grow in favor, and be revered when that of the most brilliant of his distinguished contemporaries has become dim and been forgotten.

But it were needless to multiply examples of self-made men and women of distinguished repute, to illustrate and emphasize a principle in mental economics, familiar to every observant individual. The examples are too numerous and well-known to need recounting here. Enough of them has been recited to point a moral, and that is sufficient for the purpose we have in view.

Again: Do we sufficiently appreciate the intrinsic beneficence of labor, for its own sake? It occurs to us that we do not so appreciate it, and for reasons which can easily be traced to the faults of our educational system. The spirit of Mammonism, which despotically rules the age, has put a money valuation upon a man's time and sense alike, and estimates character and labor by the same unequal standard. The youth, who depend upon their wits, or the work of their hands for a subsistence, are impelled by the force of circumstances and the influence of example, to do that which they must, and only so long as they must, merely as a stepping stone to something that can be done easier or better, or that pays better. It is thus that they are debarred taking an abiding interest in what they do, and consequently seldom or never attain to excellence in anything. The inevitable result of such an anomaly is industrial paralysis, dear labor, short time, deficient weights, adulterations and shoddy. The real dignity and nobleness of labor, of which one used to read with such satisfaction in good books, now unhappily out of print, or obsolete in effect if not in fact, have dropped out of it, or are retained only as a kind of fossil sentiment; half the benefit derived from labor, that derived from the interest in one's work, the physical and moral benefit, being lost altogether.

Now the influence of labor is two-fold, subjective and objective;—on the laborer himself, and on those for whose

benefit the labor is performed, Society: Unless a man loves his work, takes a lively satisfaction in its performance, he fails to reap the blessings it would otherwise confer on him; yea more, the loss is two-fold. The work fails to bless him, and he fails to bless his work; for it is impossible to do any service, however humble, honestly and faithfully, when the heart is not in it. Besides society suffers immeasurably from the products of work thus indifferently done.\*

In his near-sightedness, man is too prone to regard the money equivalent as the chief end of his work. It is no doubt a very important desideratum, and one not likely to be either overlooked or under-valued; but we submit that the material compensations for one's labor are altogether secondary compared to the spiritual benefactions which come to a soul wholly devoted to a congenial calling. These cannot be weighed or measured like merchandise; nor can their value be set down in figures and reckoned up in dollars and cents. Good health is among the rewards of work. Who shall estimate its market value? So likewise are a clear head and an honest heart. Who shall compute the money value of the delights which they bring? Can any one give the exact equivalent in currency of the raptures which come with a new idea; a beautiful thought; a noble consecration; an elevated sentiment; or a tender, reverent emotion? Probably not. Yet these are some of the delights which well up from depths within us as the reward of work well done, of trusts faithfully discharged. He who does honor to his work, is enlarged and ennobled by it, in his whole being, body and soul; nature cares for him precisely as she cares for

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\* Lord Derby has well said, and the idea cannot be too often repeated, that "What a man really takes a keen interest in, he is seldom too dull to understand and to do well; and, conversely, when a man does not care to put the best of his brains into a thing, no amount of mere cleverness will enable him to do it well if it is a thing of any real difficulty, or unless it is one which he has trained himself to do easily by much previous practice, in which latter case he is really reaping, in present case, the fruit of past exertion; living, so to speak, upon the capital which he has accumulated by early industry."

*Advice to Young Men.* An Address to the Students of Liverpool College, England, 1874.

every good being and thing, that are true to themselves and her, and fill their appointed sphere, and do her bidding; saying all the time, so distinctly as to be almost audible, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." What more could a rightly constituted individual properly ask? If he were, indeed, mortal, having nothing to hope for, or to expect beyond his present state, this ought in all respects to suffice. Some acknowledgement is due to self-respect and the dignity of human nature, without regard to ulterior hopes and fears. A man should be a man; act his part on life's stage like a man; do his duty like a man, even though it were for three score years and ten; even though it were for a year; even though it were for a day. He only can afford to live like a dog who dies and is buried like a dog! Stand erect, then, O son of Heaven, bearing on thy face the image of thy maker, and be a man among men? Justify the wisdom of bestowing the high dignity upon thee by maintaining thy superiority over the animals who live only to eat, enjoy, and bedeck themselves. If thou must do these things in common with the lower animals, let them be altogether of secondary consideration in thy mind, while thou makest it the primary object of thy life to do the will of thy Father, which is to do the work thou art qualified (appointed) to do, and to do it earnestly, with all thy heart and might.

It is sweat that sweetens industry; work for work's sake, that puts a crown upon a man. Work for the love of working, for the interest in the thing done, the object produced; work that enlists the energy of the arms and brain, is a developing power of unlimited proportions; an educator that has no known superior. He who brings such consecration to his task is rewarded for his pains, though the money consideration be barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. There is a law in the constitution of nature which apportions deserts to her subjects, with a justice that is absolutely even-handed, depend upon it; and he who fails of his meed, whether of rewards or of punishments, in one way, is sure to get it in another. It may come in the form and manner he

least desires or expects; unappreciated, invisible as the dew, or the gentle zephyrs; imperceptible as the approach of dawn, the flight of time, or the pulse beat; mysterious as a providence or a pestilence; but come it must, and does, and without delay, for Providence is no tardy paymaster, be assured. It is our blindness that conceals the fact, and obscures a power as certain and as unerring in its operation as the growth of a flower, or the justice and benignity of God.

The query has often arisen in our mind, whether a man is made by his task or his task by him? The point is by no means so easily determined, if his task be a congenial one, as it at first sight appears. Cromwell is described by Macaulay as a restless, purposeless man, until the occasion came that was to awaken his genius. We have known grown boys, too stupid to learn their spelling lesson, become by contact with the world, and devotion to congenial pursuits, smart men and good citizens. Mechanics, merchants, bankers and brokers, farmers, business men of all sorts, and statesmen even, with noble records, comprise the long catalogue of men of that description, which our memory recalls. Very dull minds may be awakened, quickened into activity by work that fully engages their sympathy and commands their minds, while the want of it will clog the brightest minds. We have in our memory a stupid, uncomely lad, born of semi-idiotic parents, too dull in fact to learn anything at school, who being compelled to work for his bread or starve, was apprenticed to a village blacksmith. Unable at first to make much progress in the details of that art, he served it in the capacity of a "helper," for a long time doing little else but to swing the sledge, keeping the alternate stroke with that of his master. In the course of a few years his faculties began to grow, expanding as it were, under the blows of his heavy sledge, until he finally became a good blacksmith and a reputable citizen—thanks to the benign potency of a sledge-hammer! This is no exceptional illustration of the power of even rude labor to educate a man when kept at his task. How much the world is indebted for its men to the unwieldy sledge, must forever remain one of those unfathomable, metaphysical

mysteries, of which the world is so full to-day. We make no secret of our conviction, however, that the annals of the workshops, were they written, would reveal an innumerable throng of hardy saints manufactured from very crude material; and that those of the professions would show a throng, less numerous of course, of incompetent doctors, lawyers, clergymen and others, whom the sledge-hammer would have converted into tolerably good artisans, and useful men. Of these it must be written: spoiled for the want of more sledge-hammers!

It is the life which a man puts into his task, however humble it may be, that enables his task to put life into him—paradoxical as it seems. It is a grave error to suppose that work kills people. There is, on the contrary, more work killed by men, than men killed by work. Worry may cause death, and idleness kill and damn while it kills; but honest work never hurt anybody with age and strength proportioned to his task.

The interdependence of genius and the medium of its exercise is so reciprocal that neither can subsist independently of the other. Action is the condition of development in any direction. Did the arm find nothing to act upon it would never round out and mature. The muscle or the tooth that is not antagonized withers away. An eye isolated from light loses the power of vision. So genius, unemployed—deprived of its natural stimulus—would inevitably die, for it is as dependent upon exercise for its unfolding, as the arm of the smith on the hammer, or the tint of the rose on the sun-beam.

Genius, and the works of genius, therefore, go hand in hand, and mutually supplement each other. From this point of view it may be said, for example, that "The Birds of America," that incomparable work of genius, immortalized Audubon, and that "The Animal Kingdom" created a Buffon and a Cuvier. Those distinguished naturalists live in their works, and it is difficult to disassociate their own natural history from the Natural History they so ably wrote. The degree of patient pains-taking toil that all of them gave to



their work almost justifies Goethe's declaration that "genius is patience." Of Buffon it is said, that he wrote his great work, "The Animal Kingdom," consisting of twenty volumes, eighteen times over! What manner of man must he be, with so poor a genius that he could not produce a respectable piece of literary or other work after eighteen earnest trials! Bishop Butler's celebrated "Analogy," is also said to have been re-written seventy times. It is such a complete exponent and exemplification of the author's thought, that not a word could be added or taken away from it without injury to both author and book! Each has a renown absolutely inseparable. The work is certainly a master-piece of industry; and as a theological text-book, Protestant theologians are largely indebted to it; but not more so, so it is believed, than was the bishop himself for the genius which so greatly distinguished him.

Moreover, all truly excellent work is the outcome of painstaking thrift, for the intrinsic love of it, and not the product of an hour, nor the momentary spasm of an exceptional genius. Mushrooms may be produced in a night, and the white mycelium of fungus in an hour; but the hardy, wholesome grain, condenses within its cells the sunshine of months; the stately oak or elm that of a century. So it is with the master-pieces of human genius. The trash that costs the least, that is soonest produced, the soonest dies; that which grows the slowest, maturing by slow process under the strong rays of brilliant genius, the longest lives. We are aware that many so-called literary master-pieces were produced with great rapidity. Thus, Dryden is said to have written "Alexander's Feast" in a day and a night; Johnson, his "Life of Savage," in thirty-six hours; and Mrs. Browning, her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," in twelve hours. But it would have been exceedingly unwise in these eminent authors to entrust their literary immortality to these little pieces; chiefly remarkable, we make bold to say, for the ease and rapidity with which they were produced.

No, no! Those are not "master-pieces" of literary excellence that are begun and finished in hours, but the mere foam



of exceptional genius, and are as unlike the real master-pieces of art, as shadow and substance, champagne and small beer. The real master-pieces, we repeat—literature, the fine arts, mechanics, or invention—have come through the throes of hard and prolonged labor. They are not the production of a day, a month, a year. They are often the growth of a decade, a generation, a life-time—sometimes of a century, and even a decade of centuries. Shakespeare's plays occupied the best part of a rare life-time. "Paradise Lost" was forming in the brain of its illustrious author for many years ere it took definite form and shape. It is said of a certain college professor that he spent five minutes over every sentence he ever wrote. That seems like slow work; but it had the advantage over most literary work of needing no revision. One may well be suspicious of the quality of hasty literary productions. He who is sparing of his pains in letters, no less than in other work, never attains to a high degree of excellence in them. There can be no great excellence without great labor.

Newton blew soap-bubbles in the sunlight for years before he dared to announce the discovery of the laws of refraction. So, with Hahnemann and Jenner; each plodded and experimented year after year for a decade, before either had the courage to declare to the world that he had made a discovery, the one in therapeutics, the other in prophylaxis. Goodyear devoted years to experiments with India rubber, and finally, by slow degrees, almost as by accident, discovered the uses of brimstone in fitting that curious and hitherto useless substance, for so eminent a place in the industrial arts. Robert Fulton dreamed and worked, and worked and dreamed, for a generation, over the invention of the steamboat; and the despondent Watt, his predecessor, plodded amid most discouraging and vexatious difficulties also, for a generation, to get his improvement of the steam-engine recognized and accepted. Morse, though dying at a green old age, barely lived long enough to perfect his life-work, the electric telegraph. Professor Grove was not less fortunate, living to see a discovery in physical philosophy, the unity and mutual convertibility of the forces, the truth of which was demonstrated by him at the age of

maturity, universally accepted by men of science throughout the civilized world. That was glory enough for him. Grove poor is a greater man than Stewart rich. Time will brighten the name of one; it will tarnish that of the other.

The experience of these pains-taking workers, selected promiscuously from the long catalogue of industrious heroes who have given their lives to humanity, is that of the innumerable army of men and women who claim it as a grateful privilege to do the world's work just for the sake of the joy of doing it. These "leaders of industry" in any field of labor, or of any department of thought, have found no royal road to success—rarely a money compensation. Anxious, laborious days, sleepless nights, vexation of spirit, disappointments, envy, misrepresentations by their fellows, self-renunciation, privation and sorrows, have been their chief companions from the beginning to the end. Their course has been up steep and craggy pathways—the pathway of the gods, as Porphyry declares—beset with difficulties which, but for the patience to wait, a spirit to animate, and the courage to persevere, would have proved insuperable. Surely immortality is oftener signalized by a crown of thorns than a garland of roses. It is not to be attained through easy drawing rooms, comfortable beds, luxurious living, and holidays with boulevard accompaniments.

Finally we have to note, briefly, the baneful influence of work inspired by the love of gain or worldly advancement. "Vice," says an ancient historian\* "is instigated to action by the prospect of gain;" and we would add that when labor is instigated by the prospect of gain, it is very likely to end in vice. The same author has shrewdly observed that "when the passion for wealth has become prevalent, neither morals nor talents are proof against it."† This sage conclusion of a man, by no means distinguished for unselfishness, was the result of no abstruse reasoning or psychological study, but of actual observation of the state of society, and the course of political events at Rome, just previous to the final subversion of the great republic and establishment of a royal government on

\*Sallust's First Epistle to Cæsar.

† Ibid, p. 248.

its ruins. If it were based on observation of society throughout Christendom to-day, it could not be more just. History is sadly repeating itself. The "passion for wealth" has, indeed, become the ruling passion of the hour; the love of money the *object* rather than the *means* of life; and is fast corrupting and demoralizing every department of domestic industry—physical science, alone, resisting its insidious, corrupting reproach.

The evidence that industry is being demoralized by the revival of mammonism seems quite conclusive. In all the trades, professions and avocations of industrial life the struggle for profits taxes the ingenuity, and exhausts the energies of the best minds and the worst. Work for money becomes at once a barter between capital and labor in which the odds will be in favor of capital. The strife for profits which ensues results in giving the least possible price for the greatest possible amount of labor on the one hand, or the least possible amount of labor for the greatest possible amount of money on the other. This is the first result and the least. The second, and the most important, is the demoralization of labor itself—the production of articles of traffic and merchandise of inferior quality and value, and what is of vastly more consequence still, the moral degradation of the industrial classes to which these sequences inevitably lead. The present state of industry and of public and private morality is just such as we should expect to find as a legitimate result of debasing the ideal in industry—work for the love of it.

We by no means except the professions from the operation of this law of excellence in labor. No man or woman attains an enviable renown in law, medicine, the ministry, or other professional avocation, who is actuated by any motive other than the intrinsic love of it. The love of distinction, glory, social position or preferment, is as fatal to rare attainments in the artistic and learned professions, as the love of money. True genius abhors a title as an honest man a certificate of character. It is said of Sir Astley Cooper that he firmly declined the proffered aid of influential relatives and friends in prosecuting his professional education; preferring, as he said, to

attain his standing and to occupy the place in the profession to which his merits alone entitled him.\* That was manly. The straining after unmerited honors and cheap diplomas, diplomas so cheap, indeed, that their unhonored possessors, for the most part, have too little learning to read them, of which one sees so much, is a most melancholy fact in the experience of college life. The professional aspirant for such empty distinctions is rarely fitted to enter upon the trusts which his diploma legally entitles him to do; the means obscures the end to which one endowed with true nobility of character should seek—proficiency in one's calling—in the master's work.

According to a law of worship the character of a devotee can never rise above that of the god he worships. So a man who devotes himself to trade and exchange, or to science, art, or the professions, exclusively for the emoluments they bring him, becomes sooner or later, identified with the principles which rule the market and supply his profits and loss. He comes to know no law superior to that of supply and demand. It is the key to his business policy; and the success which he achieves is in strict accord with the degree of sagacity exercised in obeying it. Meantime trade is dull and industry languishes. The harvest is great, the laborers are few, while an army of incompetents, bent on fraud rather than toil, stand ready to absorb the profits on that which they neither sowed nor reaped.

This is the aspect presented by the industrial world to-day, when the love of money and the fear of work are the ruling passions. The schools are full of pupils; the colleges are crowded with students; the charities are full of paupers; and the jails and prisons are over-flowing with criminals. Yet, when there is so much good work to be done, when the harvest is so great—and when, indeed, is it not great?—and there are so many that need to be up and doing it, it is well-nigh impossible to find any one willing or competent to do any kind of work *well*! In spite of our common schools and excellent colleges, not one cook in a hundred can make good bread, or serve a savory soup; scarcely so large a proportion of shoemakers, or tailors, or dressmakers, can make a good shoe,

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\* *Vide*, Life of Sir Astley Cooper, vol. I., chap. 2.

or cut and make, without grave defects, a simple coat, or dress. Prices are high and shoddy rife in every department of industry. The absence of pains-taking, except it be that to defraud, is apparent in all we buy, and in all the work we have done for us. Nor is this melancholy feature of industry confined to any department of productive industry. It pervades the fine arts, literature in all its branches, and even the great professions, and like a canker is corroding and corrupting all alike.

There is a sickly sentiment among men and women, engendered by a false education, that invests different kinds of work with different degrees of respectability; as if some kinds of useful work were noble and others ignoble. Such and such employment is regarded as too vulgar to engage the faculties or to sustain the dignity of this or that needy man or woman. The man will not black his own boots or run upon his own errands; the woman will not do her kitchen work or go out with her baby, and both feel humiliated if they are compelled by the force of inexorable circumstances, to do any of them. Genteel leisure, which means downright idleness, is preferred by such people to manual work of any sort, being more respectable. There are those among us who are so strongly imbued with this shallow prejudice against manual work, that they would seem to take more solid satisfaction in knowing that their grandfather was hung for treason, than that he died of want; or that he made a fortune through piracy or thieving, rather than as an honest cooper or a manly cobbler. It is this false pride of the social status of idleness that keeps thousands and thousands of men and women above the rank of cook or a wood-chopper, unemployed altogether; and compels a like number to steal, embezzle, or otherwise practise disreputable tricks, to overreach their fellows in trade or business—in order to get a genteel living. When man comes to respect a good cooper or horse-shoer more than a poor banker; a good cook more than a vulgar “lady,” or a competent tailor more than an incompetent doctor, then shall we come to the end of a fallacy that is confusing the scale of social values and sapping society of its moral life.

Moreover, the business, literary, professional and other classes, pander, to an unjust and unwarrantable extent, to the vices and prejudices of mankind, for the sake of gain and the love of greed, to the discredit and injury of all. Many of the great industries of civilized life, in which a few men become rich and thousands of men become paupers, or worse than paupers, criminals, are thus carried on and maintained. The ale, tobacco, alcoholic and opium trade, we make bold to class most prominently in this branch of industry. The manufacture, sale and prescription of drug medicines, and quack nostrums, not a thousandth part of which is needed for honest, legitimate purposes, and which, if the balance of it were thrown to the dogs or into the sea, mankind would be infinitely better off thereby, must be classed in the same baleful category.\* But for the ease with which the traffic in medicines makes the venders and prescribers of them rich and influential, the traffic itself, it is believed, would be largely suspended, and poor human nature cease to be victimized through the possession of an amazing, but otherwise virtuous credulity. The newspaper press, periodical and book literature, is largely inspired by the same evil spirit—the love of money; printing and vending a literature to meet the demand of a vicious taste which itself creates and then supplies, in the interest of a vicious mammonism. But we forbear to pursue this most distasteful part of our theme, the full details of which would fill a volume and cover with shame or confusion—unless conscience be quite dead in them—thousands of reputable people, who, but for the inordinate love of money and the greed of gain, would make good men and useful helpers of mankind.

The age has grown skeptical, skeptical of the power of truth,

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\* "Throw out opium, which the Creator himself seems to prescribe, for we often see the scarlet poppy growing in the cornfields, as if it were foreseen that wherever there is hunger to be fed there must also be pain to be soothed; throw out a few specifics which our art did not discover, and is hardly needed to apply; throw out wine, which is a food, and the vapors which produce the miracle of æsthesia, and I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." O. W. Holmes, M. D., *Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science*, pp. 38-9.—A statement which receives our hearty assent.

right, honesty, work. Its measure of values is false; everything is false; teaching, preaching, loving, working, everything. Faith in virtue and the ideals of a noble life is perishing. There is no lack of high ideals and objects of inspiration among us, but they have measurably ceased to influence our policy and shape the direction of our lives. We are, probably, the best intentioned people of modern times. We continually profess and honestly intend one thing and practise quite another, so strong is the force of public example. The love of money is a stronger passion with us than the love of principle, in spite of our good intentions. A smooth-skin ape, or a downright idiot, with one hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, is of more consequence than a man with sense in his head and nothing in his pocket. Ignoble pretension meets with more favor than modest worth. The shadow is often more valued than the substance—it is less trouble and more easily disposed of when not wanted. Promises are preferred to payments for a like reason. A lie is regarded the equal of a truth so long as it is as vigorously asserted and can be as readily negotiated. Worldly gain and social preferment, instead of honest work and mental attainment, are the ends to which the best energies of our lives are devoted; and it actually costs one more pains and penalties, more troublesome and annoying mortifications, to be an honest man, than it does to be a respectable rogue. There is a pleasant satisfaction in being swindled, provided it be adroitly done. The sick send for a doctor and deliberately, perhaps unwittingly, bargain for a cheat. If he give needless medicines, prescribe the fashionable viruses of the day, destructive alike of both body and mind, in the guise of elegant formulas, it is all very well; if he refuse to practise the deception it is all very ill; he loses a fee, and Doctor Duplicity—his near neighbor—gains one. If a parson is advised with, he is expected to give the counsel desired instead of that which is most fitting and truthful. We repeat that which is truly most melancholy, the most difficult task one has to perform in this hypocritical age is to deal fairly and squarely with one's fellow; to give one an equivalent for



what one takes. The attempt to do so inevitably subjects one to the suspicion, in which explanations are worse than idle, of being a weak fool or a rustic knave. It is not character which is an object of envy in these enlightened days, but *success*. Everybody is anxious to do homage to a man who is a decided success;—success that is measured by the extent of his real and personal possessions. Character has little place in the inventory. The man who dies poor in the popular acceptance of the term, is regarded a failure, though his private life were as sweet as the breath of spring, and his presence diffuse good cheer and sunshine into wretched homes and hearts wherever he goes, and it were as truthfully said of him as it was scoffingly said of a certain other “failure,” a poor, self-sacrificing man of old, “He saved (helped) others, himself he could not save.” It never occurs to us to attribute to him any element or quality to which the word *success* could possibly apply. He is as unpopular as unostentatious—an object of commiseration, rather than of envy. His friends are relieved of the necessity of declining offers of flowers at his funeral. They are not likely to be in excess, so small a figure does he make in the public eye; so small a vacancy does he leave behind. Only a branch of the pine, the emblem of pity, is required to symbolize the public sentiment over his demise.

When mankind become so oblivious of the value of the virtues that character weighs less in the balance than money, moralists may well be alarmed for the future civilization on the earth. That is a materialism, more rank, more destructive of religion and true piety, than the philosophy of Epicurus or Spencer, and a thousand times more difficult to uproot. While the latter is a skepticism of the intellect, which contains within itself the leaven of its own purification, the former is a skepticism of the heart, which, like a moral sirocco, dries and destroys every sweet and tender aspiration which Heaven has implanted in the human breast.



ART. III.—1. *Recent Sermons.* By Divines of various Christian Denominations.

2. *Orations, Essays, Treatises, &c.* By Modern Scientists and Philosophers, Deistical and Atheistical.

[It may be proper to warn the pious portion of our readers that there are some views in the following article which may be regarded as heretical. But, although we are sincerely in favor of the Christian religion, convinced that the world is incalculably indebted to it for the good it has done and is doing, we do not feel that we should be justified, on that account, in excluding a thoughtful, well written paper merely because it puts forward, or rather suggests, some thoughts that seem in conflict with the theological doctrines generally received at the present day.

Were we thus timid and exacting we could make no just claim to encourage legitimate freedom of discussion; whereas the truth is that we do not require of any contributor that his opinion, on any subject whatever, coincide with our own, any further than, that we could not make our pages the vehicle of any views which we regarded as in the least unfavorable to public or private morality.

We do not believe that anybody's virtue will be injured by the present paper; and if there be any danger that it will injure anybody's religion, there is no lack of theological editors and doctors of divinity whom we can confidently recommend as eminently versed in effecting almost miraculous cures in such cases, on very moderate terms.—ED.]

Our real mental progress depends very largely on our knowledge of truth and truthful relations. Facts are the foundation of all knowledge. In order that this knowledge may be real, the facts on which it is based must be derived from observation. It is our intellect, properly so-called, that gathers a knowledge of things. The æsthetical faculties and the moral sentiments of mankind, perceive beauty and moral relations, but it is the intellectual powers that discover and understand the underlying principles.

We cannot get out of the universe to look up knowledge; nor can we even imagine a thing as existing outside the universe

of mind and of matter. The object of all our exertions is to acquire a knowledge of those things which help to make up the universe. Besides all this, nothing has happened, and nothing can happen, that does not, or will not, make a part of the universe. All our efforts, then, in the pursuit of knowledge, must be to find out what has been, what is, and what will be; and not what might have been, or what may be. We may premise that every candid investigator is in search of truth; and although the route which he pursues may be circuitous, yet, when he has it presented to him he accepts it as it exists.

When two or more persons entertain conflicting views respecting any thing, the difference usually arises from assumptions, as fundamental principles, which are not in harmony with one another, and sometimes not with nature herself. All truth must harmonize; the constitution of the universe is such as to require it. Error is inharmonious with itself as well as with truth. If a person holds views which are true to nature, he need have no fear that new truths will prove the others false; and if they are not true to nature, he ought to be glad to be freed from them. As Agassiz says, nature is always right. Since conflicting views arise from premises which do not agree, it follows that we ought to be very careful in selecting our data, and be sure that we use such only as are known to be correct when we offer our conclusions as being absolutely true. It is not an uncommon occurrence to hear two individuals dispute in regard to the truth of each other's views, when the whole difference is due to conflicting notions of the meaning of the terms which they employ. We have seen much of this lately in the discussions carried on through the newspapers in reference to the Bible and religion in schools. With the exception of a very few, every writer completely confounds morality and religion, and thinks that by excluding the latter, the former will also be excluded. Again, we find the same looseness in regard to the terms religion and theology. Religion is used as synonymous with theology. Since however there is a great difference between morality and religion, and between religion and theology, it will conduce to both definiteness and accuracy of knowledge to employ each term in its own sphere and not in that of either of the others.

Morality has reference to the laws or relations which connect man to man; religion includes the relations which man sustains to his God (which may be real or imaginary, with or without sensation); and both these have their foundation in the constitution of the human mind. Morality is not dependent on the definition of the term which this or that person may see fit to give, as a learned professor has recently attempted to show. If in describing a horse we really describe a mule, the horse is none the less a horse for our description. An individual may define his code of morals which may include but a small part of nature's code, a code which we must learn by experience.

The religious sentiment is inherent in the human mind. We see all nations and all people manifesting the feeling in one way or another. It appears to have had a more powerful control over the human mind in all historical ages of the world, than any other sentiment, and perhaps we might say, than all other sentiments. The only reliable check which can be applied to its action, is the proper education of the intellect which may teach us that the sentiment reaches art in very many instances towards unworthy objects. When considered in its true light, the religious sentiment is one of the highest sentiments of the human mind; but it is no more than very remotely connected with science or morality. Science has no quarrel with religion, though it may have with *systems* of religion, and with religious observances.

Theology does not grow out of the sentiment, but out of the intellect of man. Enlightened mankind believe that there is a God of nature, and the intellect endeavors to discover what his character must be, what his attributes are, and what relation he sustains to man and the material universe. To this kind of speculation we give the name theology. Between science and theology there may be, and in fact there is, a conflict, but it is no greater than that between morality and religious practices in by far too many instances; for we know that the most immoral things are sometimes done in the name of religion.

But why do mankind believe that there is a Deity? We say *believe*, for unfortunately, we do not *know* much about it. In the first place we believe because the sentiment of veneration, which exists in the human mind, directs our thoughts toward

such a being. In the second place, when man surveys the visible universe, he discovers evidence of order, regularity of change, and great power of force; and these he involuntarily refers to a superior intelligence, which appears to exist somewhere far away, so that it is constantly beyond our ken. Thus we may account for the general belief in the existence of a Supreme Being. No kind of reasoning or education seems to be able to eradicate this belief from the mind. The character which man assigns to this being must, in most cases, be far from the true one. It is but the magnified reflection of ourselves.

The question of the atheistical tendency of physical science is sometimes discussed; but it is difficult to see what bearing the matter can have, either on the existence or non-existence of a Deity. We see vegetables and animals grow, and we study to understand so far as we can, not only the structure of them, but also the nature of the processes by which they are developed. No one will imagine that such studies have an atheistical tendency. On the contrary, the God of nature has generally been sought through these very channels. We know that when we have gone to the utmost limit that our means will permit, in our efforts to understand these processes, there is something beyond—the God of nature appears to be no less present, and no better comprehended. But why should we have fears about the result, whether our investigations lead this way or that? *Truth* is what we are in search of, and it is our moral right and our moral duty to put forth our best efforts to find it. There is no danger that we shall rob the universe of its God. But it is not with these considerations, which are only preliminary, that we are so much concerned at this time, as with the method of reasoning which is employed by some of the principal authorities who discuss the great questions which now agitate the scientific and theological worlds.

Logic may be defined as the science of the necessary relations of things. The books tell us that its use is to teach us how to reason. In order that we may reason we must have premises or data from which to reason. The premises may be derived either from observing the facts of nature, or we may assume data which may or may not be true to nature, or have a

real existence. Since the conclusions which we deduce, sustain an invariable relation to the premises which serve us as a basis, it is very necessary that we assure ourselves of the truthfulness of our data. Pure elementary geometry is the best illustration of exact logic that we have. The logic of nature is more extended, viewing it from our standpoint of knowledge, since the facts which may serve us as premises are innumerable, and very many apparently unconnected. For aught that we can tell, if we could get at the *primary facts* of nature, all her phenomena would follow as clearly from such premises as the eleventh proposition of Euclid does from the axioms and definitions of geometry. But we are wholly ignorant of such primary facts if they exist; nor is it possible for us to decide at present whether there are such facts or not. Thus we are forced to take the isolated phenomena of nature, combine them according to our rules of logic, and in this way learn the laws by which the recurrence of the phenomena is regulated, and thus arrive at a knowledge of the relation of things.

We may assume certain principles to underlie a part of nature's operations; or in other words, we may frame an hypothesis to explain the appearances which we see; but the only way in which we can determine whether our assumptions are based on truth or not, is to compare the phenomena which would result from our data, with the actual facts of the natural world. If the two harmonize, however extended and severe the test to which we subject our assumptions, we may feel sure that we have made real progress in our investigations of nature.

Since it is utterly impossible for us to grasp the whole universe at once, simply from a want of knowledge of all the things that pertain to it, any assumption (or hypothesis) which aims, explicitly or implicitly, to include all things, can never be verified, though it is possible to disprove it if it be false, for it may not correctly represent those parts which are open to our observation. Whence we conclude that the only way in which we can make actual progress in the discovery of truth, is to study those parts of nature's domain to which we have access, and in this way to gather, as far as possible, the general principles

which underlie all natural operations; just here is the origin of the conflict of science and theology.

The province of science is, first, the observation of facts in every department of nature; second, the cöordination of the facts thus accumulated; third, the deduction from the facts thus arranged, of the laws which regulate their production; and fourth, the discovery of the immediate cause or causes from the action of which the facts, or phenomena result. Both the laws and the causes thus deduced, are usually only approximate, and it becomes necessary to extend the range of observation, accumulate more facts, repeat the reasoning, and in this way correct the former results. Since we see no limits to the domain of nature, the scientific process must be repeated, or perhaps we shall say extended, indefinitely. This is known as the method of successive approximation. When no more corrections appear to be needed, we may consider our knowledge as exact. In this method nothing is assumed unless it be for verification; and none of the fundamental principles—the principles on which all rests—are in doubt. Facts necessarily lie at the foundation; and Nature is always true. If what we call facts are *not* facts, our premises are false, and the logical conclusions which we deduce from such data, are as untrue to nature as are our facts. Thus it will be seen that the scientific method begins with those things which lie within our reach, and of whose existence we can assure ourselves.

The theological method is quite different from that of science. Theologians\* begin with a powerful, intelligent cause that is assumed to be capable of producing all the phenomena of Nature. It is called the Great First Cause. Before adding anything further under this head it may be well to say, to avoid being misunderstood, that we are neither combatting theology nor any of the *beliefs* connected with it; we are merely stating the facts in the case as they appear to be. We have already explained that all people believe in the existence of a Deity, and that no one is able to escape from this belief.

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\* By this term we mean all that call in the aid of theology to explain the phenomena of Nature.

It is only a belief, however. The existence of the Great First Cause is necessarily assumed, since thus far it has not been possible to *prove* that a Deity, a God of Nature, exists, and much less that He is the Great First Cause. We are really without any positive knowledge in relation to this matter. Our beliefs, we suppose, are as numerous as those of others; but there is a wide difference between what we merely *believe* and what we actually *know*. If we would make progress in real knowledge the difference between the two should be kept distinctly in view.

We need not try to tell how the Great First Cause brought into existence what we see in the universe, for we do not know, nor have we been able to find any one that does know. We have seen people who claimed to know very much about it, but it is difficult to believe that they are so well informed. We are led to the conclusion that any agreement between the results of the scientific method, and those of the theological, is altogether accidental, according to the ordinary meaning of the word. We suppose the logic of the theologian and that of the scientist to be the same, and it must be so if both reason correctly; but the premises employed may be, and usually are, widely different, and their conclusions *must* differ as much as the bases from which they reason. Thus the theological method begins with those data which are wholly beyond the sphere of our experience and power of verification.

Can we expect any harmony between science and theology? The final deductions of science are necessarily true; and where theological conclusions agree with these, is where the former have been squared by the latter. "The process of drawing conclusions from our principles," says Dr. Whewell, "by vigorous and unimpeachable trains of demonstrations, is termed *Deduction*. In its true place, it is a highly important part of every science; but it has no value where the fundamental principles, on which the whole of the demonstration rests, have not first been obtained by the induction of facts so as to supply the materials of substantial truth. Without such materials a series of demonstrations resembles physical science only as a shadow resembles a real object. To give a real sig-



nificance to our propositions, Induction must provide what Deduction can not supply. From a pictured book we can hang only a pictured chain." If this method be true in one department of Nature, or as relates to one department of human knowledge, must it not be equally true for all? We are wholly unable to see any possibility of arriving at absolute truth by means of the theological method, because we can not verify the data employed. Still we must not conclude that theology is useless. It is believed by very many that the theological premises are correct; and speculations of that character serve to develop the reasoning powers, and strengthen the mind, and they afford a valuable check to illogical conclusions, and hasty generalizations in scientific investigations, thus obliging the true scientist to be more vigilant in respect to errors in his own work. Let one read a book called *The Vestiges of Creation*, a work that made a wonderful disturbance a few years ago in the scientific and the theological world, and he will scarcely fail to see an array of ignorance and hasty conclusions from imperfect data, which were quickly exposed by scientific theologians. Again scientific speculation—and there is very much of it—is prevented to a certain extent from running lawless, by the counteracting influence of theological speculation.

The reader must not infer that we are not to believe in a First Cause; for aught that we can tell there may have been one, and many things might be mentioned which seem to indicate such a conclusion; but since we *know* nothing about it there is left but one course for us to follow, and that is to gather knowledge from observation.

We have now endeavored to show that in logical deduction there is a necessary relation between the premises and the conclusion; and also in order to arrive at absolute truth, that we must be sure that our premises are true. In order to illustrate what we have said, we shall now take occasion to mention some cases where uncertain data have been employed as premises, and also where erroneous conclusions are drawn from the data employed.

In an address delivered before the Washington Philosophic-



al Society, not very long since, Dr. Shield has attempted to reconcile science and theology, and to do it he brings in the aid of philosophy which he sets up as umpire. Philosophy is to bend both science and theology from their ordinary course in order that they may be made to agree in their results. But theology is founded on data which our experience cannot verify; while science (not scientific speculation) rests on facts which are derived from observation. Science knows no authority but the authority of Nature. Now if theological deductions do not agree with scientific conclusions, how is it possible for philosophy to harmonize them? Many things may be given in the name of science when they belong only to scientific speculation. Since things are either true or not true, we see no chance for philosophy to harmonize a truth and an error; it would seem to be equally difficult to reconcile two errors; and as for truths, they are already in harmony from the very nature of things.

Dr. Shield has also given a scheme by means of which science and theology are to be harmonized in the future. "Assuming as the result of a course of inductive logic," says he, "that reason and revelation are the two great factors of knowledge, we shall then have the task of devising the axioms or logical canons for their correlation in the different provinces of research which have been defined and characterized." We are by no means certain as to the meaning of the term "factors" as used in the sentence just quoted, but we suppose that it is intended to mean that we gain knowledge by the aid of reason and revelation; and that, as he further states, the latter supplies what the former cannot.

Unfortunately for this scheme scientists and theologians are not agreed in relation to revelation. It is known that we have what is called a "revelation;" and let us *believe* whatever we may about it, it is not *known* that we have any revelation from the God of Nature, unless we choose to call the physical universe such a revelation, as is sometimes done. Not to speak of those who do not know, there are very many very intelligent people that do not even *believe* that there is any such thing as a revelation as the term is generally understood.

We have no moral right to ask others to take our *beliefs* as real knowledge. Dr. Shield or any one else will confer a great benefit on mankind if he will demonstrate to the satisfaction of the logical mind, that we have a "revelation," or that what is so-called really is what is claimed for it. If such a thing can once be done it can be repeated, at least such is the case in science. Until such a demonstration is effected Dr. Shield's scheme will be of little service, for scientists will be in the condition of one "convinced against his will." It is best to keep our beliefs within their own proper sphere. We have not selected Dr. Shield's views because they are of more importance, or have more weight than very many others, but because they express the average logic of the scientific theologians; and because they furnish an example in violation of the rule already quoted from Dr. Whewell, himself a theologian. If we expect to make much progress in real knowledge we must not base much on what we merely believe.

In an address of President Porter, of Yale College, delivered at a meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, on "Science and Sentiment," he says that sentiment points towards a future life, that it gives a desire to live always; and that "Nature must put a lie on all her analogies and indications if she has not provided a fact that answers to hopes like these." This reasoning is perfectly legitimate. Sentiment most certainly teaches that there is a future life of existence, but it does not tell us anything about the nature of that life. This is manifest from the ill-defined conceptions which most people have in regard to that world. Our intellect must be employed to arrive at any rational views in relation to the future life.

He further says that the feeling of reverence in the minds of men, for the infinite, is another force that must not be overlooked by science; and that it fails to do justice to the sentiment if it is not led to accept a counterpart of it in the living God for whom the heart craves. "We believe," he continues, "that the assumption of an intelligent originator is essential to the possibility of science, as an interpreter of the thought of the universe. Our present line of argument has conducted us

to the conclusion that, to meet the demands of the heart of man, science requires a personal and sympathizing Father in Heaven." All this may do as matter of *belief*, but our logic does not call for any such *assumption*. That the feeling of veneration in the human mind points towards a Deity, is certain; but it tells us nothing about his character or his attributes. This will be manifest to any one that recollects that the inanimate gods of the Heathen are as much the objects of veneration as is the "living God" of the Christians. Sentiment does not tell us that the Deity must be an originator of the universe, nor of any part of it; nor does it say that he must be a "personal God." These notions come from the intellect, and they are concluded from very imperfect premises. Education sometimes overpowers logic. "In every exercise of judgment," says Dr. Abercrombie, "it is of essential importance that the mind shall be entirely unbiassed by any personal feeling or emotion which might restrain or influence its decisions. Hence the difficulty we feel in deciding on a subject in which we are deeply interested, especially if our inclinations, and the facts and motives presented by the case, be in any degree opposed to each other. Thus, we speak of a man who allows his feelings to influence his judgment; and of another, of a cool head, who allows no feeling to interfere with his decisions. Any particular emotion, which has been deeply indulged and fostered, comes in this manner to influence the judgment in a most extraordinary degree."\*

Again we say that a clear boundary line should be drawn between what is matter of belief and what is absolute knowledge. This should be done by all that investigate and all that instruct; not only the scientist but the theologian also. Our early education gives our minds such a bias in certain directions, that in after years when we make an effort to base our conclusions on observed facts—when we would like to make our knowledge positive—it is with great difficulty that we distinguish between what we merely believe, and what we really know; or in other words, what rests on the authority of some other mind, and what rests on the facts of Nature.

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\* *On the Intellectual Powers*, p. 152.

In our efforts to tear down what some one else has built up, we sometimes forget to use in our own structures timber of unquestioned strength and about which there is no dispute. Principal Dawson is called the great opponent of the doctrine of evolution. He criticises those who attempt to explain on an imperfect basis and with an insufficient data, the development of life on the earth, and its various phases of progress, though the data employed are derived from the observation of natural phenomena; yet he does not hesitate to call in the aid of questionable forces—unseen powers, such as a spiritual universe, which may exist, though he offers no proof of it. Assumptions are the burdens which very many scholars always carry. Theories and hypotheses may, in many cases, be premature; yet so long as our facts and the forces which we employ are known to exist, our mode of investigation is legitimate; and if we are ready to abandon whatever is proved to be false, our method is not likely to lead us very far out of the way. Facts are what we need. We have learned much and yet it is but little when compared with what must be unknown.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Luciani Samosatensis Opera.* (*The Works of LUCIAN of Samosata.*) Paris. Didot.
2. *The Satires of Horace, Juvenal and Persius.*
3. *Avis aux Gens de Lettres, et aux Personnes Sédentaires, etc.* Par S. A. TISSOT. Lausanne.
4. *Die Deutsche Literatur.* (*German Literature.*) WOLFGANG MENZEL. *Das Literaturblatt.* By the same. Stuttgart.
5. *Characteristics and Criticisms; also Lectures on Literature.* By AUGUST W. VON SCHLEGEL. London.
6. *Life of Richard Bentley.* By JAMES HENRY MONK, Bishop of Gloucester. London.
7. *Biographia Literaria.* By L. T. COLERIDGE. London.

To nine-tenths of the authors of the world, no class of mortals are more obnoxious than critics. It is needless to say whether it be the majority or the minority that are good authors; it is sufficient to remark that just in proportion as

bad authors are numerous in any country, are critics regarded in that country as a very wicked, mischievous, though stupid race. We do not pretend to mention this as a new discovery, or indeed, anything remarkable. Nor do we represent, as at all strange, the correlative fact, that just in proportion as bad authors are numerous, are the puffers regarded as very useful, respectable members of society. We merely ask the reader to bear both phenomena in mind.

It will be generally admitted that it is much easier for one to qualify himself to be a puffer than it is to qualify himself to be a critic. For the former one need give himself no trouble in learning languages, ancient or modern. The sciences are equally superfluous. A tolerable knowledge of the vernacular tongue, with some facility in committing to memory certain fine phrases, elegant superlatives, etc., is all that is necessary. If anything more is needed, it will be obligingly furnished, ready for the printer, by the author to be eulogised or by his worthy publisher.

But in order to be a critic, one has to subject himself to various little inconveniences. To learn two or three languages, ancient or modern, or both, is, of course, a trifling matter. Yet there is some trouble in it. While engaged at it one has, occasionally, to exercise some self-denial, perhaps to suffer privations. While others are enjoying themselves with the society of each other, availing themselves of the charms of music, the charms of the drama, or whatever other charms they may prefer, he has to content himself with the society of the dead. It seems a small matter to learn a science or two; yet that also costs time and labor; it taxes the energies; it consumes a part of the oil in the tiny, intellectual lamp, which would, perhaps, be needed for other purposes. In short, nothing of any value is obtained in this way without much cost, altogether independently of whatever pecuniary expense it may involve. By this we do not mean, however, that anything of value so secured, is too dearly bought; for knowledge that is really power—the power of doing good to mankind—is worth, even in the worst times, a hundred fold what it cost.

Without proceeding any further in this direction, we think

we may assert that if the puffers did as much good as the critics, the fact might well be regarded as something miraculous. But it would be much nearer the truth, and more to the purpose, to say that if the critics did as much injury to the public—if they vitiated the public taste so much; if they contributed so much to defraud the public by imposing on its credulity, for the benefit of speculators and charlatans, as the puffers do, then there would be good reason for the prejudice which every poetaster, every worthless author in prose or verse, every pretended instructor, every theological bigot, and every enterprising, thrifty, publisher has, everywhere, from time immemorial, sought to excite against the former.

But the puffers are good-natured, "genial" people, because they praise everybody and everything, just as they are required, or as near to what is required as they can approach it. The critics, upon the other hand, are "ill-natured," cynical, vindictive, malicious—in short, in every sense, fiendish and diabolical—because they will not represent chaff as wheat, or brass as gold; because, instead of helping to throw dust in the eyes of the public, they put the public on its guard against the spurious article; because, instead of eulogising those who seek to palm off the spurious for the genuine, as benefactors of mankind, they unmask and denounce those persons, however reluctantly, whenever they think that the public interest requires that they do so. All these are grievous sins on the part of the critics. Accordingly, what earnest, fearless critic has ever been popular, in any age or country, among the common herd of so-called authors and book manufacturers? Such a phenomenon has never been known, and never will be.

The reverse we shall illustrate in brief as we proceed. We will show, at the same time that no class of writers have contributed more to the enlightenment of mankind, than critics. This, we are aware, will seem to many egotistic; but it is nevertheless true. The history of intellectual development in all parts of the world amply proves it. If otherwise, it will be easy to answer the question: What important change has ever been effected in the world—in literature, in art, in government, in morals, or even in religion, without criticism?

Although our chief object, in the present article, is to show what her critics have done for Germany, and not only for herself, but for every enlightened nation of the present day; we may remark, in passing, that the case of Germany is by no means peculiar. Every nation, whether of the ancient or modern world, that has attained a high degree of civilization, has had similar experience, to a greater or less extent. Certainly, Greece forms no exception. No historian, ancient or modern, worthy of the name, who has attempted to tell her wondrous story, has failed to bear testimony to the excellent results produced by the criticisms of Socrates. But Socrates, too, had at least twenty enemies for every one friend; and, finally, no less a forfeit than his life would satisfy those whose false pretensions, hypocrisy, and charlatanism he exposed to public scorn. The experience of Diogenes the Cynic, differed only in degree from that of Socrates. If the former was not put to death, like the latter, it is certain that he was forced to live a wretched life—a life, every moment of which, from the time in which he first took the scourge in hand, determined to apply it freely, was embittered by the assaults of the pretenders and malefactors. What writer in any department, even among the Greeks, has exercised a more powerful influence on the development of the human mind, than Aristotle, who is universally regarded as the Prince of Critics, as Homer is as the Prince of Poets? Yet how narrowly did the Stagirite escape an ignominious death, as the reward for what he had done, not alone for the Greeks, but for all nations since his time!

No writer of any age has done more real service to his contemporaries than Lucian. Not only did he strike a fatal blow at the superstitions of his time, by forcing even the gravest of their votaries to laugh at them; he was equally fearless and successful in overwhelming the spurious authors and orators (sophists) of his time, with ridicule. Lucian well knew that he did all this at his peril; in assailing charlatans of all species, he never expected to pass unscathed. Nor did he do so. He paid, in a thousand forms, the penalty of telling the truth; that of enabling even the most short-sighted of



his contemporaries to distinguish genuine worth from its mimic semblance. Suffice it to say here that so strong were the prejudices against him, so cordially was he hated for having opened the eyes of the credulous and vulgar, that no effort was left untried by the gangs he had constantly assailed to blot out of existence every fragment of his inimitable works, so that none of them would ever reach posterity, or be ever read beyond the narrowest circle within which it might be possible to confine them. Accordingly there is no fact of so old a date as Lucian's time more fully established than that it was only by one of those fortunate accidents to which the world has occasionally been indebted for some of its most inestimable intellectual treasures, that a single copy of the portion of his works now extant was allowed to escape the flames. It is no exaggeration to say that those of his inimitable dialogues alone which have descended to our time, have done the world more good than the combined productions—books, speeches, lectures, etc.—of all whom he had caused the finger of scorn to point at during his life. When spite and malice could do no further harm to Lucian, they invented the vilest and most absurd stories in order to brand his memory with infamy.

The fate of Longinus is familiar to every intelligent person. As Alexander the Great had invited Aristotle to be his instructor and advisor, so did the learned, accomplished and beautiful Queen of Palmyra invite Longinus to instruct her sons, and advise herself. Zenobia did not like the author of the famous essay on the "Sublime" anything the less for being a critic, when she made him her prime minister. But this did not save the author of the noblest criticism ever written. Although Zenobia was justly regarded as one of the most gifted and most highly-cultivated of her sex, yet the letter which she addressed to Aurelian, when that emperor haughtily demanded the surrender of her capital, was too elegant, and too replete with trenchant, though refined satire, to be accepted as hers. It was readily attributed to the renowned critic, and just as readily was his death-warrant signed. Longinus died



as he lived—at once like a philosopher and like a soldier—in every manner worthy of the author of the *Essay* of which it has been truly said that “It resembles those mutilated statues which are sometimes dug out of mines. Limbs are broken off which it *is not in the power of any living artist to replace*, because the fine proportions, and delicate finishing of the trunk, *exclude all hope of equalling* such masterly performances.”

None, among ancients or moderns, have treated their critics and satirists more liberally, or more indulgently, than the Romans, who, as a nation, had far too much manliness, and too much common sense, to permit themselves to shackle thought. What, in our time, is called “the liberty of the press”—that is, the liberty of giving public expression to one’s opinions—was a sentiment so deeply rooted in the Roman mind, that even the most tyrannical of the emperors deemed it expedient to respect it. This we shall see illustrated presently in a manner which, at first sight, would seem incredible. But true Roman criticism—that which is fearless and outspoken, sparing neither rich nor poor when either are regarded as deserving of chastisement—originated during the Republic.

Lucilius may be regarded as the father—some call him the inventor—of Latin criticism and satire. He attacked all ranks and conditions. Although he devoted his chief attention to bad authors, especially bad poets, rendering them ridiculous to all who knew them—often making them ashamed of themselves—he mercilessly assailed the heads of the first families in Rome, including the most powerful of the public functionaries, not excepting, even, the leading senators. Yet no punishment was inflicted on him by those in power, and he numbered among his warmest friends, men like Lælius and the younger Scipio Africanus. To this it is hardly necessary to add that not one of his contemporaries had more enemies than Lucilius. This will sufficiently account for the fact that of all his numerous writings, only some small fragments have escaped the flames. Thus, for example, of a comedy entitled *Nummutaria*—in which he mercilessly ridiculed, not only the whole tribe of poetasters and puffers, but also all who had

been the subjects of their purchased eulogies—only a single line remains. Macrobius tells us that what was most characteristic of him was his withering invective and cutting satire. Juvenal informs us, in some of his finest verses that Lucilius was an inexorable persecutor of vice, and that he made the guilty tremble with his pen, as much as if he had pursued them with a drawn sword. Yet Cicero and Pliny tell us that he carried the characteristic Roman *urbanitas* to the highest degree of perfection.

It is urged, at the present day, by those who are content to learn history and biography from hearsay, that the critics and satirists of antiquity confined themselves to general maxims and precepts, not daring to mention the names of those whom they wished to satirize. But no representation could be more erroneous. All the critics and satirists of Greece and Rome might have spent their lives at that sort of criticism or satire without turning any one from the evil of his ways. But neither pursued any such vague and aimless course. There has not been one Greek or Roman critic of any eminence who did not point out, in the plainest manner, those he wished to castigate. This is true even of the characteristically, good-humored, genial Horace. There was not one who, in his opinion, deserved the scourge, to whom he did not apply it openly and freely. Instance Tigellius, Nasidonus, Fabius, Nomentarius, etc. Not only does Horace give the real names of his delinquents, but he frequently describes their business, tells exactly what their avocations are, or mentions the public offices they hold, so that there can be no possible mistake as to the party meant. Take, for example, the case of Aufidius Lusens, whom he describes as the ridiculous prætor of Fundos, the crazy scrivener, ludicrously ornamented with his prætexta, laticlave and pan of incense :

" Fundos, Aufidio Lenseo prætore libenter  
Linquinus, insani ridentes præmia scribas  
Prætextam et lavum clavum, punæque batellium," etc.\*

The fact that Tigellius was the favorite musician of Augustus did not save him from being branded, for all time, as follows by Horace :

\* Sat. : Lib. i., 5, 34. For another instance, see the Tenth Satire, lib. i., v. 36, in which Alpinus is portrayed in full as a bombastic pretender, a shameful plagiarist, etc.

"Sardus habebat

Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar qui cogere posset

Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non

Quidquam proficeret," etc.—*Sat.*, Lib. i., iii., v. 3.

It is still less likely that any one acquainted with the subject—any intelligent student of history—would venture to maintain that Juvenal, who flourished in the reign of Trajan, indulged in no personalities, but confined himself to general maxims and precepts, since the obvious truth is that there is not one of his satires in which men or women well known in Rome, are not held up to public scorn for their false pretences, their vanities or their vices. As for the bad authors, their employers and their puffers, Juvenal had still less patience, if possible, with the whole tribe than even Lucian had. Does Juvenal not commence his first satire by informing us that he has taken up his pen because he can no longer endure the affectations and vanities of the vulgar herd of scribblers and puffers? Does he not also begin by calling persons and things by their proper names? Let poor hoarse Codrus and his tedious *Theside* answer the question; if not, let fat Telephus do so:

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquam reponam,  
*Vexatus toties rauci Theside Codri.*"

Tacitus gives several instances in his *Annals*, in which not only the reigning emperors were held up to public ridicule by critics and satirists, but also some of the female members of the imperial family. But as we have intimated above, public opinion was then so strongly in favor of freedom of thought, that even the tyrants deemed it prudent to deal gently with those who indulged in it. A very remarkable illustration of this is found in the First Satire of Persius, in which the four lines beginning "*Tona Mimalionies*," etc., are duly quoted and laughed at in the most scornful manner, as no better than the ravings of an idiot. Now, be it remembered, that these lines were universally known in Rome to belong to a poem written by no other than the hideous tyrant Nero. No one knew the fact better than Persius; but it was precisely because the puerile, bombastic lines were those of a Cæsar, one who

claimed to be worshipped as a god, for his genius, as well as for his imperial power, that Persius set his withering stamp upon them as he did. When it is also borne in mind that Nero was one of the vainest of men—one that wished to be regarded as peerless in every respect—it will be easily understood how galling it was to him to be thus jeered and laughed at before his courtiers—before all whose good opinion he valued. Yet, it does not appear that he ventured to inflict the slightest punishment on the daring satirist.

But we can tarry no longer among the ancient critics. Our glance at their labors and the results they have produced has been necessarily rapid. Our limited space in this article would not admit of more than a meagre outline. We wished to show that of all the rights recognised by civilized nations, the right of criticising or satirizing, not only authors and public men, but all who violate public morality by their vices, is one of the most ancient. We also wished to show that of all the ancient writers, none have done the world more good than those who have exercised that right most fully and fearlessly. It is for the reader, and not for us, to say whether we have succeeded in either effort or not.

In coming to modern times, our task is much simpler and easier. Passing over the middle ages we may well ask, by what means have more momentous results been produced than by criticism? Was it not the criticisms of Luther, and the other learned and gifted men who adopted his views, that produced the Reformation? \* Not only did the criticisms of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists prepare the way for the French Revolution, but they profoundly modified the modes of thinking of every enlightened nation.

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\* "The Reformation," says Professor Draper, "had been to no small extent, due to the rise of criticism, which still continued its development, and was still *fruitful of results*. \* \* \* The Reformation itself, philosophically considered, really meant the casting off of authority, the installation of *individual inquiry and personal opinion*. If criticism, thus standing upon the basis of the Holy Scriptures, had not hesitated to apply itself to an *examination of public faith*, and, as the consequence thereof, had laid down new rules for morality and the guidance of life, it was not to be expected that it would hesitate to deal with minor things, &c." *Intellectual Development of Europe*, p. 490.

Turning to England, who will deny that the best parts of Bacon's works are his criticisms. His *Novum Organum* is, virtually, a criticism throughout. But that he was a searching and severe critic, in the more restricted sense of the term in which it is generally used, is sufficiently proved without referring to any other illustrations than those contained in "Supplement X.," to the *De Argumentis Scientiarum*, entitled "A Free Censure, or Critique of the More Eminent Philosophers." Moreover, Bacon very strikingly exemplifies the fact that it is those who study most and indulge most in research who, independently of all prejudice or ill-nature, are most severe in their criticisms. It is almost as impossible for such to praise a worthless, vulgar production, as it is for the illiterate or half-educated to point out, with either pen or tongue, the defects of any work of higher pretensions than a nursery tale.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the indebtedness of the literature of England to the great English critics. And which of those critics was not severe? Was not the famous Dr. Bentley? Was not the still more famous Dr. Johnson? What biographies ever written are more critical than Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*? Just in proportion as Bentley and Johnson were more profoundly learned than other critics of their age and country, were they more exacting, more inflexible, more faithful to nature, as well as to art. None of our readers need be reminded of the criticisms of Addison and Swift, or of the wonderful effects of their criticisms, not only on English thought, but on that of every enlightened nation.

Of our more recent English critics it is sufficient to mention Southey, Macaulay, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Brougham, Playfair, Gifford, Hazlitt and Lockhart. No general rule has more truth in it than the fact that all these indulged in gall and wormwood, or used the scalpel in proportion, as they were qualified by their scholarly attainments and abilities for the duties of a critic. "But," says Macaulay, "though we have no apprehension that puffing will ever confer permanent reputation on the undeserving, we still think *its influence most pernicious*. Men of real merit will, if they persevere, at last

reach the station to which they are entitled, and intruders will be ejected with contempt and derision. But it is *no small evil* that the avenues of fame should be blocked by a swarm of *noisy, pushing, elbowing pretenders*, who, though they will not ultimately be able to make good their own entrance, hinder, in the meantime, those who have a right to enter. All who will not disgrace themselves by joining in the unseemly scuffle must expect to be, at first, hustled and shouldered back."

Elsewhere in the same article Macaulay enters into particulars. We snatch a remark or two, the force, and truth of which, and their application to existing habits in this country will readily be admitted by all who know anything of the *modus operandi* of "the trade." "At present," says one of the ablest and most eloquent of English critics, "*however contemptible* a poem or a novel may be, there is not the least difficulty in procuring favorable notices of it from all sorts of publications, *daily, weekly and monthly*. In the meantime, little or nothing is said on the other side. The author and the publisher are interested in crying up the book. Nobody has any very strong interest in crying it down. Those who are best fitted to guide the public opinion think it *beneath them to expose mere nonsense*, and comfort themselves by reflecting that much popularity cannot last." \*

Now, if before passing from England to the Continent we pause for a moment to inquire what class of British authors are favorable to searching, inflexible criticism, and unfavorable to puffery, we shall find that it is the class who are best qualified both by nature and education to claim the right of authorship. None will deny that Coleridge is one of this character; well, let us see what says the author of "The Ancient Mariner" on our present subject:

"Every censure, every sarcasm, respecting a publication which the critic, with the criticised work before him, can make good, *is the critic's right*. The writer is authorized to reply, *but not to complain*. Neither can any one prescribe to the critic, how soft or how hard; how friendly, or how bitter, shall be the phrases which he is to select for the expression of such reprehension or ridicule. The critic must know what effect it is his object to produce, and with a view to this effect must he weigh his words." †

\*Macaulay on *Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems*. †*Biographia Literaria*, chap. xxi.

Either this is true, or criticism is but a farce; at best an empty name. But Coleridge's opinion on the subject has a representative character; he merely gives expression as a scholar and thinker, to the sentiment of the most competent judges of all ages and nations. And Coleridge adds to the above, another canon which is equally sound and just, and which, also, we take pleasure in transcribing:

"But as soon as the critic betrays *that he knows more of his author than the author's publication could have told him*; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, *elsewhere obtained*, he avails himself of the slightest trait *against* the author, his censure instantly becomes personal injury, his sarcasms personal insults. *He ceases to become a critic*, and takes on him *the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded*, \* that of a gossip, backbiter, and pas-quillant." †

It would be altogether superfluous to describe the class of writers who indulge in this sort of criticism. Suffice it to say that those whose ignorance and stupidity render them incapable of criticising an author's work, but at the same time wish to inflict as much pain as possible, think they show their cleverness by abusing the author himself. Thus, for example, who does not remember seeing writers abused even for their age, for having been born in a poor or stupid country, for having too large a nose, too small a purse, etc. In short, there never was a puffer who did not indulge in this sort of criticism except he was restrained by the cowardice which has ever been more or less characteristic of that class of scribblers. But let us snatch another word in passing from Coleridge. We need not explain to what tribe does he allude when he says: "Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as *robberies of the deserving*." Who will deny the truth of this? But let Coleridge speak once more:

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\* There are some of our learned institutions which seem to make a specialty of producing this interesting species. Michigan University and the University of Pennsylvania are said to dispute the palm with each other in this sort of "higher training." Just now, however, the great western seat of learning is somewhat in advance of its rival; so much, indeed, that if it could only improve in its grammar, it might in time attain an eminence in the dialect of the fish market which might excite the envy even of institutions like the Stamford Military Institute, the Peekskill Military Academy, Claverack College, &c.

† *Biographia Literaria*.



"Besides, I well know, and I trust, have acted on that knowledge, that *it must be the ignorant and injudicious who extol the unworthy*; and the eulogies of critics *without taste or judgment* are the natural reward of authors *without feeling or genius*. *Sicut unicuique sua præmia.*"\*

But in no modern country has criticism taken so high a stand—in no country has it produced such wonderful fruits—as in Germany. We make no exaggerated statement, but one susceptible of easy proof, when we say that to no class of her thinkers is Germany more indebted for her high and enviable intellectual status than to her critics.†

There are none of the distinguished critics of other countries who do not readily acknowledge the pre-eminence of German criticism. As for those of England—such as Macaulay, Carlisle, Southey, Brougham, etc.—there is not a dissentient voice amongst them in regard to what the Germans have accomplished, and are accomplishing, in this noble field. And that the best authorities among the French are not less willing than the English to award the palm of excellence to the Germans, in the same field we have ample evidence now before us. The following frank acknowledgment from one of the most eminent critics, of the present day, M. Adler Mesnard, will be sufficient for our purpose, but it must not be supposed that by "*la longue lutte*," the author means the recent war between the two nations:

"La longue lutte de l'Allemagne avec la France eût une grande influence sur la littérature. Les Allemands, attaqués dans leur nationalité, se réfugièrent dans l'antiquité et dans le moyen-âge, et ainsi se forma l'école romantique. Les frères Schlegel et L. Tieckz brillèrent comme poètes et comme critiques."

In literary, scientific and art criticism—in short, in every department of human research, the Germans have attained the highest eminence. In proof of this it is almost sufficient to mention such critics and investigators as Lessing, Herder,

\* *Biographia Literaria*, chap. ii.

† "Among the writers of antiquity," says Addison, "there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in satire, under what dress soever it may appear; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light." *Spectator*, No. 200.

William von Humboldt, the brothers Schlegel, Bopp, Menzel, Börne and Winckelmann. There is not one of these who did not use the pruning knife and the scalpel alternately, according as he deemed one or the other necessary—not one who did not criticise in such a manner that in our age and country he would have been regarded not only as unduly severe or hypercritical but vindictive and malignant; not one who had any patience with vulgar pretenders to authorship, scholarship, science or art. Even Goëthe has been more severely criticised by his own countrymen than by the critics of all other nations combined.

Had we only space and time we could amply illustrate these facts. As it is we can only turn to one of the representative critics of Germany, and let such of our readers as are not already familiar with the subject judge from his utterances what a very different thing German criticism is from American criticism, or even from English criticism of the present day. For many years Menzel was the editor and chief contributor of a literary periodical entitled the *Literaturblatt*. In this he made unrelenting, exterminating war not only on all false pretension, but on whatever had a tendency to vitiate the public taste, or to retard intellectual progress. His criticism on Goëthe, at a time when the German Shakespeare was almost worshipped as a god, astonished all Europe. It is impossible for us to give even an outline here of what Menzel accomplished by means of his periodical; still less can we attempt to give any adequate idea in so rapid a sketch of the torrent of abuse which he brought upon his head from all parts of Germany, and from almost all classes of pretenders and charlatans. The most we can undertake to do on the present occasion is to extract a few passages here and there from his excellent work on "German Literature."\* No one has more happily defined criticism, its object and tendency, than Menzel. The following extract will fully justify us in this opinion:

"The business of true criticism is as necessary as it is noble. As thought is propagated by reflection, so is literature by criticism. Every new

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\* *Deutsche Literatur.*

book bases the right of its existence only upon the criticism of its predecessors. By the connecting links of criticism one rose grows and ripens after another; and men always *fight with one hand and build with the other*, as was done at the temple of Jerusalem. Criticism, in as far as single sciences are concerned, *is an integral part of literature itself.*"\*

It is necessary to bear in mind that there was a time when critics were still fewer in Germany, in proportion to the number of authors, than they are at the present day in our own country; and, in proportion as there were few critics or none, the puffers were almost innumerable. Indeed there was but little true criticism before the time of Lessing, (1792.) But let us hear Menzel:

"According to a moderate calculation ten millions of volumes are printed every year in Germany. As the catalogue of every Leipsig half-yearly book-fair contains the names of more than a thousand German authors we may compute that at the present moment, there are living in Germany about *fifty thousand men* who have written one or more books. Should that number increase at the same rate that it has hitherto done, the time will soon come when a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will contain *more names than there are living readers.*"†

Menzel does not hesitate to inform the world how books, and authors were produced at so amazing a ratio. One source of the extraordinary redundancy is explained thus:

"From this have of late risen more *sweepings of literature*, the posthumous remains and correspondence of every one with the slightest claim to eminence. Scarce has an invitation, note, or washing-bill, of the defunct Matthison remained unprinted; of Jean-Paul we know on what day he got his first braces; of Voss what he spent in every inn during his little journey; of Schiller in what coach he drove to visit Goëthe; with such like trash, in short, are the many hundred volumes of biographies and correspondences crammed full."‡

This, however, was but one of the contrivances for multiplying authors, and books. Menzel was as little afraid of the "enterprising" publishers as he was of the bad authors, or their still worse puffers. Evidently there were publishers in Menzel's time who were very much like most of the same tribe as they flourish at the present day in our own country,

\* *German Lit.*, vol. iv., art. *Criticism*, p. 312.

† *German Literature*, Oxford ed., vol. i., p. 2.

‡ *German Lit.*, vol. i., p. 201.

especially in New York. The reader may judge for himself on perusing the following:

"The majority of publishers are mere shop-keepers, who, provided they make money, care very little whether they deal in corn or in truth, in vinegar or in novels, in pepper or in satires. The publisher is either a manufacturer, or retailer, or both together. Books are his wares. His aim is gain; the means to attain this, the retortive, not the absolute worth of his wares, a quantity which depends upon the wants of the purchasers. *Whatever sells best is the best article, even though it be a disgrace to literature.* What-ever finds no publisher is a bad article even though it were a revelation from the seventh heaven." \*

Is this true of most of our American publishers at the present day, or is it not? How many of them care whether a book is ignorant or learned; whether it is genuine or spurious; or whether its tendency is to do good or evil, any further than the question affects the paramount one, will it pay? But let us hear Menzel a little further on this point:

"But where does the publisher find those wares which he considers good? They do not so frequently grow wild that he can become rich by their natural production. They must, therefore, be *artificially produced*. The common *stall-feeding* of authors is, therefore, introduced, in place of allowing them to dwell amidst their bare yet nutritive alpine pastures. The publisher maintains them, and they furnish him with milk, butter cheese, skin and bones." †

How many of our American authors are "artificially produced" by the manufacturers of New York and Boston, especially by those of the commercial metropolis. Never was the "stall-feeding" plan carried into operation on a larger scale, anywhere, in proportion to our population and number of readers, than it is with us. ‡ But the sort of pabulum upon

\* *German Lit.*, vol. i., p. 79. † *Ibid.*

‡ If we are to believe certain morning and evening papers which are highly favored by the "stall-feeders," there is scarcely one of the "stall-fed" tribe who is not a born genius. There is nothing he writes which is not worthy of being quoted and re-quoted, especially if it contains a puff, direct or indirect of the enterprising "stall-feeders." Sometimes, however, the stall-feeding raises his courage a little—just enough to give him an idea that his burden is growing uncomfortably heavy; but the next thing we hear of is his epitaph, which runs somewhat as follows:

"A Donkey whose talent for burdens was wondrous,  
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,  
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous  
That—down the poor Donkey fell smack on the road."

which our manufactured authors are "stall-fed" is the cheapest article the manufacturers can find in the market. However, let us hear another word from Menzel:

"But the foulest blot upon the German book-trade is the still prevailing literary piracy which is carried on to a great extent in Austria. In Wurtemberg, too, where I live, there is a crowd of such *privileged thieves*, who, with a wonderful shamelessness, *puff their articles in the public papers, boast of their robbery*, and laugh at the legitimate publishers."

It will be admitted that this, also, applies as forcibly to "the trade" in this country as it ever did to that of Germany.\* It is but just to say that at the present day it does not apply at all to the German publishers, who must be honest, at least in this respect, whether they will or not, on pain of being treated just the same as those accused of forgery, larceny, etc. But we are not quite done yet with Menzel. Those who pretend that publishers should be exempt from personal criticism would naturally say that the above strictures which he makes upon the trade are but general remarks. Such is the case, so far as we have quoted those strictures. But Menzel deals with avaricious publishers just as unceremoniously as he does with their "artificially produced" "stall-fed" authors.

He not only prints the full names of the former as well as of the latter, but also informs the reader in plain terms where the particular manufactory to which he refers is to be found, where the shop or sample room is, &c. The following brief passage will serve as an example of the milder kind of personal attentions bestowed on German publishers, who render themselves conspicuous by their charlatanism and greed:

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\* So early as November, 1837, the German Diet passed a decree declaring that no literary productions of any kind should be multiplied by mechanism, (that is, by printing,) without the consent of the author, or his assignee; that on the death of author or assignee, his right passed over to his heirs, and that this right should be acknowledged and protected by all the German States, for at least ten years. On the 18th of December, of the same year (1837), the Prussian government promulgated a law providing that the property of a literary work shall belong to the author "*unconditionally during his life, and to his heirs for twenty years after his death.*" Still more to the honor of the Prussian government, it promulgated at the same time a decree that "the works of authors belonging to any foreign country which prevented the pirating of works published in Prussia, should be protected in Prussia the same as those of Prussian authors."

"One of the most industrious book manufacturers is Batterle, of Vienna, who almost yearly publishes a *new collection of panegyrics* on the imperial family; thus forcing all the public servants, if they do not wish to be considered as bad subjects, to buy, at whatever cost, his '*farragos*.'"<sup>\*</sup>

This, it will be admitted, is sufficiently definite and explicit. True, we have no "imperial family" in this country; but have we not a "Republican Court," an "Illustrated America," and various other works, which all who have any high aspirations, whether political or social, should "buy at whatever cost" on pain of not being considered true patriots.† At all events, neither at Vienna, nor at Berlin, nor at Munich, nor at St. Petersburg, nor anywhere else, have more worthless "collections of panegyrics" been published under the most demoralizing influences than some of our most pretentious publishers are constantly dishing up to us. If "*farragos*," enough,—*farragos* of the most nauseous kind, *farragos* in prose and verse, *farragos* illustrated and unillustrated, are not palmed off on us under the names of "literature," "science" and "art," it must be

<sup>\*</sup> *Ger. Lit.*, vol. i., p. 82.

† It is but fair, however, to bear in mind that we have quoted nothing from the critics, poets or humorists, of any country that speaks more boldly either of "stall-fed" authors or those who stall-fed them than is to be found in almost any of the great English satirists. Instance, Pope, Dryden, Butler, Swift, Addison, Cowper, &c. But without quoting from any of those here mentioned, we will transcribe a few lines from Moore's "New Hospital for Sick Literati," which may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of the light in which the great thinkers of England viewed the stall-feeders and stall-fed, and which at the same time may be found to have some wholesome bearing in our own country at the present moment:

"With all humility we beg  
To inform the public that *Tom Tegg*—  
Known for his spunky speculations,  
In buying up dead reputations,  
And by a mode of galvanizing,  
Which all must own is quite surprising.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Twill please the public, we repeat,  
To learn that *Tegg*, who works this feat,  
And therefore knows what care it needs  
To keep alive Fame's invalids,  
Has ope'd a Hospital, in Town,  
For cases of knock'd up renown—"

because our stomach for that sort of pabulum is as strong and coarse—leather or india-rubber like—as it is insatiable.

But while Menzel denounced all pretenders and charlatans, as we have shown above; while he rendered it apparent to the most stupid, how much the chaff was in excess of the wheat; while he divested the pot-metal of the tinsel which seemed to the vulgar to be gold, or at least an honest sort of brass, at the same time he proclaimed with a confidence almost prophetic, that the reign of the “stall-fed” tribe and of their puffers was rapidly reaching its close, to be succeeded by the reign of real thinkers, faithful investigators—above all the reign of a class of critics, at once learned, able, resolute and fearless. “Germany,” he says, “is approaching by a slow *but sure* path to a position *from which she will be able to dictate to the rest of Europe.*”\*

A little further on the critic adds:

“Foreign nations are *ready to acknowledge* the future, which *slumbers* in Germany. If we do not soon comprehend this ourselves, the *wonder* and *fear* of our neighbors will teach it to us.”†

Was ever a prediction of equal grandeur more literally fulfilled? Now be it remembered that we have quoted in the preceding pages some of the utterances of Menzel, not for the purpose of illustrating Menzel’s peculiar characteristics as a critic or thinker, but to give such of our readers as are not already sufficiently acquainted with the subject, some adequate idea of the elevated, searching, inflexible, courageous spirit of German criticism; for we could quote similar utterances, and criticisms equally bold and fearless, from Lessing, from Herder, from Humboldt, from Wolf, from the brothers Schlegel, from Bopp, from Heine and Winckelmann.

The reader will please bear in mind that our design in taking up our present subject was simply to show that neither in the ancient or modern world has there been an instance of the development of a great and enduring literature, without the aid of properly qualified, searching, fearless critics; and that it is the army of puffers and their pretentious and avaricious

\* *German Lit.*, vol. iv, p. 329, art. *Criticism*.

† *Ibid.*, p. 333.



employers, not the critics, who are the enemies of genius and talent in every department of human thought; in a word, that instead of being the enemies of authors of merit—authors or thinkers worthy of the name—even the severest critics are really their best friends.

ART. V.—1. *Histoire des Gaulois, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à l'entière soumission de la Gaule à la domination Romaine.* Par AMÉDÉE THIERRY. Paris. 1835.

2. *Histoire des origines et des Institutions des Peuples de la Gaule Armoricaire et de la Bretagne Insulaire, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'au 5me siècle.* Par AMÉLIEN DE COURSON. Paris. 1843.

3. *The Gæl and Cymbri; or, an Inquiry into the origin and history of the Scots, Britons and Gauls, and of the Caledonian Picts., Welsh, Cornish and Bretons.* By SIR WILLIAM BETHAM. Dublin. 1834.

4. *Recherches sur les origines Celtiques, principalement sur celles de Bugey, considéré comme berceau du delta Celtique.* Par PIERRE J. J. BOCAÏ. Tacon. Paris.

AT THE earliest period to which history or tradition can be traced, we find western Europe, including the British Isles, occupied by a race whom the ancient historians mention indifferently by the names, Gauls, Celts and Kymri. Whether these titles were in the first instance applied indiscriminately to designate the same people, or whether they indicated races originally distinct, and subsequently combined by a gradual process of fusion has long been a question for antiquarians. This is particularly the case with regard to the Gæls and Celts—the invasion and establishment of the Kymri in their territories being an event of which the date is fixed with tolerable accuracy.\* Notwithstanding this fact the impression among

\* Between 587 and 521 B. C.

historians appears to be very general that the Kymri were a branch of the same great family to which the Gaels and Celts belong; and that their subsequent emigration into Gaul was a simple reunion with their own kindred. The term Celt or Kelt has in like manner been pronounced a mere Grecian pronunciation or perversion of the terms Gael or Gaul—and other writers, who derive the term from the Gaelic word *Ceilt* or *Ceiltach* denoting a dweller in the forest, infer that the Celts were a local division tribe or confederation of tribes of the Gaelic race.\* Certain facts in ancient history, and the testimony of ancient historians incline nevertheless to the belief that the Gaels and Celts, as well as the Kymri, were originally distinct and separate races, and that their long occupation of the same or adjacent regions produced an intermixture of blood, and in course of time a fusion of languages and assimilation of institutions which gave rise to a confusion of the races themselves in the minds of Grecian and Roman historians.

One fact is certain, that the Romans, whose knowledge of those barbarous races was for a long time confined to the people living to the east of the Alps, always designated them by the term Galli or Gauls; while the Greeks, whose relations were principally with the races in the vicinity of Marseilles always spoke of them by the name of Celts. Each nation committed the not uncommon error of applying the name with which they were most familiar to the whole body of people inhabiting these western regions. Thus Cæsar on the one hand mentions the inhabitants of Transalpine Gaul between the Garonne and the Seine as those who in their own language are called Celts, in the Roman, Gauls;† while Strabo, on the other, relates that the Greeks of Marseilles termed all the Gauls Celts, which was the name of those occupying the province of Narbonensis.‡ Diodorus Siculus distinctly asserts that the people who dwell inland and above Marseilles, and those who are established around the Alps and below the

\* Amédée Thierry, vol. 1, p. xxix.

† "Qui ipsorum linguâ Celtæ nostrâ Galli appellantur." Cæsar *de bello Gallico*, L. i., ch. i.

‡ Strabo I., iv., p. 189.

Pyrenees are called Celts, while all the other nations extending below the Celtic region to the south on the sea-coast, in the neighborhood of the Hercynian forest, and thence as far as the borders of Scythia, are called Gauls; *but the Romans confound both people under the name of Gauls*; \* and Dio Cassius confirms this theory by the statement that the Rhine, flowing towards the west, divides Gaul and the Gauls on its left from the Celts on its right. † It is also worthy of remark that Pausanias and the other Greek historians who speak of the invasion of the Gauls under Brennus in the third century B. C., never term the invaders Celts *Κελτοί* but always Gauls, *Ταλαταὶ* and that from this name is derived the title Galatia, applied to the province of Asia Minor occupied by them. The legendary history of Greece proceeded on the same assumption, ascribing the origin of the Gauls, Celts and Illyrians, to three distinct sons of the Cyclops Polyphemus, to whom it assigned Sicily as a birthplace. ‡ Now the Sikels we know to have been among the earliest inhabitants of Italy, who were driven by the Umbrians into the southern part of the peninsula—a region afterwards extensively occupied by Greek colonies—and finally into the island still called from their name Sicily. The similarity of the word *Sikel* to the Greek *Keltos* and the Gaelic *Ceiltach* is obvious; and the ancient word *Ceil*—to hide—with its derivative *caille*—forest—appears as the root of all three names.

Etymology likewise furnishes us with a clue to the origin of the Gauls. This name is clearly derived from the Hebrew "Gal," signifying an inundation. The same root is recognizable in Galilee, a region on the Mediterranean coast which was probably the scene of their embarkation. Xenophon § tells us that Ogyges, the survivor of the universal deluge, was from that circumstance called Gallus, and that his descendants went by the name of Galli. The Umbrians, the earliest inhabitants of Italy, are by most ancient historians considered to be the original ancestors of the Gauls. ||

\* Dio Sic. L. ch. 32.

† Dio Cass. I., 39.

‡ Appian *de bello Illyrico*.

§ De *Æquivocis*.

|| Serv. in lib. xii., *Æn*; Isidor Orig. I., ix., ch. 2; Solinus Hist., ch. 8.

Italian tradition identified the Gauls with the Umbrians to whom it applied the title of *veteres Galli*; and we find in the name of Alba the capital city of Latium, the same root—*alb* signifying both elevation and whiteness—which we recognize in the Alps, Albion and Albany, words of undoubted Gaelic origin. We may therefore confidently establish this first great Aryan emigration to have occurred about the time of the general dispersion—the Gaels occupying the northern part of Italy whence they extended their dominion over the regions known to the Romans as Cisalpine Gaul; and the Celts, Kelts, or Sikels—perhaps identical with the Ionians or primitive inhabitants of Greece—penetrating into southern Italy and Sicily, whence by the way of Sardinia and Corsica they found access to the southern coast of France.\*

It is not unnatural that among two neighboring races of cognate origin, there should have been considerable intermarriage and fusion; nor is it improbable that numerous Gallic tribes may have crossed the Alps and established themselves among those of Celtic origin; hence the general similarity of language and institutions which led the Romans to regard them as one people. We know that both Gallic and Celtic tribes found their way into Spain—of the former we still find a trace in the name of the province—Gallicia—which lies at the northwestern extremity of that peninsula. Spain and that portion of France now known as Aquitaine, appear to have been at a very early period occupied by the Iberians—a race as to whose origin history is silent, but who are commonly supposed to have preceded the Celts. This, however, we should for many reasons, consider doubtful. Iberia was a name given by the ancient geographers to a region lying at the foot of Mount Caucasus, and nearly corresponding to the modern Georgia. It has at all times been occupied by an Aryan race distinguished for personal beauty, valor and ferocity. The pass of the Caucasus is commonly held to be the door by which the majority of the Aryan emigrants—hence called Caucasians—originally

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\* The land communication which scientific discoveries show to have once existed between Africa and Europe at this point, would render such migration not only practicable but easy.

entered Europe. Of the Iberians of Spain we know little; for when first mentioned in history they are fused with the Celts and known as Celtiberi. We find the root of the name—a word signifying mud—in the Ebro, a Spanish river; in the Eburones, a tribe of Kymric Gauls; and in Eboracum, the ancient name of York in England. These points of resemblance with the Kymri, render it, therefore, not improbable that the Iberians were a race who emigrated from the north, like the Kymri, and blending with the Celtic races already established in Spain and France, formed the Celtiberians with their derivative nations, the Aquetani and Ligures, whose territory, it should be remembered, lay to the north of the Celtiberians, and divided them from the Celts of France.\*

It would be a mistake to suppose that the Gallic emigration was directed in the first instance to western Europe exclusively. There can be little doubt that within a short period after the general dispersion they had overspread the entire territory of southern Europe. The similarity of the Illyrians, who occupied a country north of Greece, to the Gallic races, is known to have been such that tradition ascribed to them a common origin. The dwellers on the shores of the Danube and the early inhabitants of Epines, Macedonea and Thrace, are enumerated by ancient writers among the Gallic or Celtic races. Such were also the Tauriskoi mentioned by Strabo, and the Iapodes, whose name recalls the father of the race; and the Albanians, whose name has a common root with Albion and the Alps. Such were also perhaps the Ionians who occupied the Grecian peninsula before the Pelasgan invasion; such, in fine, the entire race who first penetrated Europe after the general dispersion.

In the national characteristics of these first Aryan emi-

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\* Les historiens nous disent unanimement que ce furent les *Celtes* qui conquièrent l'ouest et le centre de l'Espagne; et, en effet, leur nom se trouve attaché à de grandes masses de population gallo-ibériennes, telles que les *Celtibères*, mélange de Celtes et d'Iberès, qui occupaient le centre de la péninsule, et les *Celtici*, qui s'étaient emparés de l'extrémité sud-ouest . . . Pour la haute Italie, quoique inondée deux fois par les peuples transalpins, elle ne présente aucune trace du nom de *Celte*; aucune tribu, aucun territoire, aucun fleuve ne le rappelle, c'est toujours et partout le nom des Galls."

Amédée Thierry, vol. I, p. xxxii.

grants, we perceive strongly marked the indications of a young, vigorous and irrepressible race. In the very earliest pages of history, the Gaul stands forth a prominent figure, distinguished by the same traits which characterize his descendants at the present day. Tall in statue, large of limb, powerful in frame, his fair skin and light or red hair indicating the peculiar warmth and vivacity of the blood that circulates in his veins; of a courage unexampled but with little power of endurance; a spirit frank, impetuous, susceptible of every impression, but retentive of few; a nature changeable as the winds, passions violent but short lived, affections ardent but with little constancy, an innate repugnance to all ideas of order and discipline, an irrepressible love of change, an incurable vanity and ostentation; this is the figure which stands forth as the Gaul of history, and which we recognize in the highlander of the present day. The highlander of Scotland is in fact the legitimate descendant of the Gael of other times, as the Irish are the offsprings of the Celts, and the Welsh and Bretons of the Kymri.

The Gauls or Gæls, in addition to their extensive occupation of the European continent, would appear to have been among the earliest inhabitants of the island of Britain, to which they gave the name of Albion—*i. e.* Alb-in or the white land—\* a name the root of which still survives in Albany. Indications also remain in the names of numerous localities, that their occupation originally extended throughout the island,† but at the period when history first makes mention of them, they had already been displaced by successively invading races, and are found only in the northern portion, known to the Romans as Caledonia—a term borrowed from the Kymric Celyddon—forests—corresponding to the Gaelic term *Ceilte*.

The Celts, by which we understand the races whom Cæsar found between the Seine and the Garonne, with their cognate

\*Pliny L. xiv, chap. 16. *Alb.* in Gaelic signifies both elevated and white.

† "Partout où cette race voyageuse a porté les pas, les mots d'*Alpes*, hautes montagnes; d'*Albanie*, région des montagnes; de *penn* et *apenn*, pics; *Cenn*, Sommets; *tor*, élevé, etc., et les noms d'habitations en *dunn* qui indique une hauteur, *Mag*, qui indique une plaine, *dur* et *av* qui indique de l'eau, révélant son passage." Amédée Thierry, vol. I, p. xxxix.

tribes in the Spanish peninsula, appear to have varied from a comparative civilization to a state of absolute barbarism. In the northern regions, including the territory afterwards occupied by the Belgians, and along the sea coast, they seemed to have been a nomadic race, leading the lives of hunters and shepherds, and painting their bodies with a blue vegetable substance.\* The weapons which have been found among their tombs are generally of stone and of the rudest workmanship; their defensive armor was a simple wooden buckler. But to the inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula and the southern regions of France, the commerce of the Phœnicians was open at a sufficiently early period to maintain among them a considerable degree of civilization. Phœnician tradition represented Hercules with a body of emigrants to have entered Spain at the straits of Gibraltar, and founded an empire, not only there, but in Gaul, which he is said to have entered at the mouth of the Rhone, where he conquered Albion and Ligur—*i. e.*, the Gauls of the Alps, and the Ligurians of Aquitaine—and established extensive colonies.† It is remarkable that the Celts possessed a similar tradition of an imported civilization brought among them by a foreign race, supposed by them to be divine. The chief of the race they identified with Hercules.‡ Tradition attributed to him the introduction of agriculture, the organization of regular governments, and the establishment of cities, and especially of Nîmes and Alesia, which Diodorus Siculus describes as a great city and the metropolis of the Celts.§ There can be no doubt that among the Celts of Spain, at least, and in all probability among those of Gaul likewise, there existed a large intermixture of Phœnician or oriental blood; and hence, perhaps, are derived the distinguishing features of the Celt, a race small, dark and wiry, astute in their intellect, mercurial in their temperament; in all these respects widely differing from the large limbed, blond and vigorous Gæl. ||

\* Cæsar L. ch. 24. Pliny L. xxii, ch. 2.

† Strabo L. iv, p. 183.

‡ Incolae id magis omnibus adseverant quod—etiam nos legimus in monumentis eorum incisum Herculem. Ammian Marcel L. xlii, ch. 9.

§ Lib iv, p. 226.

|| Abel Hovelaque—*La linguistique*, p. 275.



It was from the Celts of Spain, borne thither in Phœnician vessels, that Ireland was peopled; Ireland, or as it was originally called Erin, or the Island of the West. It is, therefore, among the Irish of the present day that we find the descendants of the ancient Celt, and the characteristics most peculiarly Celtic. There would be naturally, however, much intermarriage and fusion of blood between the Celts of Ireland and the Gaelic inhabitants of the adjacent island; and to this fact we can undoubtedly attribute the two distinct types which to this day exist among the Irish people—one dark, curly haired and with features of a type almost Hamitic, the other fair, red haired, and answering in all respects to the French term *roux*.\*

It is among the Irish that we find most of the peculiar usages which recall the customs of the Homeric Greeks—the funeral games, the practice of keening over the dead, and the identity of many of their exclamations of surprise and sorrow with those which we meet in the Grecian poets.†

The Celts of Ireland had an alphabet whose letters bear a remarkable resemblance in form to the Greek, although their signification frequently differed. That this was also the case with the Celts of Gaul, we are apprized by the fact that Cæsar found in the Helvetian camp tablets written in what he supposed to be Greek characters, although the Helvetians did not understand the Greek language, as appears from the fact that Cæsar used that tongue for his despatches, that they might not be comprehended if intercepted. The Greeks are generally understood to have taken their alphabet from the Phœnicians, and their language has a decidedly Phœnician impress. There can in fact be little doubt that the early Irish or Celtic language has a close affinity to the Phœnician. The ancient names of most of the localities in the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts visited by the Phœnicians, can be traced to Celtic roots,

\* The Irish themselves draw this distinction forcibly, applying the Celtic terms *Dhu*—(black)—and *Rhu*—(red)—to different individuals, according to the type to which they appertain.

† Witness Io's exclamation in the Prometheus Vincit—*ελελευ!*  
*λελευ!*

as Betham has elaborately shown;\* but though closely resembling the Celtic or Irish, they have little affinity to the Gaelic or Highland Scotch, and none whatever to the Kymric. Still more remarkable is the resemblance of the Carthaginian speeches put into the mouth of a character in Terence's *Pœnulus* to the ancient Irish, which actually furnishes a key by which they can be translated. From these facts the inference is direct that the Celts of Gaul, Spain and Ireland, at a very early period, received a decided Phœnician impress, both physical and moral.

The entire or partial absorption of their own native tongue into that of the Phœnicians or a dialect thereof, is characteristic of the Celts, who, wherever we find them in history, show the same facility for acquiring and adapting the language and usages of other nations with whom they were brought in contact. We can only conjecture what was the language originally spoken by the Celts of Spain and Ireland; but from the resemblance of certain of their words to the Gaelic and Kymric, we may infer that it belonged to the same family as their languages.

It is certain that both Spain and Ireland, at an early period, enjoyed a degree of civilization far superior to that of Gaul or Britain, and that this was due to the Phœnician element in those countries. Specimens of elaborate workmanship in gold, silver, copper and bronze are continually found in the bogs of Ireland, indicating a high degree of advancement in the plastic arts, and in some instances bearing a close resemblance to the Etruscan bronzes found in Italy.† So distinct are these evidences of Phœnician occupation, that Betham concludes the Celts to have been originally a Phœnician colony. This however is at variance with all the received traditions which assign to the Celts an Aryan parentage akin to, if not identical with, that of the Gauls. The true explanation lies undoubtedly in the fact that the Celtic inhabitants of Ireland came thither originally from Spain, and that considerable intercourse was maintained

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\* P. 89.

† Betham, p. 22.

by means of the Phœnician vessels with the parent country.\* That there existed a strong Phœnician element among the Spanish Celts can not be disputed; but it was in all probability an element of infusion and not the parent stock.

We come now to the third and most important branch of the Gallic race—whose emigration, though later in time, formed perhaps the predominant element in Transalpine Gaul and Britain, at the time of the Roman conquest—the race commonly known as Kymric.

Homer and the earliest Greek writers make frequent mention of a nation called Kimmerii, who inhabited a region of perpetual night—therefore far to the north. Of the route by which these people entered Europe we have some trace in the titles of Cimmerian Bosphorus and the Crimea, but this region appears in the earliest times of which we have any account, to have been occupied by the Scythians; and the traditions of ancient times represent the latter race as having at an early period expelled the Kimmerii and driven them to the north and west. As late as the time of Alexander the Great, a people of the name are found in Jutland and on the borders of the Baltic sea—and some of their descendants are mentioned as still occupying that same country in the time of Augustus.† They are represented as a race of surpassing ferocity, many of them cannibals, and almost irresistible in their might.‡ It was this race who, about the sixth or seventh century, descended like an avalanche upon the north of Gaul, first occupying the territory which Cæsar calls Gallia Belgica, and where their descendants were afterwards known as the Belgæ, whom the same author describes as the fiercest of the Gauls; thence penetrating into Armorica, whence they expelled the painted Celts who took refuge in Albion, where they were known to the Romans as the Piets; and finally extending their dominion into Albion itself, where they eventually occupied all the southern portion of the island and were the Britons of

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\* Strabo mentions a promontory in western Spain, by the name of Ierne, which was one of the various versions of Erin, the ancient name of Ireland.

† Strabo L. vii, p. 292.

‡ Diod. Sic. L. v, p. 309.

Cæsar's time. The name of Britain—signifying painted—was applied by the conquerors both to the land of Armorica and to the island beyond the straits from which the Celts have been expelled.

In the earliest legendary period the Kimmerii appear to have been a source of terror to the Greeks.\* For centuries they had ravaged the borders of the Danube and carried their incursions into the heart of Asia Minor and to the shores of the Ægean. They had also pushed their conquests into northern and western Europe, for their occupation of Jutland and of the Belgian territory antedates historic times. But the grand migration of which history takes notice, occurred in the seventh century B. C., when arose one of those general migratory impulses which at uncertain intervals caused Asia to relieve herself of her superabundant population. At this period the Scythian or Teutonic races, either driven from their homes by invaders, or carried westward by the same irresistible impulse which actuated their predecessors at the time of the dispersion, penetrated the passes of Caucasus and swarmed through the regions of eastern Europe, driving from their homes the Kimmerians, a portion of whom, we are told by Herodotus, descended upon Asia Minor, whence after effecting various ravages, they entirely disappeared;† while the bulk of the people, retreating westward, disappear entirely from the pages of history. There can be little doubt that these Kimmerians were identical with the Kimbri, who at a later period are found occupying the promontory of Jutland and the shores of the Baltic. Their identity is recognized by Strabo,‡ by Plutarch,|| and by Diodorus Siculus.§ Philemon, an ancient Greek author, cited by Pliny, describes the Kimbri as dwelling on the borders of an ocean which was called in their language Mori—Marusa to a certain point, and beyond that Cronium.|| These names have a distinct signification in the Kymric language—

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\* Strabo L. iii., xi., xii.

† Herodotus L. iv., ch. 21.

‡ L. vii., p. 203. || Plut. in Max., p. 412.

§ L. v., p. 309.

|| Pliny L. iv., ch. 13.

the one denoting "dead sea," the other "frozen." \* This would imply that even in the earliest period known to history, this race inhabited the frozen regions of Europe. In their usages as well as in those prevalent among the Kymric inhabitants of Gaul and Britain we discover a marked similarity to those of the legendary Kimmerians. Their human sacrifices; their practice of seeking to read the future in the entrails of their sacrificed victims; the custom of decorating their door-posts with the heads of their slaughtered enemies, are all recorded in history and find their counterpart in the Kimmerian legends of ancient mythology. Even the name "Jauris," by which the residence of these people was known to the Greeks, has its root in the Kymric word "*tor*," signifying a mountain, a word which to this day forms the root of the names of many localities in France, England and Wales.

That the Kimmerians, of this first migration, finally established themselves in Gaul is not directly recorded in history; but that such was the fact is strongly indicated by all the evidences which we possess. Within fifty years of their departure from the shores of the Euxine, we find Gaul itself in a state of general tumult, and a multitude of Gauls, driven from their homes by some superior force, swarming across the Alps into Italy and the south of Europe. In the half century following we find Kymric tribes themselves penetrating the Alps and establishing themselves in Italy. In the time of Cæsar we find that the region to the north of the Seine had been occupied from time immemorial by a race called the Belgæ whom he describes as differing from the Gauls in language, manners, and institutions, and far exceeding them in ferocity. † The name of Belgian has its root in a Kymric word *Belg*, signifying warlike. He mentions also that the inhabitants of Britain who dwelt along the coast were of the same race as the Belgians, and entirely different from the indigenous tribes who occupied the interior. The Britons of Cæsar's time we know

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\* "The analogy of these Kymric words *Mori*—the sea—*Maru*—to die—with the Latin *Mare* and *Morire*, is as striking as that of the Gaelic *alb*," and bears testimony to the common origin of all their languages.

† Cæsar de bello Gall., L. i. ch. 1.

to have been the progenitors of the Welsh of the present day who in their own language are still called Kymri. Strabo speaks of the people of Armorica, the portion of Gaul between the Seine and the Loire, now known as Brittany, as a race strongly resembling the Belgians, speaking the same or nearly a similar language, and although forming an independent confederation, allying themselves in case of war with the Belgians rather than the Gauls.\* Tacitus states that the Kimbri, on the Elbe, were in his time greatly reduced in numbers, but that their remains indicated the former existence of a great and populous nation showing that the mass of the people had migrated to other regions. The Welsh triads speak distinctly of three Kymric migrations, of which the first came from the shores of the Bosphorus; the second from a place which they call Gwasogwin; and the third—the Bryttons—from that portion of Gaul between the Seine and the Loire.† Even the Irish have a confused tradition of a race called *Bolg*, who migrated from the Rhine into the south of Ireland—a tradition sustained by the two-fold national type which to this day exists in that country.

From these facts we can conclude with tolerable certainty that the Kimmerians, expelled from the Bosphorus by the Scythians in the seventh century, were the Kymri who at an early period obtained possession of Belgic Gaul, Armorica and Britain, and were generally confounded with the Gauls by the nations of southern Europe. Tribes of the same race must moreover have established themselves among the Gauls on the banks of the Danube and in the territory subsequently occupied by the Germans; for Appian speaks of the Gauls who invaded Greece, B. C. 279, by the name of Kimbri,‡ and Justinianus mentions them as neighbors of the Sarmaticus, united into a league by Mithridates.§ It is possible that the

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\* "Manent utrâque ripâ contra ac spatio quorum ambitu nunc quoque metraris moleno manusque gentes et tam magni exercitûs fidem." *Germ.* ch. 37.

† Triœd N. 4.

‡ De bello *Illyrico*, p. 758.

§ Justu. L. xxxviii., ch. 3.

Illyrians, whom ancient history and mythology unite in describing as a cognate race with the Gauls and Celts, may have been Kimbri. It was however to the north and west that the bulk of the great migration was directed; and it is this undoubtedly of which the Welsh triads speak as conducted by Hu, the powerful chief, priest and law-giver, deified after his death and worshiped as the god Hesus, and to whom is attributed the identical system of worship, and whatever civilization was possessed by the Kymric inhabitants of Britain and Gaul. As late as the end of the second century B. C., contemporary historians mention an invasion of Gaul, Spain and Italy, by the Kimbri of the north, which however appears to have been an invasion for purposes of pillage, not of occupation; and it is remarkable that in this invasion the Kimbri were able to establish friendly relations with the Belgic tribes while they concentrated all their fury on the Celtic provinces to the south. It is hardly probable however that this invasion materially altered the character of the population of Gaul; for Cæsar who mentions it in his *Commentaries*, says nothing from which one could infer that the disposition of the tribes was not what it had been from the period of the first Kymric migration. It is not improbable however that it was this invasion which drove over to Albion the large migration from Brittany which is mentioned in the Welsh triads—for Cæsar, whose first expedition to Britain occurred within the succeeding century, alludes to the comparative civilization of the inhabitants of Kent, and the peculiar resemblance which their institutions bore to those with which he had been familiar in Gaul,\* a fact which would seem to indicate a comparatively recent migration from that territory. It is certain that when the Britons, expelled from their homes by the Anglo-Saxons, took refuge in Bretagne, they found there a people of a race cognate with their own, possessing similar institutions, and speaking a language so nearly identical with their own as to be perfectly intelligible to them.

The Kymric invaders did not, however, succeed in entirely expelling the ancient inhabitants from Gaul. Of the compara-

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\* Lib. v., ch. 14.



tively level regions bordering the sea-coast they obtained undisputed possession. The territory north of the Seine, which Cæsar calls Gallia Belgica, and the coast region between the Seine and the Loire, then called Armorica, now known as Bretagne, was entirely occupied by the Kymri, whose descendants are found there at the present day among the bas-Bretons. But the mountain regions which constituted the eastern territory remains in the possession of the early inhabitants. The Celts in the south and west, appear never to have blended to any extent with the conquerors. The Kymric inhabitants of Armorica were therefore completely isolated, and retained, in a form almost unaltered, the language and the institutions which they brought with them. Many of these peculiarities they appear to have retained through all the subsequent conquests to which they were subjected, affiliating neither with the Latin nor the Teutons; so that even in modern times their descendants, the bas-Bretons, speak among themselves a *patois* which is unintelligible to the inhabitants of Haute-Bretagne.\* Ancient documents show that from the fifth to the fourteenth century A. D., the *patois* was almost universally spoken in Brittany, and was the language of which the modern Welsh and the now extinct Cornish were dialects.†

In Britain the Kymri appear to have overspread the whole of the southern part of the island which was afterwards conquered by the Anglo-Saxons. That they were not able entirely to exterminate the ancient Gaelic inhabitants from the mountain fortresses of Wales, but alternately absorbed them into their own population, appears possible from the name of that country—a corruption of Gallis—and the fact that a certain Gaelic element is found commingled with the Kymric in the Welsh language; whereas the Cornish, which little over a hundred years ago, was spoken exclusively by many of the inhabitants of Cornwall, is a dialect purely Kymric and closely

\* Courson, p. 23.

† "In illa Galliæ regione quæ nostre tempore Britannia dicitur, sunt quidam populi quos Galli vocant Britones.—Britonizantes, quorum linguâ solis ipsis cognita est. Et quoniam plurimi eorum. Gallorum linguâ loqui scient, multi tamen non nisi suâ linguâ loquuntur, sed et nullam aliam intelligunt." *Vie de St.-Vincent-Ferrier*, Ap. B., ch. 5.

akin to the Armorican. But the great mass of the Gaelic and Celtic inhabitants of Britain were driven to the region north of the Solway; the Gaels, who were the stronger, maintained a nomadic and predatory life in the fastnesses of the mountains, where their descendants, the Scotch Highlanders, are to be found at the present day; and the Celts or Picts remaining in the more level country between the Grampian hills and the Solway, whence they were ultimately exterminated by the Attacotti—a Teutonic race coming from the north of Ireland, and ancestors of the the modern Scots.

This tenacious adherence to their own language and institutions is peculiarly characteristic of the Kymri, and markedly distinguishes them from the more impressible Gaels and Celts. The latter, a peculiarly mercurial race, appear to have received the impress of every successive emigrant or invader; we find in them traces of the Phœnician colonist in Spain; of the Greek settlers in Marseilles, and of the Roman conquerors of Gaul, whose language they appear to have so effectually adopted, as not only to abandon their own, but alternately to impose it upon their Frankish or Teutonic conquerors. Yet no one who is familiar with the modern French, will for a moment doubt that in their composition the Celtic blood even now largely predominates over both the Latin and Teutonic. The lively imagination, the mercurial temperament, the excitable disposition of the modern French—perhaps also the fickleness and unreliability attributed to them by other nations—are all of a type distinctly Celtic—and wholly unlike the sterner and more thoughtful nations of Teutonic descent.

The Gauls, who occupied the territory to the eastward of the Rhine, would appear to have extensively accepted the impress of the Kymric invaders who had followed them across the Alps. At first the distinction between them was very marked, not only in Cisalpine Gaul, but in the conquered regions of Italy and Illyria. The Gallic tribes who entered Italy under Bellovesus, established themselves in the region north of the Po, where they founded the cities of Milan and Verona,\* while

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\* Liv. L. v, ch. 39.

those who under Sigovesus penetrated the Hercynian forest, occupied the right bank of the Danube and the Illyrian Alps.\* The Kymric invaders, on the other hand, crossed the Po and expelled the Etruscans from that part of their possessions,† and eventually seized all the territory between the Danube and the Mediterranean. Between the two races the Po and the Danube at first furnished a fixed line of demarcation; but a fusion gradually took place, in which the Kymric element so strongly overpowered the Gaelic, as to render those people the most terrible neighbors that the civilized states of Europe had possessed. This fusion undoubtedly existed at the time of the first invasion which filled Rome with such terror; for although the Roman historians speak of the invaders as Gauls, the name of their chief, Brenn—or, as the Romans style him, Brennus—is a term purely Kymric, signifying chief or king. The Gallic term was *rix* which we constantly find in combination in such names as Orgetorix, Dumnorix, Ambiorix, and the titles of other chiefs mentioned in Cæsar's *Commentaries*—and which recalls in sound as well as signification, the Latin *rex*. In the invasion of Greece and the pillage of Delphi, the Kymri undoubtedly took an important part. This appears not only from the name of the leader—also Brenn or Brennus—but from the fact recorded by Appian, that the army was composed not only of Gauls, but of Tectosoges and Boii—both of them Kymric races—and of a body of Teutons, with whom the Kymri appear to have had always some degree of affinity.‡ The horrible atrocities committed in this expedition, including indiscriminate massacre without regard to sex or age, and the most ferocious cannibalism,§ was undoubtedly owing to the large Kymric element. The Kymric race, though possessing more stability than the Gauls, and susceptible also of a higher cultivation, greatly exceeded them in natural ferocity, and were especially distinguished from them by their cannibal instincts, which they derived from their Kimmerian ancestors, and of which, at an

\* Justin L. xxiv, ch. 4.

† Appian de bell Syr. p. 758.

‡ Liv. L. v, ch. 55.

§ Pausan L. x, p. 650.

even later period, traces were found among their descendants in Wales and Cornwall.

It was these same Gallo-Kymri with their Teutonic allies who at the close of this memorable expedition, effected an incursion into Asia Minor, where their first act was to take part in the struggle between the rival claimants of the crown of Bithynia and to place their own candidate—Nicomedes—on the throne,\* and enable him to repel the King of Syria who had levied war upon him in aid of his rival. Not content with the large territory which the King of Bithynia bestowed upon them in acknowledgment of their services, they eventually overran the whole of Asia Minor and distributed it among their own tribes, occupying a large portion and rendering the remainder tributary.† Their conquests however received a check from the armies of King Antiochus—hence called Soter or Saviour.‡ Driven back to the shores of the Halys, they still continued for five and thirty years to harass the sea-coast of Asia, as well as the territory of which they had been deprived.§ So great was the terror which they excited that during the conflicts between the Asiatic powers, we are told that no sovereign felt assured of his throne unless he had secured the aid of the Gauls.|| Even the grandson of Antiochus Soter, known as Hierax, was seized by them and held prisoner in his capital, and saved his life only by the sacrifice of his treasure. But eventually in the year 241 B. C., they were defeated by Allatus, King of Pergamos, and their dominion thenceforth limited to a single province known as Galatia. Confined within bounds, their ravages brought to a close, they gradually acquired the habits of civilization, and commingling with the Grecian and Asiatic inhabitants of the country formed a new race known in history as the Galatians or Gallo-Greeks. We find them during the two succeeding

\* Lib. L. xxxviii., ch. 16. Strabo L. xii., p. 567.

† "Tantus terror eorum nominis erat, multitudine etiam magnâ sobole auctâ, ut Syriæ quoque reges Stipendium dare non abnuerunt." Livy L. xxxviii., ch. 16.

‡ Appian de bellis Syriacis, p. 130.

§ Asian omne, velut examine aliquo, implerunt. Justin lib. xxv. ch. 2.

|| *Ibid.*

centuries gradually assimilating with the Asiatics, adopting their religion, their institutions, and many of their luxuries and refinements. Still in this most dissolute period and among the most dissolute people they appear to have retained much of the virtue for which their ancestors were celebrated. The women of Galatia especially are cited as models of chastity.\* Still more remarkable is the fact that as late as the fourth century A. D., they preserved their own language, which St. Jerome recognizes as that spoken by the people of Trèves, at a time when all other nations in Asia Minor habitually spoke Greek.† This fact is undoubtedly due to their Kymric origin, all history showing that the Kymri were at all times far more tenacious of their native peculiarities than the races purely Gaelic or Celtic.‡

In the second Punic War the Gauls proved themselves useful allies to Hannibal and the Carthaginians. This was particularly the case with the Cisalpine Gauls, or Gauls proper, the descendants of the ancient Umbrians and the traditional enemies of Rome. The Celtic or Iberian inhabitants of Spain, and Transalpine Gaul, appear to have been friendly. They remembered the ill-treatment received from their former allies during the first Punic War and revenged it by harassing Hannibal and his army throughout their march across the Pyrenees. Even these tribes were, however, eventually reconciled, but not before the passage of the Carthaginian general had been much impeded and no little loss sustained. On reaching the Italian side of the Alps he found the Gauls for a while uncertain and disposed to receive him coldly; but the first victory obtained over the Roman armies elicited a general declaration in his favor, and sixty thousand Gauls flocked to his standard.§ To these allies were due the dreadful

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\* Plutarch *de Virtutibus*, p. 257.

† Hieronym Prol. in lib. ii.

‡ That the Gallic fickleness of disposition was however retained by their eastern descendants we have a striking instance in the epistle of St. Paul to the Galatian Christians, where he marvels at the rapidity with which they have forgotten his instructions and adopted the doctrines of another teacher! Gal. ch. 1., p. 6-9.

§ Liv. lxxiv, 38.

slaughter of the Romans at Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannae; but their losses were immense, not only in conflicts but from the unhealthiness of the region through which they passed. And of the sixty thousand Gauls, including Celts and Iberians,\* who had accompanied Hannibal into Italy but twenty-five thousand survived. With the loss of his allies Hannibal's good fortune appears to have deserted him. Cannae was his last grand success; and when after the loss of one brother and the defeat of another he was compelled to abandon the campaign and return to Africa, he was still followed by the remnants of his Gallic allies who continued with him throughout his subsequent campaigns, and at Zama formed one-third of the grand army whose defeat decided the fortunes of the war,† and in which they showed themselves, in the language of the Latin historian, "burning with herculean and inborn hatred to the Roman people."‡

The effect of the second Punic war was to rekindle in the hearts of the Gauls their former hatred of Rome in its fullest force. It was not long before a general movement on the part of the Cisalpine Gauls, native and Kymric, at the instigation of the Carthaginian, Hamilcar, was directed against all the northern part of Italy. Placentia was destroyed, Cremona threatened, but the Punic war had exhausted the vigor of the invaders. Ere long they were defeated with fearful slaughter by the Romans under Lucius Furius; and the only result of their excursion was to awaken the Roman Senate to the necessity and practicability of reducing them to final subjection. Accordingly for the years succeeding the defeat of the Gauls under Furius, the Roman Empire devoted its entire energies to the subjugation of Cisalpine Gaul; and so effectually was this carried out that in twelve years from the sack of Placentia, Cisalpine Gaul was reduced to a Roman province; its inhabitants wore the Roman costume and accepted the Roman institutions; and Italy was announced irrevocably closed to the Gallic-Kymric race.

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\*Polyb. ciii., p. 267.

† Appian Bell Pun., p. 22.

‡ Livy. lxxxv. 33.

Although the Romans had been able to repel the invading Kymri from their own doors, they produced little effect on their kindred in Gaul and Britain. These people had from the first never blended with their Celtic neighbors, nor assimilated to them in language, religion or institutions. While the government of the Celts was a military aristocracy, that of the Kymri was a theocracy of the strictest kind. Their priests and rulers were the Druids. Druidism does not appear to have been at any time the religion of the Celts. They worshiped the phenomena of nature and the genii of certain localities.\* The sun was worshiped under the name of Bel or Bellon† a name of undoubted Phœnician origin, as was that of Teutates, the divinity who presided over commerce,‡ evidently the Thoth of the East. That the Phœnician Baal was worshiped among the early Celts both in Gaul, Britain and Ireland is evident from the fact that altar stones bearing his inscription have been dug up in all these countries.§ The Irish to this day light up in the eve of the summer solstice and the equinox fires which are called the Beltine or Baal fire, though the object of veneration is forgotten; it is transferred from Baal to St. John the Baptist.||

As they advanced in civilization all the arts and professions were deified, and even the liberal arts which were personified under the name Ogmios, supposed to be identical with the Tyrian Hercules, and personified as an old man armed, but, leading his captives by chains of gold and amber proceeding from his mouth.¶

Their fundamental principle were that mind and matter were eternal; that the universe, while subject to perpetual variations in form, continued unalterable in substance; that fire and water were the principal agents which produced the revolutions of nature;\*\* and that the human soul, on its departure from the body, proceeds to animate other existences.†† The

\* Liv. lxxiv, 38. Gnet. p. 94-110.

† Auson Carm, II.

‡ Lucan, Pharsalia.

§ Betham, p. 227.

¶ Ibid. p. 222.

¶ Lucian.

\*\* Strabo, liv. p. 197.

†† Caes, I, vi c. 14.



transmigration of souls they held to be for the purpose of discipline or chastisement ; for the ultimate abode of the spirit they held that there was another world, where the departed pursued in perfect happiness the avocations of their former lives. The inhabitants of this world were not shades, but enjoyed a deathless human existence ; and so convinced were they of the continued association with their friends in the present world that letters were cast into the funeral flames, which the dead were supposed to transmit to those who had gone before.\*

These two doctrines of the metempsychosis and of an existence after death in another world, formed the basis of the druidical system. As the effect of them was to render the people warlike and fearless of death, there naturally grew up apart from them a sacred caste who were the conservators of all the learning, the guardians of all the religious observances, and the directors of the government, for which the warriors could find no time. These were the Druids, and there can be no doubt that they possessed no trifling amount of scientific knowledge, which they had either preserved as traces of an antecedent civilization, or had gradually developed during the long period of comparative repose which they had enjoyed in their Atlantic possessions. This appears the more probable from the fact that the chief seat of druidism was in Britain, which had been comparatively free from the harassing conflicts of Gaul. Their studies were directed to the secrets of nature, the manifestations of the gods, the magnitude of the universe, the nature and movements of the stars, the properties of plants, and the hidden forces which control all.† They possessed undoubted knowledge of astronomy, and had established a regular calendar, which was calculated by lunar months. This mode of calculation gave rise to the belief among the Romans that the Kymri or western Gauls measured time by nights instead of days, which they accepted as proof of their infernal origin.

The mysticism of the Druids, their veneration for the mistletoe, and the solemn ceremonies with which it was gathered

\* Dio Sic. iv, p. 306.

† *Cesar de bello Gallico*, lvi, ch. 13.

under the rays of the moon, on the sixth day of her growth, are familiar to most readers. The point to which they had carried the practice of magic, the use of the talisman and the science of divination was reputed among the Romans to have exceeded even that of the Persians;\* but this must be regarded as doubtful. This solemn organization comprised women as well as men; and as marriage was recognized among their institutions, the caste became practically hereditary. We thus understand how during generations of separation they should have maintained considerable knowledge in the midst of ignorance, comparative civilization in the midst of barbarism. Yet the barbarism of the Kymri was not without its influence even on the sacred caste. Frightful orgies were at times celebrated in their priestly colleges; human sacrifices were an established institution, and human beings were slaughtered for purposes of divination.

The Druids—whose name was derived from a Kymric word *Derwyddon*, signifying oak—were the chief priests of this religion. Dwelling in the recesses of the forests, they were supposed to hold direct communion with the Supreme Being, and to receive from Him the principles of science, theology, morals and legislation which they announced to the world. The ceremonial part of the worship was confided to the Ovates, who mingled with the multitude, accompanied the armies to battle, and imparted the will of the Druids. A third class was composed of the Bards, whose office was to recite the traditions of the race, to commemorate the deeds of heroes, and to stimulate the ambition of their descendants to the accompaniment of the chrotta or lyre.†

It is impossible not to be struck with the exact similarity of this institution with one highly esteemed by the Homeric Greeks, namely, the αἰὸδος. This same institution existed among the descendants of all their races long after the Druids had become extinct. We find it in the Welsh Bard, in the Highland Minstrel, and traditions of the same in the ancient Irish ballads. So exactly do the functions of bard and minstrel

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\* Pliny lxxix c li.

† Div. Sec. lv., p. 308.

correspond with those of the *αἰσῶτες*—who possessed likewise a quasi sacred character—that it is not easy to account for it on any other supposition than that is a common origin for Greek, Gael, Celt and Kymri.

That the Druids possessed no small amount of learning is evident from the fact that a novitiate of twenty years was required to be passed in solitude, and devoted to study in the recesses of the woods.\* The Druids held the courts of justice, decided all litigated questions, and pronounced the penalties for crime. At once judges and executioners, law-givers and law expounders, exclusive possessors of all learning amid a people profoundly ignorant of all save that which pertained to war, one portion mingling in civil life, overlooking and directing every action, another retired into the deepest obscurity, whence they issued edicts from which there was no appeal; holding in their hands the power of life and death, and the still more fearful power of excommunication, which might convert the offender, of whatever rank, into a hopeless outcast,† it is not strange that the chiefs themselves were only their ministers and servants.‡ The fierce nature of the Kymri did not always brook this servitude meekly. In Gaul many of the leading families resisted and established an independent military aristocracy. The chief Druids were retained in their dignities, but the Ovates and Bards were reduced to mere retainers of the chiefs. Under these circumstances the headquarters of Druidism were ultimately removed from Armorica to Britain, which in Cæsar's time was the chief seat of their power, and whither the youth of Gaul were habitually sent for instruction.§

There can be no doubt that both in Gaul and Britain the Celtic polytheism had existed anterior to the establishment of the druidical worship; and that the latter came in with the Kymrie invaders. Of this we have distinct evidence in the cromlechs which exist to this day in both England and Armorica; and still more in the fact that altar stones

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\* Cæsar I vi c. 14.

‡ Dio Chrysost, Orat. 49.

† Cæsar Bel. Gal. vi., c. 13.

§ Cæsar Ivi., c. 13.

have been dug up in Britain which have inscriptions in the ancient Irish character to Baal;\* and that the names of the rivers in Wales are all Celtic, or as it is now commonly called, Irish. That the terror which the Druids inspired extended to Ireland is manifest from the fact that to this day the Irish peasantry make pilgrimages to sacred wells, and hang rags and fragments of cloth on the adjacent branches as a protection, they say, from the *Geasen Draoidoch*, i. e. the sorceries of Druids.

The Gaels in North Britain were never reduced under Roman domination. This was mainly owing to the presence of a different set of invaders, the Scots, a race of Teutonic origin, originally settled in the North of Ireland, but migrating thence in swarms to the British coast, where they waged a perpetual warfare with the Gaels of the Highlands, the Celtic Picts and the Roman conquerors of Britain. The Picts they eventually entirely exterminated—so effectually in fact that no traces of them remain beyond a few names of localities and roots of English words. The Gaels they were unable to subdue. They remained in their highland fastnesses where for centuries, even after the Scottish invaders had become a civilized and domesticated people, and the recognized lords of the soil to which they gave their names, they continued a thorn in their side, harrassing them with perpetual predatory incursions, and rendering life, liberty and property equally insecure, or at best to be secured only on payment of an established tribute. In the Scottish Highlander, as we find him in history, and even as he existed until within a very recent period, we have the Gaul of ancient times scarcely varied in any respect. In the plaid and *philibeg* of the modern Highlander we have the *saga* and *braga* of the ancient Gaul.†

In the division into clans—a word of Umbrian origin found on the Etruscan monuments—we have the ancient

\* Betham, p. 227.

† The *saga* was a woollen mantle, striped or cross barred and of many colors, worn round the body. The *braga* was a short pantaloon of the same pattern or material, covering the thigh, but leaving the calf exposed.

tribal government. In the fidelity to the chief and utter intractability to government of any other form, we find a reminiscence of ancient Gallic institutions; and in the predatory habits which rendered the Highlanders the dread of civilized Scotland, we are perpetually reminded of the incursions which made the Gauls of history a terror to the mistress of the world.

When the enfeebling of the Roman power compelled the evacuation of Britain, the Scots, perhaps with Highland aid, commenced inroads on the southern part of the island. In an evil day the British Kymri, too reduced by long subjection to cope with their powerful neighbors of the North, called in the assistance of the Teutonic races of the mainland, with whom they appear from an early period to have recognized some affinity. How their allies became their subjugators is a matter of history. The Kymri, once the scourge of all Europe, were now too reduced in numbers and strength to contend with the Teutons, in whom they seem to have found a power superior to their own. Slowly, but steadily, they receded before the Saxons. A portion returned to the homes of their ancestors in Armorica, where they are still found among the Bretons; others retired into the extreme south-west region known as Cornwall, where not much over a century ago their language continued to be spoken. But the majority took refuge in the mountain fastnesses of Wales.

Of the Celtic or Gaelic population part remained and amalgamated with the Kymri; but the majority retired into Ireland whence arose the two-fold type of the Celt in that country. The Welsh language is accordingly a mixed dialect, combining with the Kymric an element decidedly Gaelic. But although less pure in language, the Welsh are, in habits, character and institutions, the best existing type of the ancient Kymri. They alone retained the name and the national character; and in them we recognize the race of Boadicea and Caractacus, and the descendants of the heroes who in former days set Rome herself at defiance.

The inhabitants of Cornwall and the *bas Bretons* of Armorica preserved the Kymric language in its ancient purity; but

they were not able to preserve their independence for any length of time. From the traits which they have preserved we may suppose the Cornish men to have been Kymri of an inferior class. The dark features of the Kymric character, their cruelty, their vindictiveness, their gloomy superstition, seem to have been the marked characteristics which to a late period distinguished the Cornish miners. To their language they adhered so resolutely that even at the beginning of the eighteenth century the children of the peasantry spoke no other tongue. Something of the same character is to be found among the peasantry of Brittany. Here, however, existed a higher element in the descendants of the early chiefs who had maintained their position since the first Kymric invasion. Here we find, also, some traces of the mercurial temperament which they acquired from association and intermarriage with the early Celtic inhabitants. But notwithstanding these shades of difference, the Welsh, the Cornish, and the Bretons are at present clearly defined types of the ancient Kymri; and even under the assimilating influence of centuries their distinctive character stands forth almost as strongly marked and as much apart from the nations to which they belong as in the very earliest time.\*

The Celts of Ireland preserved their independent character to a later period than most of the contemporary nations. In their remote island they were little disturbed by the Teutonic hordes who overran the south of Europe; and even the Attacotti who had seized the northern part of the island appear to have found more profit in carrying their sword into the neighboring territory of Scotland than in harassing their immediate neighbors. It is certain that for the first few centuries of the Christian era, Ireland bore a high reputation for learning, for refinement, and for material prosperity. Converted at an early period to Christianity, her scholars were

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\* The indomitable character of the Breton was manifested in the time of the Empire, and the wars of La Vendée, when the Bretons having espoused the royal cause, proved the sharpest thorn in the side of the imperial government.

among the most brilliant lights of the Church and occupied a high position in the schools of philosophy. But a fatal blow to her prosperity was struck by her subjection to the English crown. With the loss of her liberties, her life-giving elements were taken away; and for the last six or seven centuries few pages of history present a more melancholy record than that of Ireland.

Nevertheless Ireland has preserved in her population the distinctive type of the Celt as broadly as Wales has that of the Kymri or Scotland that of the Gael; and it is in Ireland alone that the Celtic race is at present to be found in its genuine purity. The Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and Spain had for a long period been amalgamated with the Romans even to the adoption of their language, and the loss of all sense of nationality. The Goths who overran Spain, and the Franks who conquered Gaul, had no difficulty in incorporating with themselves a race already thoroughly denationalized. Still in all the great crises in which the French character has been displayed, we are struck with the development of the same nature which we recognize in the Gaels and Celts throughout history—a nature intelligent, of more than common brilliancy, brave and ardent, but fickle, little susceptible of cohesion or unity, constantly divided by individual vanities and impulses. The same traits which we recognize in the Scottish Gael and the Irish Celt break forth on these occasions in the people of France; hence their unexampled conquests, their equally marked reverses, and the peculiar elasticity—the amazing recuperative energy—with which they have recovered from disasters which seemed almost hopeless. When we read the histories of the first and second empires and see France in the course of a single century twice giving laws to the world, twice reduced to the utmost humiliation, and twice arising with renewed vitality to enter the lists with her fellow nations at once in the arena of politics, literature, science and art, we cannot but feel that the blood of the followers of Brennus still flowed in the veins of the brave soldiers of Napoleon; and that in the nation recognized as the most



polished and cultivated on earth we have the legitimate descendants of the barbarians who shook Rome, Greece and Asia to their foundations and struck terror into the hearts of the civilized world.

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ART. VI.—*Nouvelle Biographie Générale, depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours.* Paris. Didot Frères.

Our object in the present paper is a simple one, namely, to show that in all ages and countries, with rare exceptions, the greatest authors have been neglected or vilified—persecuted in some way—while the inferior authors, or those who are authors only in name, have been the most “popular,” the most flattered, the most highly extolled, the most lavishly pampered. Nor is this so strange as it may seem at first sight; on the contrary, it is but natural that authors whose thoughts are most like those of the mass of mankind, should be more admired by the mass than authors whose thoughts are like those of the comparatively few. The former are apt to do things in general as others have done them—that is, they are imitative; they observe the fashion; they pause to inquire what Mrs. Grundy may say; whereas, the latter strike out new ways; instead of clinging scrupulously to the beaten path they do not hesitate to abandon it; they do things, not because others have done such, but because they think them beneficial to mankind, although the multitude may regard them as destructive, abominable.

It has been well said that prejudices are the kings of the vulgar; and no kings are worse tyrants—more capricious or more cruel. What is new seems suspicious, at least to the common herd; if there is anything in it that inflicts pain, it seems malevolent, probably ruinous. It is to this notion Seneca alludes when he warns us that “many benefits have a sad and rough countenance, so as to burn and cut in order to heal.”\*

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\* Multa beneficia tristem frontem et asperam habent, quemadmodum secare et urere ut sanes et vinculis cœercere. Sen. *De Benef.*, v. 20.

This "sad and rough countenance" has proved the ruin of many a benefactor of mankind; and unhappily it is not in the nature of things that it should be otherwise.

In illustrating these facts we must necessarily be discursive, and more or less desultory; at the same time we may be permitted to think that the reader who accompanies us in our rapid glances at the stories of some of the most illustrious thinkers of all nations, will not find his time entirely mis-spent. It matters little with which of those who have been rewarded evil for good, we commence:—

So obscure was Homer in his time—so little was thought of the Prince of Poets—that it is now a disputed point whether any such person ever lived. If Homer really did live, it must have been in poverty and privation. The most probable tradition of him is that he recited his poems from door to door to secure a scanty subsistence. Assuming it to be true that the inimitable, immortal works known as the Homeric Poems, are the productions of several poets, they are not the less a proof, on this account, that it is the greatest geniuses who are most indifferent to fame, and the most likely to be neglected, if not abused and persecuted.

The hatred evinced by his contemporaries to Lucian was such that they did all in their power to suppress every line he ever wrote. Referring to this fact, Erasmus says that he wrote with such boldness, freedom and wit, denouncing malefactors, charlatans and pretenders of all kinds—especially bad poets and bad authors—that he drew upon himself the odium of the whole scribbling tribe. More than once the satirist declares that he regards that odium as the greatest honor that could have been conferred upon him, clearly proving as it does, that he has performed his duty as a satirist, fearlessly, effectually and well. It is universally admitted that the genius of the ancient world has bequeathed us no prose works that surpass the *Dialogues* of Lucian in beauty of diction, in playfulness and force of wit, in irresistible sarcasm or in trenchant, unanswerable invective. But of the scores who contrived to blot out of existence every vestige of the works of Lucian, and who were the great "popular" and "famous" authors of their

time, there is not one of whom the least trace is left in history or biography, except as bearing the indellible brand of the satirist.

Socrates affords another familiar illustration of the fact that it is those who serve mankind best that are worst treated by their contemporaries. Because Socrates would tell the truth openly, let who would be offended or enraged; because he was the boldest and most powerful public scourger of his time; no less a forfeit than his life would assuage the wrath of his enemies, who included all the pretenders, hypocrites and malefactors of his time. But of the whole tribe of writers, who incessantly vilified him for a quarter of a century, until finally, he was put to death, not one survives in history, in his own productions, or those of others, but Aristophanes. All the rest were just such authors as are numbered by hundreds, and lauded to the skies, in our own age and country, as of surpassing genius, and destined to everlasting renown.

The persecutions suffered by Dante, the author of the *Divina Commedia*, are well-known. At the present day he is universally regarded as one of the greatest poets and most profound thinkers the modern world has produced; he has been so regarded for more than five centuries by every enlightened nation. For several centuries there have been professorships established in the principal universities of Italy, devoted exclusively to the elucidation of the allusions in his great poem. There is no language that has any literature into which the *Divina Commedia* has not been translated. Monuments without number have been erected to his memory at home and abroad. More than one claiming to be descendants of the family of Beatrice have written voluminous works to prove that the lady who had the honor of inspiring the passion of love in so great a mind was their kinswoman. But how different was the case while Dante wrote, toiled, and suffered! Dozens of authors whose names were scarcely heard one decade after their death—authors who long survived their works—were lauded to the skies, feasted and enriched, while the master-mind of ages was decried, vilified, subjected to every indignity and humiliation. At one time (1302) he is heavily

fined and sentenced to perpetual exile; only a few months later he is condemned to be burnt alive. The remainder of his life he is forced to spend as a wanderer, often wanting the common necessities of life; depending at best upon the generosity and hospitality of the friends of learning, genius and poetry—or rather on such of those friends as were not afraid to give offence to the powerful Republic of Florence, which had expelled him, and which more recently would have put him to death by the most atrocious means. Nor did the rage of his native city terminate at his death. Florence, that he loved so well in all his wanderings and privations, would not allow his friends a place for his ashes. More than three centuries had elapsed (1671) when Father Antonio Santi removed his bones from Ravenna to his native city. Henceforth Florence did everything in her power to atone to the *mânes* of her most illustrious son for the cruel sufferings to which she had subjected him while, as she now gratefully admitted, he was toiling for her glory. None of the pangs which Dante was made to endure in life, were mitigated by the fact that every year since 1671, his birthday has been celebrated at Florence with sumptuous magnificence and pious care.

None who have carefully and intelligently read the *Divina Commedia* are at any loss to understand why it was that Dante had become an object of such intense hatred to the possessors of power and influence in his time; nor can they wonder that that hatred was bequeathed from father to son for many generations, since the poet has branded with infamy for all time, so large a number of the charlatans and hypocrites of his time. But apart from the freedom with which Dante assigns their appropriate places in purgatory or hell to the different classes of malefactors, according to their deserts, without sparing rank or condition, his biographers tell us that even when a homeless wanderer his native independence of spirit and outspoken courage never deserted him. In illustration of this we are informed that having been asked by the Duke of Verona how he could account for the fact, that, in the household of princes, the court fool was in much more favor with both prince and courtiers than a poet or philosopher like him; to

which Dante fiercely replied: "Your grace would cease to wonder if you considered that similarity of character is the source of friendship."

Another remarkable illustration is presented by Camoens, the national poet of Portugal—whose *Luciad* is one of the greatest of modern epics. Besides this work, which has been translated into every European language, and into many of the oriental languages, he was also the author of dramas, eclogues, odes, sonnets, epigrams, epistles; &c. But so much the worse for him. Had he written nothing but his great epic, he might at least not have been persecuted as he was. He might, indeed, have had to live in poverty but not in exile.

It was his satires, especially his epigrams on the pretenders of his time that forced him to be a wanderer, and often to beg his bread. The first excuse for his banishment was that he had fallen in love with one of the Queen's ladies of honor; with this grave charge against him the king was easily induced by the courtiers, politicians and authors whom he had ridiculed, to expel him from his native country—a country whose greatest and most enduring glory he was destined to prove, although not until it was too late for him to profit by his renown.

The satire which contributed most to his ruin is still extant to tell its own story, although those whom it exposed to contempt and scorn, did all in their power to suppress it. It is entitled *Disparates na India*, (Impostures, or Follies in India,) and it is written somewhat in the style of Dryden's *Absalom and Atchethopel*. As the ship in which he sailed for India, with the resolution never to return, left the port, he exclaimed in the words on the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus: *Ingrata patria non possidebis ossa mea*.\*

After some years he was allowed, as a special favor, to return from India, on condition that he would write no more satires. On his voyage from Macao to Goa, the ship in which he sailed was wrecked near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin China, and he narrowly escaped with his life, holding

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\* Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones.

his poems in one hand and swimming with the other. He found the people of Cochin China much more humane than his own countrymen; for they generously supplied him with food, raiment and money. There is an episode in the tenth book of the *Luciad*, based upon this incident, which does honor to human nature; it is in the form of a prophetic song addressed to the Mecon, and commencing thus:

"Este recebera placido, e trando, &c.

"On her gentle, hospitable bosom shall he receive the song, wet from woeful, unhappy shipwreck, escaped from destroying tempests, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him whose lyre shall be more renowned than enriched."

When these lines were penned Camoens had little idea of the sad, humiliating fate that awaited him. He had never expected or wished to be rich, but hitherto had no apprehension of wanting the ordinary necessities of life. Those who dislike the negro, or any one else on account of his color or race, may learn a useful, impressive lesson from the melancholy story of Camoens. The poet had brought with him from Java a colored servant, whom he always found so faithful, that he would share with him the scanty clothes off his back and half his daily bread, rather than part with him. Now, when he is prematurely old, (in his fifty-third year,) from malicious persecution and its consequences, this grateful, devoted black-skinned man, who is more than half a century himself, begs for him from door to door in the streets of Lisbon.

But in time the servant becomes as helpless as his master; so that the author of the *Luciad* is forced to seek shelter and rest in the Charity Hospital, where he dies in misery and obscurity, in 1576, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. While the greatest genius that ever Portugal has produced was thus not merely neglected but vilified and persecuted—treated in every manner as an outcast—there were a score of writers in Lisbon in his time—poets, historians and dramatists—who, although devoid alike of learning and genius, were lauded to the skies, petted and enriched, as great authors—writers, even the names of whom, with two or three exceptions, have long ceased to be known; and it is a remarkable and instructive fact, that the

exceptions have survived for a single generation only as the assailants of the representative genius of the nation.

That Shakespeare formed no exception to the rule is well known. Not one of his well informed, reliable biographers pretends that he was appreciated by his contemporaries. All the testimony we have in regard to him tends in the opposite direction. Almost the only one of his contemporaries who has said a complimentary word of him is Ben Jonson, and even the compliment of "Rare Ben" is rather equivocal. Upon the other hand, we find him the object of all kinds of sneers and sarcasms. Was he not even accused of thieving?—said to have been imprisoned for deer stealing? As for stealing other men's thoughts—appropriating dramas submitted to him, as manager, for examination, and subsequently publishing them as his own, with some slight alterations—there are none acquainted with the scandalous chronicles of his time who are not aware that those were standing accusations against him. In some of the mildest of those chronicles his reputation is marked "not good." In proof that his moral character was none of the best, we are told by his contemporaries that he was more intimate with several women, married and single, than any honest, decent man could have been. Among the women thus mentioned was Mrs. Davenant, wife of the keeper of a tavern known as the Crown in Oxford. Both Malone and Greene relate the story that one day when Shakespeare had just arrived at the inn, and Mrs. Davenant's boy was sent for in order that he might see him, a head of one of the colleges who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family, met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste. The boy said: "To my god-father, Shakespeare." "Fie, child," says the old gentleman; "why are you *so superfluous*? Have you not learned *yet*, that you should not use the name of God *in vain*?" But after Shakespeare's death all is changed. His reputed son is declared to be a great poet, what he was never declared to be himself during his lifetime. Accordingly King Charles not only appointed Davenant poet laureate, to succeed Ben Jonson, but also knighted him so that he is known thenceforth as Sir



William Davenant. Sir William's *Gondilat* was praised as "one of the noblest poems ever written." His fame as a poet was unbounded as long as he lived; but if anybody has ever read one of his poems since, except for curiosity, or for the purpose of examining it, we are not aware of the fact. It is sufficient to say here that just in proportion as Sir William Davenant was inferior to William Shakespeare—as inferior as the pigmy is to the giant—in that proportion was the author of *Gondilat*—more "popular" during his lifetime than the author of *Hamlet* had been.

It would be difficult to decide at this distance of time, whether Pope or Dryden was most abused. The former was longer and more frequently abused than the latter, because he indulged more in satire; but it was impossible to say worse of the one than was said of the other. If the parties satirized or criticised were to be believed, neither could be a baser or more disreputable character than he was. Of this we shall give some illustrations presently. We have first to remark that both were not merely vilified in turn, their lives were threatened; and each was assaulted more than once. It is recorded of Pope that shortly after the publication of the *Dunciad*, he employed a noted pugilist to protect him when he walked in the street. He had a pail of water, which was none of the cleanest or of the most agreeable odor, thrown over his head for the following couplet in the fourth book:

"Thus march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,  
Who *rhym'd* for hire and *patroniz'd* for pride."

Colonel Duckett lay in ambush for Pope several days, threatening to cane him except he would at least soften the severity of one of his sarcasms. The nephew of the celebrated Dr. Bentley sent the satirist a formal challenge for certain liberties he had taken with his uncle. This was so serious an affair that Pope was induced to consult some of his military friends; but their decision was that, according to the strictest etiquette of the code, his *person* ought to protect him from the greatest fury of a gentleman. Dean Swift being made aware of this state of affairs, brought a Major Holt over from Dublin, who readily accepted the challenge for his friend,

obligingly giving Bentley the option of making a target of himself at ten yards, or apologizing to Pope. Strange though it may appear, an ample apology was made—a fact which would go far to account, by itself, for the sincere, undying affection of Pope for Swift.\*

The details in regard to Dryden which have reached us are not so clear, but we have abundant evidence of the rage he excited. A word or two from Sir Walter Scott—an excellent witness—will be sufficient for our purpose. "His antagonists came on with infinite zeal and fury," says the author of *Waverley*, "discharging their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in *violent and ineffectual rage*; but the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden *never makes a thrust in vain and never strikes but at a vulnerable point*."

We will now give a few brief specimens of the sort of language applied to the two satirists in turn. One "sore-head" says that "Dryden is a mere renegade from monarchy, poetry and good sense;" another, "Mr. Pope is a mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning." Again, it is said of Dryden: "He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope to whom he is a pitiful purveyor." Of Pope: "He is a popish rhymster, bred with a contempt of the Sacred Writings." Dryden's translation of Virgil is declared, "not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp; a *silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer*." Of Pope's translation of Homer, it is triumphantly said, "And he who translated him, (Homer,) one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene."

But Dryden and Pope are not merely stupid and ignorant in the estimation of those whom they have set their indellible brands upon, they are imposters and cheats! One as well as the other is denounced as having swindled his subscribers.

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\* "Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,  
Dean, Drapier, Brickerstaff or Gulliver!  
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,  
Or laugh or shake in Rabelais' easy-chair, &c."

Pope—*The Dunciad*, B. 1.

Thus: "*Poetis quidlibet audendi*, shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend *to the picking of pockets*." Pope is just as great a cheat, for we are told: "The subscribers' expectations have been raised *in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of*. Pope has been *concerned in jobs, and hired out, &c.*"

As for hard names, those applied to each are without number, and include almost every epithet used in the fish market. Thus Dryden is called "a crafty ape in a gaudy gown." Of Pope it is said, "let us take the initial letter of his Christian name and the initial and final letters of his sur-name, *viz.*: APE." It is said of Dryden: "A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another *beast* that crouches under all." Of Pope: "It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass." Again, "A Damocetas or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage." Pope also is a "*lurking, way-laying coward*." As for such terms as "knave," "frog," "fool," "blockhead," &c.; they are among the mildest applied to either satirist.\*

Lest those not aware that it is not our habit to trespass on the credulity of our readers, for any purpose whatever, may think we exaggerate the abuse heaped alternately on Pope and Dryden, we will here mention some of the publications in which not only the language we have quoted, but much worse, if possible, is freely used. This is but too true of Milbourn on *Dryden's Virgil*, 8vo.; 1698. *Whip and Key*, 4to.; 1682. Oldmixon *Essay on Criticism, Preface to Gulveriana*. Dennis's *Remarks on Homer*, *Daily Journal*, April 23, 1728. *British Journal*, Nov. 25, 1728. But as most, if not all of these publications are difficult, if not impossible, to be found, we refer the reader to Knapton's edition of Pope's

\* We humbly trust that it is no fault of ours if the above specimens of the dialect of the fish market remind us of the sort of "criticism" taught and practised at the present day by certain institutions of learning which claim to surpass all others. There is, however, this difference, that in the samples of *belles-lettres* given in the text, there are no solecisms, no confounding of tenses, no disagreement between pronouns and their antecedents, &c. which is much more than could be said of the performances of the presidents, head masters, &c., of the learned institutions alluded to.

Works, published in 1754, in ten volumes. In volume VI, after the *Dunciad*, will be found "A List of works, papers and verses, in which our author was abused, &c.;" also "A Parallel of the characters of Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, as drawn by certain of their contemporaries."

The case of Dean Swift is familiar to all. No man of his age was more vilified. More than once his conduct was complained of to the House of Commons; more than once the Queen was petitioned to have him arrested; nay, more than once a royal warrant was issued for his arrest; the charge against him on each occasion being that he exposed to ridicule and scorn the virtuous and good among Her Majesty's liege subjects. While his celebrated Drapier's Letters were passing through the press, a royal proclamation was issued, offering a large reward for the author. If ever a price was set upon the head of a satirist, it was on Swift's. There was no conduct too base to attribute to him. Because two or three gifted, beautiful ladies who could have been well and honorably married, devoted their lives and affections to him, without the hope of any other reward than the esteem and regard of a man of genius, it must follow that he was devoid of all principle, utterly heartless, utterly depraved. When his great mind ultimately gave way, the sad catastrophe was exulted in by his enemies as a manifestation of the just vengeance of God.

As for mere fame—it is notorious that, like most other men of true genius, Swift cared nothing about. Every production of his, not excepting his inimitable *Gulliver's Travels*, was published anonymously. It is almost superfluous to add that no author of any age more cordially despised puffery and puffers. While Swift was abused and denounced like a public robber—while he was the subject of a hue-and-cry more vehement than any ever raised against a convict escaped from Newgate or Botany Bay, there were scores of persons calling themselves authors, poets, dramatists and historians—whose names are now never heard of—that were daily eulogized, in papers and pamphlets, as geniuses of undying renown.

Voltaire spent a large proportion of his best days in prison.

No one of his time was more familiar than he with the worst dungeons of the Bastille. Both in Frankfort and Berlin he was an inmate of the common prison; and if he was not imprisoned in several other cities, at home and abroad, it was because his tact and adroitness enabled him to elude the vigilance of his enemies. He often said himself that had he not been actuated by his love of liberty he might almost as well have continued, all the time, even in the hateful dungeons of the Bastille. Not on account of his poverty, he adds, for that his frugal and simple habits would have enabled him to endure. But whithersoever he went he was assailed with the grossest libels; nothing was too disgraceful or infamous to attribute to the arch-scoffer. Even in England, where he was better received than anywhere else, and which, next to his beloved France, he preferred to all other countries, he was accused of all sorts of vile conduct of which a man of genius and learning could be supposed capable.

Thus, for example, it is gravely related of him that he twice attempted to blackmail the mother of Alexander Pope, the poet. More than one of his biographers tell the story, substantially as follows:—Voltaire, when in London, was very intimate with Pope, who invited him frequently to dine, and introduced him to his literary friends. One day, knowing that the poet was from home, the philosopher called on his aged mother. He told her he was very unwilling to displease her; but it was very hard for a poor foreigner to live in London. He had a severe lampoon upon her which he regretted to say he would be forced to publish, except she gave him some aid. At first the poor old lady was very indignant at his ingratitude and baseness, but her fears prevailing over her resentment, she gave him a guinea which he accepted, agreeing to suppress the lampoon on the condition that she would never mention the subject to Pope or anybody else. The story goes that the old lady kept her word. Voltaire visited and dined with Pope as before. About a month after the first transaction the author of the *Henriade* visited old Mrs. Pope again, while the poet was spending a week with Swift. He made a proposition somewhat similar to the first.

This time the old lady became incensed at his depravity, and just as she was giving free expression to her feelings, in no suppressed or mild tones, Pope suddenly and unexpectedly entered the room, and insisted on knowing the cause of her excitement. The blackmailer, we are told, had neither time to run off, nor to make an excuse, before Pope struck him with his cane. Voltaire made no resistance, but in attempting a precipitate retreat fell over a chair, and so much hurt his ankle that he was unable to proceed, but confessed his sins and implored pardon.

A similar story is told of Voltaire's relations with the Earl of Peterborough, who, it was said, employed the philosopher, poet, historian and dramatist, to write an important work for him. His lordship, we are assured, furnished Voltaire money in abundance to pay for printing, paper, &c. The former wished to hurry up the work; the latter blamed the printer for being dilatory. The printer, in turn, urged that he could not work without money. Voltaire admitted that it was hard, but represented that his lordship was not willing to pay until the work was completed. At last the printer's suspicion was aroused, and he resolved on having an interview with the Earl. After a long ride in a stage-coach he arrived at the country residence of his lordship, who had just gone into the garden after dinner with a few friends. When the servant announced that Mr. Horton had come from London to request an interview, the Earl ordered him to be shown into the garden. His first statement on being introduced was that he had long been unable to proceed for want of money. His lordship's anger was kindled at once; he indignantly replied that he had furnished all that was required whenever it was asked. The bookseller, fearing for his personal safety, declared that all Voltaire had ever given him was about ten pounds, and that when requested to give more he asserted that he had found it impossible to induce his lordship to advance it. Such was the rage of the Earl that for some time he could only utter, "the villain!" "the scoundrel!" &c. Just then Voltaire happened to make his appearance at the end of a long, gravel walk. The Earl exclaimed, "Here he comes, I

will kill him, instantly!" At the same time he drew his sword, and sprang forward like a tiger. All present feared a fatal catastrophe. In order to prevent it, if possible, M. St. André caught the Earl in his arms, exclaiming, "My lord, if you murder him you will be hanged." Voltaire had proceeded about half way before he observed the bookseller. Just as he began to suspect, from the appearance of things, that there was something wrong, M. St. André screamed out, "Fly for your life; for I cannot hold my lord many moments longer." Voltaire ran, concealed himself that night in the village, and the next day went to London, where, on the following day, he embarked for the Continent, leaving his portmanteau, papers, &c., at Lord Peterborough's.\*

These are but specimens of the efforts made in every country Voltaire visited, as well as in his own country, to weaken the force of his sarcasms. But the author of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* was one of the few persecuted men of genius who survived their persecutions. While so many others were glorified after their death, when praise and censure were all alike to them, he lived to receive the laurel of fame at the hands of the greatest men and the most beautiful and most gifted women of his time. On the first of April, 1778, all suitable preparations having been made for his coronation, he went to the *Comédie Française* in a magnificent sky-blue carriage, spangled with stars, waited on by an immense crowd including all classes from the highest to the lowest. As he approached the building he was received on every side with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The philosopher was helped out of his carriage by royal princes and princely authors, artists, and scientists. As he entered the theatre he found himself surrounded by the *élite*, not only of France, but to a considerable extent, of all Europe. Certainly, England, Germany and Italy were well represented there that day. An eye witness who graphically and faithfully describes the scene says: "The ladies especially threw themselves in his way, and stopped him that they might look at him the better; some

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\* *Hist. des Hommes Illustres.*



of them *eagerly touched his clothes, and others pulled hairs from the fur of his cloak.*"

It could not be said, by the severest moralist, that there was any indelicacy in this; be it remembered that Voltaire was now in his eighty-fourth year—tottering on the brink of the grave. But the ladies are ever the friends and admirers of genius, and the daughters of France are perhaps more so than those of any other country. One of the royal boxes was ready for the divinity of the day, with Madame Davis and Madame de Vilette waiting at the door to receive him, while the whole theatre below was literally convulsed with joy. There was no rest until the sage was placed in the front row beside the ladies. Then there was a universal cry of "*la couronne! la couronne!*" Brizard proceeded to place the laurel on his head, when Voltaire exclaimed, weeping for joy: "*Ah, Dieu, vous voulez donc me faire mourir!*" At the same time he took the crown in his hand and presented it to Madame de Vilette; the lady was declining the honor, when the Prince de Beauveau seized the laurel wreath and placed it on the head of the philosopher. Never was more hearty enthusiasm evinced even in Paris. What a contrast! How different from the usage of the Bastille! How different from the rotten eggs thrown many a time at the satirist! how different from the scene presented when his *Lettres Philosophiques* were condemned to be burnt, by the common executioner, at the Place de Grève, and the author was publicly and formally denounced as infamous! But just two months later the man who for nearly half a century continued to excite the rage of thousands, while he contributed to the delight and enlightenment of tens of thousands, was no more, although his philosophical writings may well be regarded as imperishable.

The Jews, who have numbered their years by their captivities, have not been more severely persecuted in ancient or modern times, by Pagans or Christians, than Dr. Joseph Priestly, the now illustrious discoverer of oxygen. Since Priestly attained the age of twenty every hour of his wonderfully active, energetic life was devoted in one form or

another to what he regarded as the public good. His writings on theology, ethics, literature and science form a library by themselves. Lord Brougham describes him as "one of the most voluminous writers of any age or country."\* No writer has done more for natural science. "To enumerate Dr. Priestly's discoveries," says Dr. Kirnan, "would, in fact, be to enter into a detail of most of those that have been made within the last fifteen years. How many invisible fluids whose existence evaded the sagacity of foregoing ages has he made known to us!"

Yet, how was he treated by the public of his time? Because he had ideas of his own on all subjects, and expressed them fearlessly, he was constantly persecuted, until he was finally obliged to leave his native country (England) in his old age, and spend the few remaining years of his life in an obscure village of Pennsylvania. In his native country he was subjected not only to every indignity, but also to almost every possible injury. The rabble, not content with insulting him in the streets, often throwing garbage at him, burned his library and destroyed his philosophical apparatus. He sues the authorities for damages; a jury awards him, sullenly and grudgingly, about half compensation. Even what was called "the most enlightened public opinion" of his time regarded him as treated, in general, no worse than he deserved.

But when a dozen years or so in his grave, all is changed. Monuments are then erected, in London and Edinburgh, in honor of his memory; similar honors are awarded to him in Paris, Berlin and Vienna; and from that time to the present the anniversary of his birth is celebrated in every enlightened city of Europe and America. In short, until very near the close of his long, laborious and useful life—when he was a poor, forlorn exile—his classical learning, his scientific attainments, his researches into the arcana of nature, his numerous publications, nay even his great discoveries in chemistry, were but so many causes of reproach to him—so many thorns in his side.

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\*Brougham's *Philosophers*, &c., p. 74.

Dr. James Drake, a man of genius and learning, used to send a masked lady to the printer with his criticisms. He had recourse to various other stratagems in order to save himself from prison, while he performed what he regarded to be his duty as a public writer. But he was finally detected, and escaped perpetual imprisonment only by a slight flaw in the indictment, which charged him with "grossly and basely" libelling both Heaven and earth. Nevertheless, he spent several years in prison. While editor of the *Mercuries Politicus*, he had the honor of being censured from the throne. In London his *Memorial of the Church of England* (1705) was burnt by the common hangman; in Edinburgh his *Historia Anglo Scotia* was burnt by the same functionary. In short, nothing was left undone to persecute and ruin him, until he was reduced to a state of indigence, which brought him to a premature grave. Not only was Dr. Drake an able critic in literature as well as politics, he also was a scientist of no mean order. His *New System of Anatomy*, published after his death, is still quoted as an authority. Dr. Wagstaffe, an eminent authority, says, in his introduction to this work: "If Dr. Lorver has been so much and so deservedly esteemed for his solution of the *systole* of the heart, Dr. Drake, by his accounting for the *diastole*, ought certainly to be allowed his share of reputation, and to be admitted a partner of his glory." So he has been when too late. While he lived his chief reward for most valuable public services, rendered with unfaltering perseverance and unwearied energy, was abuse, vilification and the prison. Now when he is fourteen years dead (1717) a monument is erected to his memory at the public expense!

Dr. Leighton, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was brought before the Star Chamber by Archbishop Land for having written a book in which the ecclesiastical administration was criticised. The sentence passed upon him, for that grave offence, was that he be twice publicly whipped, be set twice in the pillory, have his nose slit and his ears cut, be branded on both cheeks, be imprisoned for life, and pay a fine of £10,000. Having no money it was,

of course, impossible to make him pay the fine, but every other part of the sentence was faithfully executed, except that after having remained eleven years in prison he was liberated by the Long Parliament in 1640, being then seventy-two years of age.\*

It is hardly to be wondered at that scholar and writer, thus cruelly and barbarously persecuted, died insane. But it is worthy of remark that the chief instigator, if not the sole cause of the atrocities perpetrated on Dr. Leighton, under the semblance of law, met with a scarcely better fate himself; for the same Parliament that liberated Leighton caused Archbishop Land to be beheaded in 1645.†

Nor have women of genius fared any better, in general, at the hands of their contemporaries than men of genius. The former like the latter have been more and more vilified in their lifetime, in proportion as their productions were of a superior order. When there could be no question of their genius then their virtue has been impugned. This has been the case in every instance in which female authors have dared to think for themselves and give free expression to their thoughts for the public good, let who would be offended or enraged. Thus it was with Sappho, the melody, sweetness, and pathos of whose lyre have never been surpassed in ancient or modern times.

Like Socrates, Zeno and Aristotle, this lady was the head of a school which was famous throughout Greece. Although her school consisted exclusively of gifted ladies of the highest culture, attracted from all parts of the enlightened world by her genius and learning, yet she and they were accused of outraging public morality. The Sapphic literary society at Mytelene did more to elevate woman in the intellectual scale than any other society that has ever existed; but the reward of its founder was an attempt to brand with infamy.

While Sappho lived and wrote, she was no better, according to three-fourths of her contemporaries, than a public prostitute;

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\*Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*; also, Granger's *Biog. Hist. of Eng.*

†May's *Hist. of Parliament*. Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, &c.

after her death the name of "the Tenth Muse" bestowed on her by Plato, during her life, was declared "perpetual," and monuments without number were erected in her honor.

Nor is the fame of her illustrious country-women, Myrtis and Corinna, much if anything better. Pindar, the prince of lyric poets, gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to these ladies for their instructions, although both severely criticised his earlier efforts; Corinna telling him in allusion to his having overstepped her advice in regard to the use of myths in his poems. "We ought to sow with the hand and not with the whole sack." But poets and prose writers who had not one-tenth the genius of Pindar, if indeed they could claim any inspiration worthy of the name, regarded criticism in a different light; accordingly Corinna and Myrtis are represented in history as "no better than they should be."

The persecutions suffered by Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis, are too recent, at least too familiar to our readers, to render it necessary that we should do more than allude to them in this rapid sketch. Each was arrested and re-arrested, and dragged about from one police office to another; each was expelled again and again, insulted and reviled, as if a public thief whose thefts it was impossible for the police to prevent. Just like a thief one as well as the other was placarded about from one prefecture to another as "*suspecte*."

Neither Mme. de Staël nor Mme. de Genlis belongs to the class of authors who are read only by the few until they are dead, and then become more and more famous from one century to another. The works of each were extensively read as soon as they were published; but because both indulged freely in satire, sparing neither authors nor politicians, nor kings nor emperors, both were traduced, misrepresented, restrained in their liberty—in short injured in every possible way—in proportion as they were read—in proportion as they told the truth boldly and effectually.

As it is with male authors, so it is, in general, with female authors. It is as true of the latter as it is of the former, that when they are flimsy and superficial, but flippant, devoid of moral courage, as they are of thought, and that when they ex-

press any opinion of their contemporaries it is an eulogistic one—in the mutual admiration style—they are highly “popular,” “famous,” &c., while they continue to write and publish; but are never heard of afterward. In this case their virtue holds good, at least it remains unimpeached. If by some miracle their minds should become developed, at the eleventh hour, so that they could think for themselves, and express their thoughts boldly and fearlessly, nothing is more certain, than that they would lose their virtue—at least their reputation.

Now if any of our readers still doubt the truth of the proposition forming the basis of this article, we refer them to Alibone's Dictionary of British and American authors, which contains notices of over *forty-six thousand authors!* Then let it be inquired what proportion of this number have produced anything whatever that has survived their own natural lives. Can it be said that one out of every hundred would bear this test? We think it will be admitted on mature reflection, that one out of a thousand would be much nearer the truth.

But the difference between the shadow and the substance will be a hundred-fold more obvious to the curious reader who will take up Hart's *Hand-Book of American Literature*.\* The authors eulogized in this curious work, as of surpassing genius and destined to live for all time, are almost innumerable; the English authors, similarly distinguished by their own biographers, form but a small insignificant crowd compared to our American authors, as they appear in the Hart pantheon.

We do not mean that our country has not done well intellectually as well as physically, for its age; probably no country of ancient or modern times has made greater progress in a hundred years. But this is not the question we are trying to solve; what we ask, is how many of the immense crowd of authors whom Hart has placed on such lofty pedestals, have produced works that have served mankind for any more useful or enduring purpose than that of lining trunks? It is no reflection on the real, original thinkers of our country, or on the American nation, that the whole number of our authors,

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\* See N. Q. R. for Dec. 1876. Art.: *The Puffing Element in American Literature*.

including poets, historians, dramatists, &c., who are worthy of the name, does not exceed a score; and if the facts be examined, it will be found that of this score of master minds, the large majority—especially the greatest and best—are precisely those that have been least eulogized, or rather we should say the most neglected, if they have not been vilified, like the greatest thinkers of other countries. If we except this score, to whom be all honor, and of whom none are prouder than the writer of these lines, we shall find on examination that the remaining thousand, together with their puffers, belong to the dark lantern class so well described by Cowper:—

" Oh fond attempt to give the deathless lot,  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot.  
Thus, when a child, as playful children use,  
Has burnt to tender a state last year's news;  
The flame extends, he views the roving fire,  
There goes my lady and there goes the squire,  
There goes the parson, Oh, illustrious spark,  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !"

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ART. VII. *Œuvres complètes de MME. DE STAËL, précédées d'une Notice, par Mme. Necker de Saussure.* Paris. 1820-21.

The clamor of woman for political rights and political equality, would easily lead one to imagine that discussion had reached its fever heat only in the present day; that never before were women so worthy, or of such personal significance; that woman's ability was never genuine, save in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Lazy opponents will say, "A hundred years hence, what matter!" Let us found our hopes for the future in the records of the past!

Grand epochs stand out in the past like beacons, revealing within the limits of their fiery halos, certain noted actors, who may be regarded as their creators. Picturesque and



*vivant*, among these creators, stands woman, persuading, defying, heroic, animating by her encouragement, intimidating into cowardice by her reproof, moulding opinion, awing tyranny. In all grand revolutions of state her clairvoyance has been recognized as the exponent of the closing issue. From the days of Sappho to those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has her clear-seeing prescience clasped the length and the breadth of those epochs. Accord her political rights, or accord her none, yet true, steadfast, brilliant as the stars, above the restless tide of conflict, shall shine her light; cresting the sanguinary waters with radiance; cleaving in lines of silver frost a path above its stormy grandeur.

Out of the heart of France, when the whirling political tempest rained blood, when the thunders of a lawless populace menaced with deeds of horror all governmental order, all social usage, all sacred associations, sprang a vital power, unnoticed amid the chaotic strife; but like a gracious plant emerging from the grasp of some storm-ridden ruin, asserting its tenacity, vitality and fragrance above the fallen greatness of the kingly dynasty.

This power, hedged in by wit, by genius, by the fascination of beauty, was the resurrection of the saloons from the grave of the Revolution. Planted in the aristocratic soil of the old régime, trampled down by the heel of the crazy revolutionist, through all this terrible crisis, it yet lived, to assert its power, during the gracious reign of the Consulate. It drew to itself, as to a shrine, the finest quality of France; statesmen, philosophers, *les beaux esprits*, all that was gold in the Republican répertoire. Its high priestess, whose ardent soul burned to a white heat in her zeal for truth, was the brilliant, unsubordinated, gifted Mme. de Staël, the only daughter of M. Necker, the wealthy Swiss banker, and Minister of Finance to Louis the Sixteenth.

Peerless, amid a brilliant coterie that reflected her ideas, as gems flash back the light that touches them, a liberal republican, eloquent in her denunciations of wrong, steadfast to her convictions as the light is to day, with her song as fearless as the eagle's cry, she provoked the admiration, and, at the same

time, the ire of the ambitious First Consul. He found an echo stealing through his council chambers, a whisper adverse to monocratic decrees. It filled the ears and inspired the tongues of the tribunate. It entered the Napoleonic family, and crept into the hearts of Joseph and Bernadotte.

He traced this echo to the witty saloon of Mme. de Staël. Their paths hitherto had been apart; they were soon to cross, and just beyond the point of contact hung *Les dix années d'exil*.

Living in an atmosphere of adulation and untrammelled thought from her youth, true to her convictions, and natural and free in the expression of them, she knew not how to bend the knee in supple policy; and her conduct and words all attest free thought. Sympathetic with the national heart, she was politically a republican; sympathetic with the heart of humanity, she saw in the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette a fitting subject for commiseration, and with a "pitié ingénieuse et délicate" wrote her "Défense de la Reine," in which she sought to efface all memories of the queen in an affectionate remembrance of a charming woman, good and compassionate, a tender mother, a devoted and courageous wife.

With the bloodshed of the Reign of Terror she had no feeling but that of intense horror and affright. All her faculties were absorbed in the desire to save victims from death; to give an asylum to the unfortunate, and aid in their escape. In later days, after she took refuge in flight to Coppet, and from thence to England, the memory of that dreadful period hung before her imagination like a scene painted and evoked from Hades. It was a terrible torment to every emotion of her soul, and doubtless aided in forming ideas of conservative policy in political affairs, which were consecrated, in her judgment, as the best. It was this, doubtless, that caused the constitutional government of England to be adjudged by her as a proper model for all enfranchised people.

The terrible blow that created Robespierre's dynasty afflicted her beyond comprehension. Hating tyranny with the combined powers of her soul, and revering the idea of political liberty as a holy aspiration of the heart, she recoiled with fright from this tigerish thirst for power, that trailed in the

dust as its talismanic standard the sacred name of liberty. She suffered, for the most indifferent, a lively pity that became to her soul poignant as a personal grief; for the worst victim, profound compassion; for her friends, the most horrible fears. Her two earthly idols, liberty and the glorious reputation of her father, M. Necker, seemed to her forever thrown down from their exalted pedestals by this terrible malformation of state; and most profoundly she suffered through the calumny that christened this sanguinary terror, with its hungry hate, by the dear name of liberty.

The early days of the Consulate, the splendid achievements of its hero, the rapid successes of his arms, the moderation of his ideas, as contrasted with the terror-haunting energy of the red republicans, roused her enthusiasm and clouded her judgment. In her "Considerations of the French Revolution" she says: "Gen. Bonaparte was as remarkable by his character and intellect as by his victories." "There was a tone of moderation and nobility in his style, which contrasted with the revolutionary bitterness of the civil leaders of France. The soldier talked like a magistrate, while the magistrates expressed themselves with military violence." "Gen. Bonaparte seemed to unite in himself everything that could attract admiration."

A more intimate acquaintance, however, tore the glamour from her soul. Her exalted admiration paled before the egotism of the great conqueror, and a feeling of intense fear possessed her. In the work from which we have quoted, she says: "He looked upon a human being as a fact or thing, not as a creature similar to himself." "For himself, there is but himself, all other creatures are ciphers. He is a skilfull chess-player, who chooses the human race as his adversary and quite expects to checkmate it." "His spirit seemed to me like a cold, sharp sword, which benumbed those whom it wounded."

Between these two, the earliest intercourse occurred after his return from Italy and before his departure to Egypt, toward the close of 1797. Her direct antagonism commenced when the expedition to Egypt had grown into a decision. The financial problem was resolved into this just solution: Switzerland was to be invaded, the position of the canton of

Vaud serving as a pretext for war, the treasury of Berne seized, and the expenses of the expedition defrayed therefrom. The mask that was to conceal the features of this villainy was an assumption, upon the part of Bonaparte, of protecting the political rights of the Vaudois against the oppression of the aristocrats of Berne. Mme. de Staël combatted this unjust decision with all her energy, but her arguments were pushed aside, and the deed accomplished. Even yet she shared the national enthusiasm at the grand passage of Mt. St. Bernard, and in her correspondence with her "dear Juliette," Mme. Récamier, refers to it in words of marked admiration.

But the cloven foot had been revealed, and her truthful soul could not ignore the fact. This occurred the 23d of May. The same year was published M. Necker's *Last Views of Politics and Finance*. This work irritated Napoleon, who saw his own ambition distinctly photographed in its pages. This was the first effective stroke from the wedge of opposition. Then came this subtle irony reported from the lips of M. Necker's daughter. He complained of it to his brother Joseph, who was her esteemed friend, as an annoyance. Then, the rallying of the tribunate against his encroachments were ascribed to her influence, and twenty of them, some of them her best friends, were dismissed. She was placed under surveillance, and no pains taken to conceal from her the existing ill-will of the government. She published *Delphine*, one of her early works, of which her cousin and eulogist, Mme. Necker de Saussure, writes :

"*Corinne* est l'idéal de Mme. de Staël ; *Delphine* en est la réalité durant sa jeunesse."

This work was severely criticised in the official journals—by order. Referring to the youth of Mme. de Staël, we give an account of her early years, as gathered from the notice of her cousin. She seemed to have had very few of the childish caprices and amusements connected in our mind with childhood. Tragedy was her diversion. At a tender age she would fabricate paper queens and kings, and create for their action a drama. Seated on a tabouret by the side of her mother's arm-chair, in the drawing-room, she received the

attentions, and listened to the conversation of her parents' cultivated guests. They talked on all topics, literary and political, and the little girl of eleven years followed them with eager eyes and changing countenance, seeming to comprehend, to understand everything. To all their repartees, to all their pleasantries, she replied with spirit and sallies of wit. The most celebrated men chose her for their companion, directing her tastes and studies. Her passion even then for dramatic exhibitions is pleasantly noted by her young companion, Mlle. Auber, thus:

"Elle me demanda . . . si j'allais souvent au spectacle. Quand je lui dis que je n'y avais été que trois ou quatre fois elle se récria, me promit que nous irions souvent ensemble à la comédie; ajoutant qu'au retour il faudrait écrire le sujet des pièces, et ce qui nous aurait frappées; que c'était son habitude."

Her mother who was thoroughly cultivated, was severe in the formulas of her education; and the mental development of her daughter was excessive, under her training; even her amusements bore an intellectual stamp, she assisted in the representation of the best pieces of the theatre. This was at the expense of her physique; her sensibilities developed in a corresponding degree, and she was touched to tears by the slightest impressions. The praises of her parents, the view of beautiful scenes, filled her eyes with tears and her heart with rapture.

When fourteen, her health declined daily, until her physician, filled with alarm, ordered her books and studies to be thrown aside and herself taken to the country, to revel in the open air, without one serious thought. This seriously reversed all of Mme. Necker's grand ambitions for her daughter's advancement, and not possessing the facile disposition that accommodates itself easily to all moods of circumstance, she was seriously uneasy for the result; and not being able to progress her daughter after her own elaborate plan, ceased to regard her as her work.

The advantage to the daughter was immense. It brought her in close affinity to her gifted father, and she exerted all her gaiety and mental resources to divert him; and the loving

friendship begun under these auspices was never marred, never interrupted.

Her affection for her father partook of idolatry. He was the perfect orb that held her heart. From that time until the day of his last farewell to her, he was her oracle; consulted about every minutia, every detail of her affairs, the management of her children, the recipient of every happy thought or passing emotion, he was her father and her king.

The correspondence of the two is said to be most charming. Never did one of her friends receive such treasures of wit, happy descriptions, facile expressions. Their reunions were most touching. She recounted to him all her incidents of travel, all events, men, governments, and the impressions received and made by her, with an effusion of joy, caresses, tears and tender pleasantries. All this filial affection was reflected upon the daughter, in the joy of M. Necker. Mme. de Staël was in perfect accord with the heart and taste of her gifted father.

A grand susceptibility of emotion in all that concerned her father was cherished in her imagination; and among many anecdotes concerning her, Mme. Necker de Saussure relates one that was quite comical and characteristic. While at Coppet, his country residence on the banks of Lake Geneva, in the canton of Vaud, nine miles from the city of Geneva, he sent one night his carriage to Geneva to bring to Coppet the writer and her children. On the road they were overturned into a ditch; happily they escaped without injury, but it took some time to raise up the carriage, and it was late when they arrived. They found Mme. de Staël alone in the drawing-room, agitated about them; but when Mme. Saussure commenced to relate their accident she interrupted her suddenly, demanding, "How did you come?" "In your father's carriage." "Yes, I know that; but who brought you?" "Ah but, his coachman, without doubt." "How! his coachman, Richel?" "Yes, Richel." "Ah, bon Dieu!" cried she, "he will be able to overturn my father," immediately she rushed toward the bell, ordering some one to call in Richel. Richel was busy unharnessing, he would attend. In the meantime Mme. de Staël was a prey to the most violent agi-

tation, pacing rapidly the room. "What! my father, my poor father," said she, "some one will overturn him! At your age and those of your children it is nothing; but with his size, his great size—in a ditch, and he will have to remain there a long time, and call for help, call in vain, besides—" Then, overwhelmed by her emotion, she was obliged to stop, inasmuch as her wrath had taken away her strength.

At last Richel came; she went to him very solemnly and in a voice at first choked with emotion, but which gradually increased louder, and finished with this great effort: "Richel, did you ever hear that I had wit?" The man opened his great eyes. "Do you know that I have wit, I ask you?" The man still remained mute. "Know then, that I *have* wit, *great wit, prodigious wit*; ah, well! all the wit that I have I will employ against you to make you pass the rest of your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father." The writer adds, "I often tried to amuse her by reciting this scene, and her original idea of menacing her coachman with her wit; but she, so often facile and merry at her own expense, was never able to think of this adventure without being seized with anger and emotion. This was her only response, 'And with what else should I threaten then, if it is not with my poor wit?'"

If imaginary evils inspired so much emotion in her, one can judge of the anxiety real dangers would produce. This grand passion of filial homage never forsook, for one moment, the heart of this gifted woman. After her father's death she imagined him exercising some happy influence for her; and in her prayers, she invoked him. His portrait never quitted her, she regarding it with a kind of sacred superstition that consoled her in her unusual sufferings. She never forgot or forgave an affront given to the memory of either parent by a stranger. Any ridicule of herself was generously treated as a gay effort at repartee; but one sneer at her father or mother made her an enemy for life.

To her children she was devoted with less demonstration, perhaps, than would naturally be supposed from so ardent a temperament, but the result was very favorable to her excel-



lent judgment. Her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, adds the most affectionate testimony of devotion to her mother.

A very tender mother was Mme. de Staël, believing as she did, that goodness and justice were more beneficial for children than passionate demonstration. She herself says, "There was a certain maternal modesty always inherent in me." The success, the pleasures of her children, the opinion they entertained of her, were to her subjects of extreme interest.

She believed not in extraordinary systems in private education, but while instilling into their young minds elevated and religious sentiments, she would present to them life as it really existed without inculcating false impressions concerning it. "Truth was the basis upon which everything was founded; all fraud, all affectation, was alike dangerous and useless. A just and moderate exercise of authority saved a thousand faults, a thousand defects in education. Reasoning failed, prayer abased those who had recourse to it; sentiment employed as a means blunted and finally hardened the heart. The affinity between parents who ordered with sweetness, and children who obeyed was alone true, serious and peaceful. The child feeble and weak would attach itself constantly to the firmest support."

But when her children entered upon their youth, the candor of Mme. de Staël was the most remarkable. She encouraged naturalness and originality; she says, "I do not like copies, I have enough of myself in me; and I wish to receive from others something besides my own voice." Before talent she placed morality and capacity in affairs, placing her eldest son early in Paris, in the midst of its interests, to study life and human nature.

In all her varied occupations she was singularly vigilant, in her continued care for the morality, happiness and entire existence of her children, and they adored their mother. Her daughter writes "that as early as five or six years of age the children would dispute which of them loved her most; and any tête-à-tête with one of them caused the liveliest jealousy among the others. She had no governess for her daughter,

but taught her every day lessons, even amid her heaviest griefs.

The expansion of their mind was a continual joy to her. She encouraged the relation of equality with them, and often said "that her heart had need of them, and they afforded her a support." To her son Auguste, she said often, "I have need of thy approbation," and to her daughter, she spoke of all her projects for her future life with perfect freedom. Often she reproached herself with their faults, saying, "If you have these wrongs, not only will I be unhappy, but I shall suffer remorse; it is my fault in not giving you a better example of courage and resignation." These words pronounced with tears would produce the most enduring impression.

But we must turn resolutely away from this charming picture of domestic life, and return to her more public career. At twenty she married M. de Stäel, the Sweedish ambassador, the favorite of his king, and the choice of her parents. Distingué, cultivated and generous, the marriage would have been a happy one if his liberality had not degenerated into prodigality. But seeing her means so lavishly wasted, she was obliged to accept a separation to preserve the balance of her property for her children. When finally he became enfeebled by age and sickness, she reëstablished him in her family, where he was treated with the kindest consideration until the day of his death.

In 1803, to avoid giving umbrage to the officials, and yet be near the Paris, so dear to her, she established herself ten leagues away at Maffliers. She hoped quietly to visit the capital and indulge occasionally her passion for the drama. The fear of her censorship haunted Napoleon even in this retreat, and being reported as an *intriguante* against the government, he ordered her, in autumn, into exile. Vain was the essay of his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, to procure a revocation of this decree. She could only obtain through the efforts of Joseph permission to enter Prussia. She says :

Joseph m'envoyait d'excellentes lettres de recommandation pour Berlin, et me disait adieu d'une manière noble et douce. Il fallut donc partir. Benjamin Constant eut la bonté de m'accompagner; mais, comme il aime aussi beaucoup le séjour de Paris, je souffrais du sacrifice qu'il me faisait."

Thus spoke her noble heart. She hesitated whether to visit Coppet directly or to take the tour of Germany instead. The latter course prevailed, and it must be conceded, that it was a matter of self-gratulation with her that she would enjoy a triumph, that her literary prestige and the brilliant reputation of her father would afford her, that would react upon the dictator at Paris.

She gloried in the quiet revenge that awaited her in the cordial receptions given her while in exile, by foreign princes. She also knew that Napoleon would be well-informed of her journey, and would be tormented with fresh jealousy.

We can picture the tender grief with which she bade adieu to Paris. Paris! that to any Frenchwoman is the focus of the world. But to Mme. de Staël it was the heart of life-long associations. We can picture the *personnel* of these illustrious travellers; she, a brune, with large magnetic eyes, a face mobile with expression, which to watch, was like watching the dawn upon a restless sea, gleams of rosy light clasped in the *triste* shadows of the purpling wave,

"Faster than spring-time showers,  
Comes thought on thought;  
And not a thought but thinks on dignity."

Full of vivacity, keenly impressionable, a fine figure, rounded arms and the loveliest of hands. Her companion is described as having the awkward embarrassment of a German student, red hair, and whose constant habit of wearing glasses, had destroyed all the fire in his dim blue eyes; and the innocent hapless babes, wondering at these incomprehensible changes, and with childish curiosity noting the sadness of the mother whom they adored and who reciprocated their ardent affection; all *en route* for that German Athens, the court of Weimar; the whole Duchy small in area, not larger than a department in France, yet containing more treasure in intellect than the whole of Europe combined, associated forever with the undying interest centered in the names of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, the two Schlegels, with a host of kindred spirits, whose presence would light up the dimmest rock of earth with an aureole of glory. The Duke, Carl August, one

of Germany's most distinguished generals, was like his noble mother, the Princess Amelia, "an eager and discriminating protector of literary men." His wife, the Grand Duchess Louise, was a proud, generous, highly-endowed person, whose appreciation, added to that of her husband, made Weimar to the gifted "a world apart." Goethe has sung of its Duke, "Small among German princes is mine, poor and narrow his kingdom, limited his power of doing good." Too scant, sometimes, were the ingots of its generous prince, when to aid a struggling poet or artist he was obliged to dispose of ancestral relics, as diamond rings and snuff-boxes, to the Shylocks of commerce.

Be that as it may, to Mme. de Stäel, this court was the pillar of fire directing her path through the gloom of exile. She anticipated what she received, an enthusiastic reception from its sovereign, and a friendly appreciation from its men of letters. In the case of Schiller and Goethe, this was not accorded without some reluctance at the fresh annoyance. It was a triumph that the splendor of her genius, her incomparable wit and native generosity of soul wrested from them, in spite of their perverse prejudices. Schiller, absorbed in the contemplation of *William Tell*, was provoked at any interruption to his studies; and Goethe, less in accord with French manners than even Schiller, was determined *not* to see her, writing, when summoned in her presence, a cold, unimpassioned letter, "that if she would come to Jena preceded by twenty-four hours' notice, she should receive a hearty welcome, a comfortable lodging, and a bourgeoisie table; *when his business hours were over* he would devote the rest of the day to chatting with her." Karl August intervened, and Goethe made his appearance at court early in 1804; made her acquaintance, received her at his house, and was friendly in the most formal manner; never brilliant, save when provoked to conversational combat through the sarcasm of her repartee or the provocation of champagne. He always assumed the defensive, and the cause of his embarrassments, as he himself testifies, was owing to her frank avowal, "That she intended to take notes of his conversation and print them." This knowledge made him ill

at ease, and reluctant to figure as a side-show in her spectacle of *D'Allemagne*, that she was then preparing. Schiller was more easily fascinated. He writes to Kömer "that the devil has brought hither a she-philosopher, who of all the living creatures as I ever met, is the most vivacious, the most cultivated, the most intellectual of women. Her French culture is entirely opposed to our own, she takes all poetry out of me. Yet we cannot help honoring and esteeming this woman for her fine intelligence, her frank and liberal spirit." To Goethe he writes, "She insists on explaining everything, understanding everything, measuring everything. She admits of no darkness where her torch throws no light, there, nothing exists. She does not prize what is false, but does not always perceive what is true." Mme. de Staël was full of admiration of this poet; his modesty and carelessness concerning his personal success, and his animation and pride in defending his convictions of the truth, inspired her with a hearty and unreserved friendship for him. On the 27th of February, after a three months' sojourn, "this whirlwind in petticoats," "this sultana in mind" left, greatly to the relief of these German poets. Her own impressions of the visit as recorded in *Les dix années d'exil*, are these:

"J'arrivai à Weimar, où je repris courage en voyant, à travers les difficultés de la langue, d'immenses richesses intellectuelles hors de France . . . J'écoutai Goethe et Weiland, qui, heureusement pour moi, parlaient très bien français. Je compris l'âme et le génie de Schiller, malgré sa difficulté à s'exprimer dans une langue étrangère. La société du Duc et de la Duchesse de Weimar me plaisait extrêmement, et je passai les trois mois, pendant lesquels l'étude de la littérature allemande donne à mon esprit tout le mouvement dont il a besoin pour ne pas me dévorer moi-même.

From the date of her departure from Weimar, commenced the celebrated correspondence between herself and the bravest Duchesses, of whom Napoleon said to Rapp, after the battle of Jena, when, on the landing of her palace stairs at Weimar, he met her pale, dignified, yet collected in spite of his harshness: "Voilà une femme à laquelle même nos deux cent canons n'ont pu faire peur."

This correspondence was well sustained, full of mutual regard, in spite of chaotic revolution or barren exile. To the

decline of life it lasted, until the sun nearly touched the horizon. The last letter was written after the restoration, in Pisa, on the event of the marriage of Mme. de Staël's daughter to the Duke of Broglie.

To return to the *Dix années d'exil*, at Berlin, she was met with gracious distinction, and found herself, through the favor of the charming Queen Louise, in a fever of fetes and spectacles. She writes charming letters to the Duchess Louise, recounting merry masquerades, pantomimes, &c. There she made the acquaintance of Kotzebue, at that time celebrated throughout Europe for his versatility of talent, especially in the plane of romance and the drama. This pageantry had no power to exorcise the intellectual charms of Weimar, or weaken her desire for Paris, her beloved; that this gaiety outlined, as a shadow does the substance, or an artificial flower might counterfeit the exquisite bloom and form of nature herself. After Berlin came Vienna, where she was shocked with the news of the dangerous sickness of M. Necker, her father.

Immediately she left for Coppet, first announcing her grief in a characteristic letter to the Grand Duchess. Through the storm of grief, her desolate heart instinctively sought the sympathy of this princess.

She employed the following summer in writing a memoir of her father, and publishing his manuscripts. This accomplished, she went into Italy for the winter, to recruit her waning health, accompanied by the celebrated Schlegel, a master of several languages and a man of rare attainments. He became the tutor of her son, and tutored madame herself in the beauty of art, to which he was passionately devoted, and to which she hitherto, was indifferent. The only exception was music, of which she was extremely fond, and which she cultivated herself.

This Italian tour developed in her a new sentiment, the love of nature, of which we have abundant proof in the beautiful descriptions of the Campagna, the bay and sky of Naples, its charming shores, &c., as found in *Corinne*, a work which is the result and fruit of her trip and of which Sainte-Beuve says:

"With *Corinne*, she decidedly entered into her glory and empire. . . . There is a decisive moment for genius when it so establishes itself, that thereafter all the eulogies that can be paid to it concern only the vanity and honor of the eulogist. Thus for Mme. de Staël, dating from *Corinne*, all Europe crowned her under that name. . . . *Corinne* is the image of the sovereign independence of genius even at the time of its most complete oppression."

*Corinne* is the picture gallery of marvels and wonders of graphic classic art, in Italy. She writes of them with the enthusiasm that belongs to the fresh spring of the South, as if legacied with a new experience. She explains them in the language of classical, mediæval and modern love. The *tout ensemble* of the two prominent characters, is Mme. de Staël herself—Oswald, the expression of her sorrow-burdened soul—Corinne, the transcript of her own enthusiasm. The book is full of picturesque glamor. The poesy of art as expressed by the old masters, is embroidered like threads of gold in the woof of a living human tragedy. A mist of tropical sunshine penetrates every line and crevice, and where the gloom deepens into night, the contrasting brightness circles in electric aureoles, or pierces the sombre shadows with its dazzling lance of fire. The first and second books are complements of each other; the one radiant with gorgeous color, brilliant life, glorious songs; the other, covered in the impenetrable gloom of sad abysses, the cry of ravenous birds of prey, the fierce howls of jungle-haunting natures. In the first, life is beatified with poetic expectation, and interpreted in the divine rhythm of an all absorbing love. The second is like a "banquet half deserted," the lights flicker and die slowly out; the dancing footfalls echo no more the gladness of the musical instruments, the flowers are wilting, warmth, light color, fade away into the gray twilight; into the black night of grief. In the first, Corinne crowned, with the homage of a great city, its incense and tumultuous joy, vibrating in the pulses of the fragrant air, accompanied by her prince, sails along like a vision of divine beauty. In the second, still crowned by her genius, she kneels, a Marie Stuart, before the black cross of grief amid her desolation, amid her brilliant aspirations, that are scattered before it, like dead flowers; mummies of *what has been*, to be



recalled only as the mourner recalls the loving expressions of souls that have drifted out on the tide of eternity, beyond the ken of human sight. Mme. Necker de Saussure, in her memoir says, "there was not a line that was not written with emotion."

So faithful was it to human life that it is said the unfortunate and lovely Queen Louise, who entertained the authoress at Berlin, and "who was the innocent victim of the basest calumnies and insults from Napoleon, was often obliged to suspend the reading of *Corinne* because she felt her soul torn, not so much by the grief as by the deprivation of hope, so vividly painted that it recalled too strongly her own sad destiny."

Mme. Necker de Saussure concludes her notice in these words:

"*Corinne* is a prodigious success. To every one a work of interest, where artists are able to find new modes of expression and new enthusiasm; the erudite, ingenious deductions; travellers, happy suggestions; critics, observations plain and skilfull, where souls frozen and cold throb with strong emotion, and where there is pleasure for even malice itself in the portraits of a nation so happily characterized. . . . There was only one cry of admiration from all lettered Europe."

It was censured in France and ignored by Napoleon, not because it was hostile, but because it was forgetful of the reigning dynasty. The *rigueur* of her exile was maintained. This inflexible purpose of Napoleon to exclude Mme. de Staël from Paris was reasserted in the interview of her son Auguste with him at Chambéry. He tried to persuade the Emperor to recall his mother, but Napoleon was inexorable. The account, as related by the Duchess de Broglie in a memoir of her brother is very interesting. He says, "your mother has wit, plenty of wit, but she is unaccustomed to any kind of subordination. So you may tell her that as long as I live she shall not return to Paris."

"Avec l'exaltation de sa tête, la manie qu'elle a d'écrire *sur tout* et à propos de rien, elle pouvait se faire des prosélytes; j'ai dû y veiller."

During her sojourn at Coppet she indulged her passion for dramatic entertainment, and her acting as well as her written dramas was loudly encored. But all this improvised

excitement turned not her heart from Paris. 'Twas the homesickness of a child for the tenderest of mothers. Her letters to the Duchess, and again to Mme. Récamier, are full of the *douce douleur* of this sentiment. In a letter to the latter, after describing some splendid fête, she writes, "Adieu, dear angel. Ah, how sad it is to be among strangers. *Happy is he who has not seen a stranger at his fêtes.* Exile weighs upon me heavily." Her love for this beautiful woman was a sentiment of adoration. Her capacity for loving was superb, "jamais, jamais je ne serai jamais aimé comme j'aime," was the wail of her lonesome heart. From out the covert of her night of exile, it frets the ear like the pathetic song of the nightingale. She flitted through Switzerland, Germany, Vienna, back to Coppet with this sickness for Paris forever tugging at her heart. The winter of 1809-10 was passed in preparing her great work on Germany for the press; but with her accustomed courtesy she received the strangers attracted to Coppet by her fame. She determined to publish it in Paris. The censorship authorized the publication of the two first volumes, and 10,000 copies had been printed, and a few distributed, when she sent a copy, with a letter, to the Emperor requesting an interview before sailing for America. Tired of the surveillance of the French police, tired of Napoleon's tyranny, and fearful lest the friends who remained true to her, should be dragged into exile, she had obtained her passports and was awaiting the publication of *Germany* before sailing.

The answer she received was an order from the minister of the police to seize the entire edition, and a letter from the Duke of Rovigo to prepare in eight days to leave for America or to return to Coppet. She alludes to this cruelty, in a letter to the Grand Duchess, in these words: "The season was too advanced for a sea voyage, and I preferred Geneva for this winter. . . . The reasons given to myself and son for the suppression of my work were that I did not praise the Emperor, or rather, that I did not speak either of him or of the French." A new prefect tried to persuade her to write praises

of Napoleon, or eulogies on his son, the King of Rome, but she refused to applaud where she could not approve. Her friends were banished from Coppet by official order, and imprisonment declared against any French emigré to England. Ardently now she longed for an escape to America. In any event she resolved to go to Sweden, the birthright of her children, and seek the protection of her old friend Bernadotte. At much risk she obtained through the intervention of her friend, the Grand Duchess of Weimar, the necessary passports from the Russian Emperor, and on the 23d of May, 1812, escaped from Coppet, not, however, before her heart was broken with the news of the banishment of Madame Récamier and many of her dearest friends. "She got in her carriage as if for a drive, with a fan in her hand, and met her people and baggage beyond the limits of Seman."

From thence her travels read like the details of a romance ; she went through Russia to St. Petersburg, where, as an exile and writer, she was received at court graciously, and insulted and hissed in the theatre as a Frenchwoman. She left that city almost at the same moment that the French entered Moscow. At Finland she was met by Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, with whom she embarked for Stockholm. One year from the time she left Coppet, she sailed from Stockholm to England. She was delighted with the English hospitality, and remarks, "Enthusiasm is one of the most amiable characteristics of the English." In England she republished her work on Germany. But at London grief again possessed her in the sad news of the death of her son Albert, then in the Swedish army. He was killed in Germany in a duel. While there she saw Louis Philippe embark for France, recalled to the throne, and writes : "We shall have in this prince a king very favorable to literature.

The year after her return to Paris she was very active, intellectually ; translated "Wilberforce on the Slave Trade" into French, writing a preface, and published many pamphlets. "She pressed the royal government for the repayment of the two millions advanced by M. Necker to the treasury in 1788," and which she had vainly solicited from Napoleon. Again

her saloon was the rallying centre of intellectual and political influence. The return of Napoleon was the signal for her return to Coppet. He regretted her departure, but no solicitations could induce her to return during the Hundred Days. The presence of the Emperor was like a cold, black shadow that threatened dissolution. After this had passed, the health of her second husband, M. Rocca, to whom, despite the disparity of their ages, she was sincerely attached, caused her great uneasiness, and they retired to Italy, where, after receiving the repayment of the two millions, her daughter's marriage took place, in February, 1816. From this time to the end of her life, her devotion to her daughter and M. Rocca seems to have engrossed her heart. Her last work, "Considerations on the French Revolution," sustained her eminent reputation. Among her last words was written the epitaph of her brilliant life, "Happy or sorrowful, I have always been the same. I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

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ART. VIII.—1. "*Willingness to admit that possibly Something yet remains to be learned about Collegiate Methods, and the Courageous Readiness to try New Ways,*" &c., &c. By JAMES B. ANGELL, LL. D., President, &c., &c., Ann Harbor, Michigan, A. D. 1876.

2. *The new System of Political Economy said to be practised at the University of Michigan, as illustrated by "Stubs,"* &c., &c., and having chiefly for its basis the Horatian precept,

Rem facias; rem,

Si possis, recte; si non, quoquunque modo rem.

We wish to show, in a few words, that we are not half so "ill-natured" or malignant, not to say diabolical, as some of our great educators would have their political friends and admirers believe. We trust it will be considered almost a sufficient proof of the fact by itself that the rage and frenzy into which the little monograph in our last number, entitled, "Michigan as our

Model University," has thrown the learned faculty of that institution, its honorable Board of Regents, &c., have moved our bowels of compassion to their deepest recesses; although all combined have poured, and we presume are still pouring untold unsavory vials of wrath upon our devoted head.

Let us hasten to assure all whom it may concern that could we have supposed that the unhappy state of things, both mental and physical, to which we allude would have continued, at worst, for more than the mystical nine days we should have relented even at the eleventh hour; we would perhaps either have thrown our manuscript into the fire, or only published an expurgated edition thereof. But we will not venture to say what we might have done could we have believed that the sufferings of those worthy people would have been protracted, with scarcely any intermission for months. Nor are we by any means sure that there has yet been a return of the happy frame of mind which was formerly enjoyed at the University—a frame partly the result of the mutual admiration plan, and partly that of pæans sung at suitable intervals by appreciative reporters and interviewers—in short a frame which recalls that delightful place known in classic story as Puck's Paradise.

Even now we would fain throw oil on the troubled waters; but we regret that any attempt we would make to do so could only have the effect of oil of vitriol, since we could not withdraw a single statement, incident, or fact, from our monograph without doing more or less violence to truth and justice. Thus, for example, it would be utterly impossible for us to bolster up the grammar of the President, as illustrated in the extracts we have reproduced from his now famous Report to the Board of Regents. Having deemed it our duty to stamp several specimens of his dialect as a bank-note detector does a counterfeit bill, we cannot now, however well disposed, withdraw the stamp.

But upon the other hand, we are as willing now, as we were three months ago, to bear testimony that, for aught we know, the gentleman who presides at Michigan in the manner we have attempted to describe was exactly "the right

man in the right place," while he presided at the College of Agriculture in another region. We have never heard his talent for raising pumpkins, turnips or squashes called into question, even by his enemies, if he has any. And judging from the rank odor of his vocabulary—if a vocabulary can be said to smell—we readily admit that his qualifications to preside at a College of Fish Culture must, if possible, be still more unquestionable. Perhaps we are bound to infer from these facts that he is qualified to guide the destinies of a model "mixed" university; if so, we have only to say that we have grievously erred, for by no process of logic known to us could we have inferred anything of the kind except so far as to admit, as we cheerfully do, that his talent for mixing things in general—making "confusion worse, confounded," seems to be largely developed.

We have yet to hear of the first individual, fraternity, sisterhood, or college faculty that undertook, in the plenitude of their wrath, to refute a criticism who did not attribute to the critic some fell animosity, spite, or "malice aforethought." It would be entirely incompatible with our modesty to claim exemption from the common lot. We suppose, therefore, we must have had some wicked motive in printing that monograph, although, for the life of us, we cannot recall what it was.

But is this the real point at issue? Is it of more importance whether we had a bad motive, or not, than whether our criticisms were just, or not? Does our motive improve the grammar of President Angell? Does it prevent the solecisms of that gentleman from being such? Does it make chaste, sensible language of his inflated bombast? What had our motive to do with the number of physicians and surgeons manufactured annually at Michigan? What with the wretched Greek translations? What with the unearthly jargon into which Quintilian's *De Institutione Oratoria* was turned under false pretences? Had our motive anything to do with the prices of degrees? Was it our motive that prescribed the tariff in that particular sort of merchandise, at Ann Harbor? Had our motive anything to do with making certain members of the

Board of Regents more or less similar, in intellectual calibre and culture, to the Hon. John Morrissey?

However, let us assume for a moment that it was all different—that it was our iniquitous motive that produced all the various results mentioned, would the faculty of a "model University" have been justified, in the sight of any intelligent respectable people, in setting upon us like a pack of fishwomen who had drunk so much beer that they wanted a *butt* for it? When or where have the faculty of any university in Europe or America that has any just claim to be so called, pursued such a course? Will any one believe that Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg or Jena would disgrace itself by hiring the village papers throughout the country to be the vehicles of its abuse against an individual, for no other reason than that he had dared to criticise its system of education? Nay, would the head of any respectable school pursue such a course? Is any intelligent person so simple as not to understand, that had the model educators of Michigan not felt the force and truth of our criticisms they would not have worked themselves up into the fury they have, and squandered so much of the funds of the University in abusing us? Any one who believes the contrary must regard that learned body as, at best, exceedingly foolish and silly. If our *étude* on Michigan did not tear the tinsel from some unsightly, morbid spots, whence all those shrieks? all this mud-throwing? Do not those learned people make as great and serious an affair of our modest journal as the renowned Don Quixotte did of the windmill, when, with faltering accents, he declared that honest contrivance to be an army of Saracens basely intent on doing all the mischief in its power to all Christendom, especially to the Western regions thereof? In short, however unwilling they are, in their dire rage, to do us any credit, they unwittingly bestow more glory on us than our modesty would permit us ever to hope for. We almost blush to ask how far do they not go to confirm the truth of a compliment paid to us by an esteemed and able contemporary, in reference to a certain other memorable case (that of the famous University of Pennsylvania) namely, that "the *National Quarterly* is a very columbiad, which, even when



it does not hit the mark, makes the splinters and dust fly around it in all directions."

Referring to the press reminds us that if the learned faculty of Michigan have, in their furious zeal, succeeded in inducing any paper, daily or weekly, in the West or in the East—that had any reputation for independence, honesty and intelligence, to assail us for daring to criticise their system of "higher education," we are certainly not aware of the fact. Judging from the past we do not believe that any such paper has done so; for, far from our having ever had any reason to complain of the leading journals, or journalists, of America, we have always sincerely felt that we had every reason to be grateful to them for their generous appreciation of our labors. This is eminently true, not only of those of New York, Boston and Philadelphia; we are equally indebted to the leaders of public opinion in the principal cities of the West and South for their courtesy and good will; and, certainly, to none more than to those of the spirited, enlightened, rival cities of Cincinnati and Chicago. And that our monograph on Michigan has made no change in this general sentiment—except a change in our favor—we have now before us the most gratifying and most conclusive evidence—evidence which shows that both in a metaphorical and literal sense, we can well afford a still larger amount of barking at our heels, than that to which we have been subjected, during the last three months, under the guidance of James B. Angell, LL. D., President, &c. &c., who, to use the language of Maro, having failed to move the gods above against us is forced to have recourse to the paltriest of the gods below,

*Flectere si nequeo superos, Achreonta movebo.\**

It would be a great mistake to suppose that any other papers even in Michigan, have taken part in the howl of "Our great University libelled," than those controlled by the politicians known as the "Hon. Board of Regents," or those which, on account of the "hard times," were willing to turn a penny, of the funds of the University, in that way. The papers not

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\*Æn. vii, 312.

so controlled, or that could not be hired for such work, have pursued the opposite course. Thus, for example, if it be inquired, which is the ablest conducted and most independent paper in the State, the *Detroit Free Press* will be the one generally, if not universally, mentioned as justly entitled to that distinction. Now, we do not know an individual connected with that journal; so far as we are aware, we never did. We have no doubt that if its editors thought we meant to give any offence to the people of Michigan by our criticisms on their University, they would be among the first to resent it. But do they do, or pretend to do, anything of the kind? The best answer will be found in the following extract, taken from the critique of our last number, in the *Free Press* of April 9, in which a variety of other publications are reviewed in the same independent; impartial spirit:

"*The National Quarterly Review* for the current quarter devotes considerable space to an examination of "Michigan as Our Model University." As a criticism it is as *ill-natured* as criticism well can be, *but it contains some plain truths, concerning the University, which the friends of that institution would do well to ponder.*"

Premising that the italics are ours, we have only to say that we have no objection to be considered "*ill-natured*" when we undertake to expose false pretences, and deem it our duty to subject to wholesome ridicule and derision those who make those pretensions. We think it will be admitted that it is sufficient for our purpose that the leading journal of the State of Michigan frankly admits that our criticism "*CONTAINS SOME PLAIN TRUTHS, CONCERNING THE UNIVERSITY, WHICH THE FRIENDS OF THAT INSTITUTION WOULD DO WELL TO PONDER.*"

Yet, we are not at all "*ill-natured.*" Far from exaggerating the defects of Michigan, there were several which we intentionally overlooked. No competent, impartial judge who has read our article will say that we made a single criticism which was not perfectly legitimate. Had we been actuated by any malice against Michigan, or its professors, we had ample opportunity to give vent to it, altogether independently of the scenes which we described, and of the gross, ludicrous ignorance which we exposed.

In proof of this we need only say, that we received information at Ann Arbor, and elsewhere in Michigan, that there was still worse than ignorance, false pretence and charlatanism to be attributed to the model University. A gentleman, of whose truthfulness there could be no question, assured us that selling degrees, as if they were firkins of butter, or kegs of molasses, was not the only dishonorable means by which certain members of the faculty made additions to their salaries. Another remarked that, not a little of the money generously contributed by the state of Michigan, and by the national government for the support of the University, was devoted to purposes very different from those for which it was intended; and on our seeming skeptical, he furnished us a variety of particulars in support of the charge. We had every reason to believe that those particulars were, in the main, correct. Yet we abstained from even alluding to them, feeling satisfied that it would be sufficient for us to show how spurious and ridiculous was the Michigan system of "superior teaching," and how demoralizing and pernicious was its tendency. Nor do we think to-day we were mistaken in that opinion. Accordingly, we allude to some of the facts here only to show how utterly false is the pretension that we were influenced in our criticisms by vindictive motives.

Even now we will avail ourselves of no information which would compromise those who furnished us the facts for the public good. It will be sufficient for us to refer to the testimony to be found in the Michigan newspapers. In adducing even this, we select what has been sifted by journals that cannot be supposed to have any prejudice against Michigan. Thus, for example, in the New York *Daily Times*, of the 12th inst. (June), we find an article headed, "The Michigan University Defalcation," which proceeds to say that the Kalamazoo (Mich.) *Telegraph* of the 9th inst. says:

"The Committee appointed by the University Regents to get at the facts concerning the funds missing in the Laboratory, has not finished taking evidence, and is preparing its report to the Board of Regents, which body meets Friday of next week. The Committee had no power to compel the attendance of witnesses, and it is not possible to say positively what will be the result of the investigation."

In our "malicious libel" on the model University there was no imputation of this kind. Ignorance in one claiming to be a learned professor is rather a disgrace, but it is not a crime like thieving. Far be it from us to say, or even insinuate, that there has been anything of the latter kind among the great educators of Michigan. We merely comment on statements made in the newspapers. But let us hear the Kalamazoo *Telegraph* a little farther:

"Dr. Rose has refused to testify before the Committee, or before any other body than the full Board, it being claimed by counsel that his means will not allow the expense of more than one examination."

We have no knowledge whatever of Dr. Rose; nor do we make any charge either against him, or any of his collaborators. But the Michigan journalist makes some other remarks, which we deem it proper, under the circumstances, to transcribe:

"The refusal of the latter to appear before the Committee also looks rather dark, in view of the reason assigned, as he went to the expense of employing counsel for the occasion. His friends claim that he will readily clear himself when the full examination is held. The chief fact inculpating Dr. Rose, in addition to the testimony from *unimpeachable members of the faculty*, is that his ledger accounts *show a considerable amount of receipts* not apparent among the vouchers produced by Prof. Douglass, or among the voucher stubs kept by Dr. Rose himself."

It would be cruel for us to make any comment on this. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to a single observation. It would interest us very much, just now, to know who are the "the unimpeachable members of the faculty." Are the "stubs" of the model University like the Tammany "stubs?" Be this as it may, the most significant part of the whole article is the concluding sentence:

"It is to be noted that notwithstanding statements from other parts of the State, nothing has yet transpired which reflects discredit on the management of the University."

That, of course, is a very note-worthy thing! "Statements from other parts of the State" would have it that the agricultural or Angellie style of "management" exhibits certain slight defects. But according to the Kalamazoo *Telegraph*—which we are informed is one of the semi-official organs of

President Angell—that great educator manages everything, including the "stubs," to perfection.

Now, without anticipating the result of the investigation—without inquiring whether it is likely to prove a galvanizing or a calcimining process—we think we may say that we have satisfied every impartial reader that far from having exaggerated the fraudulent performances at Michigan, from any vindictive feeling, or for any reason whatever, we charitably and benevolently left some of the gravest of them still enveloped in their dark, but ragged mantle.

It would have been otherwise, however, had we been in the least prone to resentment, in such a case; or had we any disposition to take offence at the silly, rude superciliousness of one placed in a position for which neither nature nor education had given him the first qualification. It is not our habit, when we visit an educational institution, to announce ourselves as "connected with the press." We call like any other private individual, without any other flourish than the remark, made as courteously as we can, that we take some interest in education, and if agreeable to those in authority, should feel obliged for the privilege of being allowed to see some of the classes. If asked, we give our name, but without calling ourselves either an editor, or a critic, or giving ourselves any title whatever. More especially do we pursue this course when we find ourselves at an institution where we know that, while puffers are feasted on the fatted calf, critics are regarded, if not openly treated, as enemies.

So it was at Michigan. We had never seen President Angell before, but we can honestly assure our classical readers that he had scarcely uttered half a dozen words when he reminded us of that sort of greatness described by Cicero, as existing only in the stomach and bowels:

*"Abdomini suo natus, non laudi atque gloriæ"*

We could easily see that whatever traces we bear of the Emerald Isle did not impress that model educator favorably. There they were, however, and we could not set them aside, and certainly would not if we could. But on asking, somewhat gruffly, who we were, and receiving the necessary information on that

point, he seemed slightly confused, not to say "nervous."

If all this, and a good deal more of the same sort, had the effect of exciting in us "malice prepense," or any stronger feeling than one of contempt and derision, we really were not aware, and are not now, of the fact. Nor did we part with President Angell in any ill-humor. Neither did we think that he was unfit for any useful position. Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, we felt satisfied that he was entirely competent to take charge of a most respectable vegetable garden, especially of a cabbage garden; of the office, and even the tripod, of a village auctioneer:

"Or any such like post of skill  
That wood and leather are fit to fill."

Some of those who know President Angell best will, doubtless, think that this is a higher compliment than he deserves. Be this as it may, we can truly affirm, that the conduct, or the qualifications of that gentleman, had no influence whatever on our estimate of the University, so far as we are aware; we have not intentionally drawn one line of our monograph a shade the darker, or the more ludicrous on his account; although we frankly admit that before we had seen any class, or heard any recitation, his conversation and the calibre and grade of culture it indicated, strongly impressed us with the belief that the standard of education at an institution having such an educator—one scarcely half educated—as its guiding genius, could hardly be otherwise than low.

To this we have but an observation or two to add. On the two days succeeding that of our visit to Michigan, we visited two other colleges—the Hellmuth College at London, Canada, and the Catholic Seminary at Niagara. The President of the former was the Lord Bishop of Huron; the President of the latter the Very Rev. Dr. Rice. Dr. Hellmuth is a graduate of both Cambridge and Heidelberg; also an author of acknowledged merit. Father Rice is similarly distinguished in the Catholic Church for his learning and literary talents. One as well as the other has devoted, not only the best efforts of his life, but also the best part of his patrimony to the cause of education; and one as well as the other has the gratification

to find his labors fully appreciated by the most enlightened members, and most learned dignitaries of the church to which he belongs. Neither had anything to fear, or to hope, from any opinion we might entertain, or express, in regard to his college, or himself. If the head of any educational institution has a right to behave in a stiff, haughty manner to one wishing to become acquainted with his system of teaching, for any purpose whatever, certainly each of these gentlemen had. But precisely because both could afford to be independent—because conscious of performing their duties ably and faithfully—both not only treat a critic courteously, and make him welcome when he visits them, but cordially invite him to come and judge for himself.

We had never seen either the English Protestant Lord Bishop, or the American Catholic Very Rev. Father, before our visit of a year ago, but had been kindly assured more than once, by each, that should we have time and inclination to visit his institution, no matter when, we might be sure of a hearty welcome. Certainly so the event proved. We really could not tell whether it was Dr. Hellmuth or Father Rice who was most courteous, most friendly, or most hospitable, or which presented the most striking contrast to the gamin-like rudeness of the head of Michigan.

We do not mean, however, that there was anything peculiar in the courtesy and hospitality of either Dr. Hellmuth or Father Rice. We have no different experience of any educators of equal grade, in Europe or America; but can assert, without the least danger of contradiction, that for a quarter of a century it is by the best, we have always been best treated—by the best among the Episcopalians, the best among the Catholics, the best among the Presbyterians, the best among the Lutherans, the best among the Methodists, the best among the Baptists, &c.

Proverbial as the Catholic monastic orders are for their reticence and their exclusiveness, by none have we been more kindly or more generously treated than by their ablest and most eminent educators. Every reader of this journal knows how much we are indebted to the representative teachers of



the Christian Brothers; those who have secured for Manhattan College an acknowledged position among the best in the land; who have also gained for the Colleges of Rock Hill and St. Louis an enviable prestige; and on whose friendship we have never had any other claim than whatever we may have been able to do for the great cause of education; the cause to which they have devoted the best energies of their lives. There is no class or recitation which these veteran instructors would conceal from us—not one to which they would not cordially invite us.

Confessedly the two best educators among the Jesuits of America—one for years the head of Georgetown College, D. C., the other for years at the head of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.,—invited us as cordially to, and treated us as kindly and hospitably, at their colleges, as any educators whatever. Moreover they did so while aware that we had freely criticised other Jesuit colleges—institutions conducted by their brethren and personal friends.

In Pennsylvania there are two colleges which justly rank with the best in the United States; we need hardly say we mean Lafayette and Muhlenberg; but we could hardly tell, to-day, if required to do so, whether it was the Presbyterian President at Easton, or the Lutheran President at Allentown, who received us most kindly and courteously at his college, or took most pains to afford us an ample opportunity of examining whatever we wished to see. Presidents of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia (N. Y.) have in turn introduced us to their classes, and afforded us every facility to judge of them as we thought proper. We never had a warmer friend in Europe, or America, than the late venerable Chancellor Ferris of the University of New York, upon whom, more than the other distinguished educators alluded to, we had no other claim than whatever good we had accomplished by our educational discussions and criticisms.

But by no educator, anywhere, have we been more kindly or more courteously received than by one who was President of Michigan when it was very differently managed from what it is now—when it neither rendered itself ridiculous by its

bombastic solecisms, or contemptible or worse by its "defalcations." It will be understood that we mean the present Chancellor of Syracuse University, who is an author\* as well as an educator of high rank—one of far too high a rank to suffer himself to be ruled by the Hon. John Morrisseys of the Michigan Board of Regents.

It will be admitted, then, that we can well afford, first, the supercilious rudeness of one of the calibre and grade of the present head of Michigan, on our calling to see the model University, and then the pot-house like abuse of that gentleman, and his hired retainers, on our unmasking both himself and his "system" for the public good, and the amusement of our readers. His course toward us has been nothing different, so far as we are aware, from that of other educators of equal learning and ability, on whom we have deemed it our duty to perform a similar operation. We hope, however, that he may have a safer deliverance than some of his compeers and brethern, who in their frantic efforts to move heaven and earth against us, for sketching them in outline, only succeeded in moving both against themselves. Thus, for example, the head of Rockland Lake Academy only survived his fierce war upon us about six months. At the end of this time there was no Rockland Lake Academy, nor has there been since. Morristown Seminary met the same fate under somewhat similar circumstances, and in about an equal number of months. Having had occasion to visit Connecticut last April, we inquired, in passing, for the famous "Stamford Military Institute," when its sad destiny was related to us in two words, namely, "burst up."

We are aware that as long as the State of Michigan and the United States continue to furnish funds to the model University, there will be no such catastrophe there. But it is not altogether impossible that, however much the Board of Regents may be displeased with us for having spoken somewhat irreverently of their own qualifications—strongly as they may be

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\*Haven's *Rhetoric*, published by the Harpers', is one of the best text books, English or American, that we know; that which, above all others of its class, we always recommend."

actuated by a fellow feeling for the present head of the university—they may get it into their heads, some day, before very long, that for their own credit's sake, as well as for the interests of the University, it might be as well, upon the whole, to give leave of absence for an indefinite time, to James B. Angell, LL. D., &c.

## NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*Les Français en Amérique.* Par LÉON CHOTTEAU, avec une préface par M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE. 18 mo., pp. 438. Paris. Charpentier & Cie. 1876.

Although the object of this work—namely to recall, in this the Centennial year of American independence, the part taken by France in its accomplishment, and thus to renew the ancient feeling of friendship between the two nations—is undoubtedly deserving of all praise, we must confess ourselves somewhat disappointed at the manner of its execution. In the first place the style is too epigrammatic. We find a perpetual effort at making points at the expense not only of good taste but of historical accuracy. For instance, in speaking of the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and the importance of these points at the commencement of the revolution, the author informs us that:

"Le Lac Champlain, dont les eaux se jettent par la rivière Richelleu dans le St. Laurent, se relie à l'Hudson par le canal du Nord, au Lac Erie par le canal de l'Ouest." P. 52.

Now whatever importance may be attached to the occupation of these ports on Lake Champlain, it is certain that canal communication had nothing to do with them, inasmuch as the canals had no existence at the time of the revolution, nor at any period prior to the present century. Errors of this nature are the less excusable inasmuch as M. Chotteau takes pains to inform us that he has passed a considerable portion of his life in the United States. This he does in rather peculiar language which renders it somewhat difficult to comprehend the idea which he desires to convey. He says:

"Nous avons promené nos amertumes et nos folles espérances du Massachusetts aux champs de la Floride, des bouches du Mississipi aux cavernes de l'Iowa. Eh, bien! Nous regrettons cette époque de notre vie." P. 113.

This is said apropos of nothing, and conveys no very definite idea of the author's meaning; but it may be received as proof positive that he has had sufficient opportunities of becoming familiar with the United States and their history, to have avoided such unfortunate mis-statements as the above. The fact of his personal acquaintance with the United States is indeed brought before the reader again and again in the course of a few pages. This prompts us to speak of another notable fault in the book—its egotism. The personal experiences of the author and his journeyings through the United States are obtruded on the reader without reason or excuse, and are made continually to interrupt the most important portions of the narrative. For instance, the speech of Patrick Henry, in 1771, is abruptly followed by an account of M. Chotteau's visit to Richmond after the close of the rebellion. His account of the opening of the revolution, and the appointment of General Washington as commander-in-chief is interrupted by an elaborate description of the author's impressions of Mount Vernon—which he is mistaken in supposing to have been the home of Washington at that period—with full details of furniture, water, pannelling, etc., even to—

"Le clavecin, présent de noces du général Washington à sa fille adoptive Eleonor Curtes [Custis] Mme. Lévis, [Lewis], on peut même s'asseoir sur la chaise où s'asseyait jadis la musiciennne. P. 88."

The veneration which is expressed, and no doubt with sincerity, for the name of Washington, and which can be the only excuse for occupying so much space with a detailed description of his residence, might at least have prevented the repetition of the idle story—without historical warrant and totally at variance with the character of the nation's hero—of his attempted suicide by plunging into the East River, from mortification at his defeat on Long Island.

The result of this egotism and love of epigrammatic points, is apparent in the rambling character of the whole work. The thread of the narrative is abandoned on the slightest pretext, at one moment to introduce a sketch of Beaumarchais, at another a biography of Franklin. There is something almost ludicrous in the account of the embrace of Franklin and Voltaire, "pour affermir l'union des deux peuples et des deux mondes," while the public "les regardait et les contemplait," (p. 129). But the greatest pathos occurs in the passage immediately following this theatrical scene, where M. Chotteau, after favoring the reader with his reflections on finding the ancient treaty of 1778 at the Patent Office, at the time of the Mexican expedition, to the effect that—

"Ce qu'un roi fit jadis pour mériter l'amitié des Américains, un empereur le défait aujourd'hui." P. 124.

seriously adds:

"L'empereur n'est plus. Et la république française par la statue de la liberté éclairant le monde, due à l'habile ciseau de M. Auguste Bartholdy, va corriger l'œuvre du dernier empire." P. 128.

We regret to be obliged to notice these blemishes in a work which possesses undoubted merit, and which is certainly calculated to produce a good effect in reviving toward the French nation a sentiment of friendliness which has been sadly weakened by the course adopted by the imperial government during our late civil war. Whenever the author confines himself to his subject, he points out effectively and well the important services rendered the American people by the French in their great struggle for liberty, especially by d'Estaing, Rochambeau and LaFayette, whose unselfish devotion to the cause was manifested in his request to serve as a volunteer, at his own expense. It is to be regretted that by the rambling, egotistical and epigrammatic style into which he has allowed himself to drift, the author should so often have weakened the impression which would otherwise have been made by the recital of a history which is justly designated in the preface:

"Une histoire glorieuse, un titre de noblesse que nous ne devons pas laisser dévorer par l'oubli." P. 5.

*Œuvres Posthumes de J. Michelet. Histoire du XIXe siècle jusqu'à Waterloo.*  
12<sup>e</sup>., pp. 468. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1875.

To the readers of the present day, who have witnessed the rise, career and fall of the second Bonaparte—a rise equally rapid, a career not dissimilar in brilliancy, and a fall as sudden and complete as that of his predecessor—the account, from the pen of a contemporary, of the period of the first empire will possess a peculiar interest. The results of Michelet's observation will in some respects surprise those who have derived their impressions from the popular histories of the great Napoleon. He says:

"J'eus le malheur de naître et de grandir à cette époque funeste, et je puis dire que la France ne fut jamais dupe qu'à moitié de Bonaparte. Tous, en suivant des yeux le grand prestidigitateur dans les nuages où il se balançait, disaient toujours 'Cela finira mal!' Même la grande armée le disait, en le suivant par honneur militaire." p. v.

The grand event with which the century opened was the passage of the Alps by Napoleon. He felt strongly the importance of retaining his power by constant surprises, calling the world continually to witness sudden results which it could not foresee or comprehend. At this moment the French army, under Masséna, were prisoners in Genoa, on one side hemmed in by the English fleet, on the other threatened by the Austro-Hungarian army. Relief from France seemed impossible, and fleet and army waited contentedly until famine should render them an easy prey. The rapid movement of Napoleon, which brought him, with a celerity which seemed almost miraculous, into Milan, changed the whole aspect of affairs. The

Austrians, threatened in their turn, were only too ready to make favorable terms with Masséna, and allowed him to depart with his army that they might be free to confront Napoleon. The two armies met on the plains of Marengo. It was of this battle that Désaix remarked, looking at his watch: "C'est une bataille perdue, mais il est de bonne heure, nous en gagnerons une autre." P. 34.

Mélas proclaimed his victory in all directions. The Queen of Naples triumphed openly, believing France hopelessly vanquished. Even in Paris, believing Napoleon's position hopeless, they took counsel as to his successor. In the midst of their deliberations they received news of Napoleon's victory.

Michelet does not seem disposed to allow the credit of this victory to the genius of Napoleon as to the heroism of Désaix and Kellermann, and the blunders of the Austrian general. The effect however upon Paris was no less magical. It was a *coup de théâtre* particularly suited to the tastes of the people. On Bonaparte himself, notwithstanding his modest dispatch, it appears to have produced a corresponding effect:

"La surprise de son prodigieux succès n'avait pas ébloui les autres seulement, mais lui même—qui pourtant savait mieux que personne—ce qui avait manqué à ses machines, et combien il avait été près de l'échec." P. 38.

From this period may be dated the assumption of a quasi-royalty in his deportment and mode of life. According to Michelet, he thenceforth displayed himself as a tyrant and a debauchee.

"Une bête cruelle sembla rugir en lui. Le tyran apparut." P. 40.

The hostility of Michelet to the memory of Napoleon becomes here so evident that it is impossible to receive all his statements without question. For example, few readers will agree with him in styling "d'énormes sottises," such acts as the cessation of the sale of the "biens nationaux," or the reconciliation with the clergy and the re-establishment of the church. Nor will they generally be of his opinion that during the six years which elapsed between Marengo and Austerlitz, France was a prey to ennui. The names of La Place, Cuvier, Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël, and other *litterati* of this period are worthy of respect, although the author contemptuously brands their works with the title "*La littérature de l'ennui*." Still more unworthy are the aspersions cast upon Joséphine, whom he represents as "*si sâlie, si connue*," (p. 152) that she only maintained her sway by sacrificing the virtue of her daughter.

Michelet has, however, undoubtedly judged Napoleon correctly, when he indicates the two elements of weakness which characterized him through his most brilliant triumphs, and ultimately led to his overthrow. They are as follows:

"Sa folie, que je viens de caractériser, c'était de se constituer le geôlier de toute la terre de contrarier toutes les nations en ce qui change le moins, les habitudes de chaque jour,

Son péché qui devait le mener à Sainte-Hélène, c'était d'avoir été le grand traître, non-seulement en Brumaire, mais antérieurement à Léoben, à Campo-Formio. Toujours il ménagea le despotisme, et l'Autriche qui en était comme la forteresse en Europe; à Léoben, à Austerlitz, où elle était par terre, il la releva." P. 260.

Had this work been conceived in a more impartial spirit, it would have been valuable, as the testimony of one who lived in the midst of most of the events which he recites, and has the benefit of his own recollections. But the writer appears to have been throughout animated by the sole desire to destroy the reputation of the great man of whom he writes; and not content with denouncing his moral character, which presents, it must be confessed, sufficient points for attack, spares neither his intellect, his statesmanship, or even his military fame. Neither Mr. Michelet, nor any other author, will be able to convince the world that a man who succeeded in overturning and reforming the political *status* of a great part of Europe—who was, in fact, the controlling spirit of the century—and whose influence for good or evil continues to be felt for fifty years after his death—was indebted for his success to simple good fortune. If his empire fell as rapidly as it had arisen—if his sun set in darkness—and he lived himself to witness the bitter defeat of all his combinations—it was due not to any radical inferiority, but to the inflexible law of nature which says to the utmost exercise of human power: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

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*The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By JOHN FORSTER. Vol. I, 1667-1711. 8vo., pp. 486. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

Although the colossal genius of the eighteenth century has been made the subject of numerous biographies, still the life and character of the man have been and continue to be but imperfectly comprehended, owing in a great degree to the absence of detail in the accounts of his early life. Of the biographies which appeared immediately after his death, the authors had known Swift only during the later years of his life, and while they depicted these under the influence of contemporary prejudices, relied for his early history on a few vague anecdotes which they had gathered at second-hand, and which, in many instances, they but imperfectly remembered. This was particularly the case with Lord Orrery's Remarks and Dr. Delany's Observations. Mr. Deane Swift's *Essay* was founded principally on an imperfect memorandum left by Swift himself, and a few anecdotes related by the great author at the close of his life, which was the only period during which the writer was personally acquainted with him. Hawkesworth's Memoir was a mere compilation from his predecessors.

At a later period, appeared Johnson's Life of Swift, which, though an able work, was strongly biased by the author's adverse predispositions to the



subject of his biography. Sheridan's Life is wholly unreliable. The most candid, and, as far as it goes, the best biography of Swift is that composed by Sir Walter Scott; but it is hastily written and deals with the many years of his life with so much brevity that even from its pages only a general idea can be formed of the career of the great satirist.

These various deficiencies are to a great extent supplied by the present work; which, taking the facts in the life of Swift, from his earliest childhood, with all the detail which can be procured from manuscript collections, from letters of the great Dean never before published, and from other sources till now unexplored, enables the reader to form a better conception both of the man and the author, than is perhaps possible for any biography of Swift hitherto given to the world.

One valuable feature in Mr. Forster's treatment of his subject, consists in the combination of Swift's literary with his personal biography, giving us the history of his various works at the periods when they were written, the circumstances which elicited them, and the various alterations to which they were subjected before appearing in print. This is particularly the case with the *jeu d'esprit* of Baucis and Philemon of which Swift himself observed: "Mr. Addison made me blot out fourscore (lines,) add fourscore and alter fourscore." (p. 178.) We have here the poem as it was originally written, and most readers will agree with Mr. Forster that it suffered rather than gained by Addison's emendations.

The present volume carries Swift's life only to the last years of Queen Anne's reign, a period which does not include the most interesting events of his life, though it embraces the publication of two of his greatest works, the Battle of the Books, and the Tale of a Tub. The accounts of his early years display strongly the worldly disadvantages and perpetual disappointments which embittered his life and rendered him cynical and unhappy.

"They exhibit disappointments such as fall to few men so endowed, and an eagerness to resent disappointments such as few men on earth are spared. There is in them also, especially, a kind of family pride which he never more than half confessed, but which always strongly overruled him. Comparing his claims on the side of both his parents with the imprudence of the marriage that had brought them together, he believed misfortune to have anticipated life, and that the world had been made bitter for him even before he opened his eyes in it." P. 31.

The humiliations and disappointments which beset Swift at the very outset of his career were enough to have discouraged any ordinary man. His very ordination he was enabled to obtain only by the aid of the "penitential letter" which Macaulay styles the language of a lackey, or rather of a beggar, which he was compelled to write to Sir William Temple after five months of agonizing delay. His first living was clouded by the "Varina" courtship, in which his heart would appear to have been sincerely engaged, though chilled by the coquetries of the lady whose object appears to have been to maintain her own freedom while retaining a hold upon her lover. The living he abruptly resigned—perhaps in the hope of better satisfying Varina's requi-

tions in a more lucrative position ; but one living after another, which had been promised to him, was disposed of elsewhere—in one instance, at least, by means of direct bribery ; and he was at last compelled to content himself with the vicarage of Laracor, which he described as “opened with an audience of half a score.” Notwithstanding the censure to which he has been exposed for abandonment of his clerical duties in Ireland, he gave one strong proof of his affection for his parish, in the vigorous and indefatigable efforts by which he secured for Ireland the remission of the first fruits and tenths which had been conceded in England under the name of Queen Anne’s Bounty. As usual, he was more fortunate for others than for himself ; for although he was able to obtain from the queen the concession which he demanded for Ireland, she positively refused to confirm his nomination to a bishopric. For this failure Swift was himself partly to blame. His Tale of a Tub had drawn upon him the hostility of the ecclesiastics, and his lampoons had made him a bitter enemy in the Duchess of Somerset, a lady high in favor with the queen. The latter laid both before her royal mistress, and with the coöperation of Archbishop Sharpe, who represented the Tale of the Tub to be an insult to the church and created such displeasure in Queen Anne’s mind, that she would listen to no representations in Swift’s favor. Mr. Forster appears to think that this circumstance was indirectly alluded to by Swift in “Gulliver’s Travels.”

“When Gulliver in Lilliput extinguished the flames that would have consumed the royal palace, his manner of doing it offended the queen mortally. All evils have some compensation however ; and but for her majesty’s persistent hostility on this point, Captain Gulliver might never have left Lilliput.” P. 163, note 1.

Of the intercourse with Esther Johnson, we have only a partial account in the present volume. The author seems to doubt the private marriage, and to consider the relations between Swift and Stella as purely Platonic. The facts which have been advanced in the present volume, are not sufficiently numerous to determine the question. There can be little doubt that their relations in the first instance were almost paternal ; but when and how they assumed another character, and in fact what character they ultimately assumed, we can hardly decide from the indications at present before us. The letters, of which several are briefly sketched, written prior to 1710, are such as might be written either to a wife or an adopted child, but are certainly not the letters of a lover. Two facts, however, appear which may militate against the theory advanced by Mr. Forster. One is the apparently sudden change in Swift’s sentiments towards Varina after his encountering Stella as a woman on his second visit to Moor Park. The other is the fact, entirely unexplained, that for three years after his becoming acquainted with the Vanhomrighs, he kept Stella in ignorance of their existence, although she was actually in London at the time when he made their acquaintance. We shall be glad to welcome the forthcoming volumes of this work, in which we hope to find facts tending to elucidate this the great mystery of Swift’s life.

*A Centennial Commissioner in Europe.* 1874-6. By JOHN W. FORNEY.  
12mo., pp. 420. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

In the summer of 1874, the Hon. John W. Forney, editor of *The Press*, Philadelphia, was authorized by the Centennial "powers that be," to visit Europe as a Special Commissioner, for the purpose of making the leading countries on that continent fully acquainted with the condition and prospects of the intended International Exhibition, to take place in Philadelphia, in 1876, in commemoration of the close of the first century of American independence and nationality. From July 1874 to March 1876, the Special Commissioner was thus employed, and visited, with such purpose, not alone England and France. but Italy, Germany, Belgium, and other places, corresponding, all the time, with the journal which he conducts and owns. These letters, carefully revised, form the staple of the very unpretending, but eminently interesting, volume before us, which has the advantage of being well indexed.

The author has, as much as possible, avoided the beaten and familiar track which the great army of tourists have traversed and described. He has gone into places, he has visited institutions of which the majority of our travellers apparently know little or nothing. He has brought an observing mind, and a facile pen, to the task of making their stories known to his readers, and much that he has written will be found fresh, instructive and entertaining.

We would particularly mention, among the new subjects, his interviews with the Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst, in England, with Garibaldi in Rome; the description of the public gaming saloon at Monaco, of the Herald's College, and the Public Records office in London, of the hunting establishment of a liberal "Master of the Hounds in Oxfordshire," of a model farm on scientific principles—and of the differences of living in America and Europe. All this is spirited, true and novel.

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SCIENCE.

*Principia, or Basis of Social Science, being a Survey of the Subject from the moral and theological, yet liberal and progressive Standpoint.* By R. J. WRIGHT, 8vo., p. 524. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

An earnest and original treatment of any subject is always entitled to respect and attention, however little we may be inclined to agree with some of the views adopted. This is particularly the case with the subject of Social Science; a science that is, perhaps, more than any other, yet in its infancy, and notwithstanding the vigorous and skilfull treatment which it has received

from some of the leading minds of the present and past century, can be considered to have advanced little beyond the experimental stage.

It cannot be denied that while some of the author's theories are startling in their novelty, and likely to prove hardly practicable in their operation, he has adopted a basis of reasoning, which is, perhaps, truer and more substantial than those of any of his predecessors. Instead of commencing with the nation as the source or origin of political power, he takes as his standpoint the individual, and carries the study upwards through what he styles the six fundamental units, namely: individual, family, social circle, precinct, nation and mankind. (P. 83.) To these six units it appears to us that another should be added, namely: corporation; intending by that term, township, city, village community or whatever constitutes an organized and agglomerated population, whether large or small. This is clearly not intended by the term "precinct," as we shall find when we come to our author's treatment of that unit; nor is the precinct, although intended according to his suggestion, to embrace many of the functions of a civic corporation, designed altogether as a substitute therefor. The offices of corporation and the part which they play in the development of the social problem, are in fact so distinctly recognized in many parts of the book, that we can account for their omission from the list of units, merely in the author's desire to fix the number at six; for which he gives us a reason that:

"The figure which gives the maximum amount of internal content with the maximum amount of external surface of similar bodies joined together, is a *Hexagon*; as for instance the cells of the bee." P. 85.

He adduces a variety of what he calls "singular sixes" in support of his theory. Mr. Wright appears to forget that the same fact, namely, the frequent recurrence of the number in physical, mental and actual combinations, can be predicated with as much force of various other numbers—notably of the numbers three and seven. The system of units is however a very good one, and enables the reader to trace the natural development of social relations, the family growing out of the individuals, the social circle from the family, the precinct from the social circle and the nation from the precinct.

The tribe principle, to which a considerable portion of the introduction is devoted, is, in fact, the foundation of all human society. The tribe is the earliest form—both of the social circle and the nation—being the natural outgrowth of the family, which as its numbers increase and the bonds which held it together weaken, forms into separate social circles, and when once the migratory character has ceased, into precincts, together forming an independent tribe.

"For the central power which could exist any length of time *only* under a patriarchal form, has no relation to anything that goes to exercise power in modern society \* \* \* \* Hence it is that the theory of society as a political government, must begin with the *centrifugal* force of those tribes, as well as their co-operative force. Indeed, it seems almost certain in our historical vision, that the *centripetal* force arises only by an after-thought, namely: the combination of two or more tribes to resist some other one tribe or combination of them." P. 100

The precinct is evidently the principal element in our author's theory ; and it is on this subject that we will find ideas the most startling and, we cannot refrain from adding, utopian. The idea of precincts is "neighborhoods organized into civil governments," (p. 125,) but these, we are distinctly informed, are not corporations—but something much more limited—what the author calls "very small and *Reformed* states." (*Ib.*) Neither does the term represents actual existing territorial divisions so much as the divisions which it is recommended should exist. Precincts, it is said, should be as small as possible ; should possess the power of banishing their citizens, and requiring those who desire to emigrate to sell their property and take away only the proceeds. The precincts should be allowed to form new confederations among themselves, and to form *amalgams* which should be confederacies of adjacent precincts. As each precinct is advised to form as many amalgams as there are precincts adjoining it, (p. 143,) it seems as if the complications among the various amalgams would be such as to require the pilotage of an exceptionally skilfull statesman in order to steer clear from shoals. Precincts should have each its own legal tender paper currency, its own conditions of citizenship, its own laws as to every class of individual rights, and should moreover be of such a size, that every adult citizen should be able to meet conveniently in one assembly, to which he should be able to travel and return therefrom in one day. How purely visionary all these theories are, will appear from the chief argument adduced in their favor, to wit : that the quiet and orderly would gather together into certain precincts, and the riotous and disorderly into others. Is it probable, is it even possible that precincts composed of rioters and disorderly persons, under no local government but of their own creation, would continue to allow the quiet and orderly, and therefore more prosperous precincts to live at peace? Would not a system of freebooting and raids into the more orderly precincts be instituted, and continue until the freebooters became the dread of all the surrounding precincts, who would be compelled in self-defence to league together and exterminate the occupants of the disorderly precincts, or reduce them to total subjection? And if the disorderly precincts were too strong to be thus reduced, what would be the state of the whole community? We have not far to look for examples. History has presented us a similar picture again and again, in the Gauls of antiquity, the Scandinavians of the north, the Highland and Border Clans of Scotland, and the Indian tribes of our own country.

In proportion as the author elevates the importance of the precinct, he seems inclined to diminish that of the nation ; so we should infer at least from several passages, especially from the following :

"Our doctrine as to the rights of a nation may be summed up thus : the sovereignty of the nation consists as to precincts, corporations, individuals and families, not in superior rights but in superior power ; but with the right of judging in doubtful cases of jurisdiction : and on the other hand, in reference to the unit above it, namely mankind, the nation has only its rights as one of the essential units—all being subject to their *peculiar* conditions of *position* and *locality*." P. 226.

On the subject of international law, however, the ideas advanced are not only original, but deserving of consideration; particularly the view taken as to the duties of nations in the matter of progress; and the suggestion that this is the real ground which justifies the interference of civilized nations in the affairs of the uncivilized and semi-civilized; because when brought into contact with more civilized nations these less civilized lose their barbarian virtues and retrograde unless they adopt higher developments and thus progress. The suggestions as to the dismemberment of nations are, nevertheless, ill-advised; and the idea that a subdivision of our own country is likely to become necessary or even expedient, will impress every reader as fraught with danger to our government and institutions. We should deeply regret to see any such view gain ground.

The latter portion of the work is devoted to the subject of Communism, with which, in all its varied forms, Roman or Protestant, the author evidently feels the strongest sympathy. The subject is acutely and thoroughly treated, and this work conveys, perhaps, a clearer idea of the general principles of Communism, than any which has been hitherto published. While we cannot agree with a large proportion of the author's theories, it is impossible not to respect the vigor and earnestness with which the subject has been undertaken, and the ability with which it is handled. We would recommend "Principia" to all who take an interest in the study of social science, confident, that while they will encounter much to startle their preconceived views, they will also find much that is highly adapted to interest, and not a little that is well calculated to instruct.

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*The Physical Basis of Immortality.* By ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL.  
12mo., pp. 324. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

The authoress makes an unfortunate admission at the outset, to the effect, that her premises are assumptions and her theory based on an hypothesis. She would do well to remember that no structure can be firmer than its foundation. Assumptions however, she appears to consider to lie at the foundation of all reasoning, or even to be identical with the process. When she says:

"We cannot see that the earth moves—we must presume that it moves." P. 31.

She assumes the non-existence of such a process as inductive reasoning. No person even "assumed" that the earth moved; and very few were willing to "believe" that it moved until the impossibility of its quiescence was clearly demonstrated by science. In like manner, when she asks "whence came the conception of immortality originally to mankind?" and hints that it was by a direct revelation of some kind or other. (P. 39.) She ignores the

fact that it is mortality and not immortality of which man would have to acquire the conception. A being conscious merely of the fact of existence would naturally suppose that existence to be without limit; the fact of mortality he would learn from experience and observation, and its applicability to himself by analogy and reason. So with the statement:

"Man himself is but a part of nature; *presumed* therefore, that the whole of nature is in essential accord. That human perception can become at one with the real and the true in the universe *we must assume*."

It would seem idle to attempt to follow the argument of a lady who bases her premises so entirely on assumptions—but were we even to admit all her postulates, it would be difficult to deduce from them any logical conclusion—nor do we find that the author herself has deduced any. Her theory, as near as we can gather it from her own words, is that every living or *sentient atom* (!) like every other unit of being, is indivisible and indestructible; and that all its modes of sentient force are definitely related to associated physical forces with which they are not interchangeable, though inherent with them in the same indestructible physical atom; and finally that the said sentient forces of the atom with the physical force with which they are associated form the immutable basis of one immortal existence. To establish this theory, however, she is rather at a loss for arguments; and at the close of the work, becomes apparently so conscious of the fact that she pathetically appeals to her readers with the inquiry:

"Does not an atom, infinitesimally small, seem too minute to be the eternal abiding place of a living consciousness?" P. 312.

It will become evident after the perusal of a very small part of this work that the author's brain has become sadly muddled between the ideas of indestructibility and immortality. The indestructibility of matter is a fact generally admitted; therefore, in the arguments adduced from chemical analysis, the elementary atoms of perfumes, turpentine—or as she spells it, *terpentine*, (p. 42)—and other substances, from which she concludes, or rather *assumes*, that:

"Every ultimate atom, sentient or unsentient, *may be* a self-centred indestructible unit of being." P. 55.

She is wasting her artillery on an undisputed fact in natural science. That the atom is indestructible is a belief inseparable from the very atomic theory. But the idea of immortality of necessity suggests something far beyond the indestructibility of the atom. It implies identity—no matter amid what material changes—in the sentient unit, simple or compound, to whom it is attributed. Let this identity be once brought to a close, and though all the material atoms which entered into the composition of the unit may and do continue to exist, it can make no claims to immortality.

We can see here the absurdity of attempting to establish the principle of immortality on an atomic basis. The reverend author appears vaguely



conscious of her helplessness in the attempt so to do, and accordingly calls in the assistance of a new series of assumptions in which she takes for granted the existence of a number of sentient atoms, molecules or systems, —she does not appear quite certain which, nor does it very greatly matter, as she has now discovered that :

"Every ultimate *atom* must therefore be regarded as a little indestructible *system*, with a highly variable and elaborate form of structure." P. 176.

Here is a discovery—that an ultimate atom possesses an elaborate structure. We shall next hear of the parts of a point, the breadth of a line and the solidity of a superficies. As it is we do hear of the *parts* of an ultimate *unit*. (P. 154.) These atoms, molecules or systems, are supposed each to constitute the basis of immortality in the sentient unit of which it forms a part. Notwithstanding the supposition that the ultimate unit contains parts and possesses an elaborate structure, we are to understand that it is still an atom ; for we are informed that :

"If atoms can be shown to exist and to persist in the midst of all changes, these atoms then become the unmistakeable basis of a personal immortality. We have only to show that there are centres of atonic force, some of whose modes of emergizing are sentient modes, and the whole case will be gained." P. 89.

The reasons which the author advances to sustain this theory lie so indiscriminately scattered through the pages of the volume, that it will require no little care and exertion to find them out. We have made the effort however, and are thereby enabled to present our readers with a brief *résumé* of the grounds on which Mrs. Blackwell bases her novel theories :

1st.—Because every ultimate atom, sentient or non-sentient, *may be* a self-centered indestructible unit of being. (P. 55.)

2d.—Because nobody can doubt that *force is force*. (P. 79.)

3d.—Because electricity pertains always to an electrified body, and heat to a heated body. (P. 86.)

4th.—Because all *force is force*. (P. 94.)

5th.—Because all *water is water*. (P. 95.)

6th.—Because *heat is always heat*. (P. 100.)

7th.—Because the outward, to every centre of forces, is away from itself.

8th.—Because every complete living organism *may have* its indwelling sentient unit of being. (P. 223.)

And lastly, because, in the author's own words :

"There can be no reason for supposing that such molecule *if it exists*, will be necessarily destroyed with the dissolution of the organism through which it becomes to us visibly incarnated." P. 224.

Such reasoning can be equaled in its conclusiveness only by the celebrated argument of the young squire in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—"Whatever is, is," &c., &c.

We doubt whether the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is ever to be established on any such physical basis, as that which the Rev. Mrs. Blackwell has seen fit to indicate, and in fact, until it can be established that the soul has a physical organization, such a basis of argument must be preposterous and unmeaning. The arguments in favor of the doctrine of the soul's immortality are numerous and to many minds conclusive; but these are based on other facts and other considerations than those which the fair divine has adduced; and we must confess we doubt whether "the physical basis of immortality" will attract a single additional disciple to her creed or one follower to her standard.

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EDUCATION.

*Select Catalogues of Schools, Seminaries, &c., &c.*

We had intended to have a brief discussion in our present number on the comparative merits, and demerits, of different classes of educational institutions under the head of "Hints to Parents and Guardians." But finding that the operation we performed three months ago on "Michigan as our model University," has placed the patient in a deplorable state of mind, we have devoted so much space, in our present number, to that particular case, that we have scarcely any left for miscellaneous work in that direction.

Everybody knows that there are a certain class of subjects that have such a horror of the lancet that on the slightest application of it to their epidermis they scream, and make such an outcry that the passer-by who happens to over-hear them is apt to think that either they have escaped from the mad-house or are fast on their way to that institution; or, what is almost as bad, that they are set upon by some lion, tiger or gorilla, who is just about to lunch on their carcasses.

Happily, or perhaps unhappily for ourselves, we do not belong to that hardened class of surgeons who could behold such a state of things unmoved. Accordingly, although we see nothing very alarming in the symptoms—nothing incompatible with a favorable issue—remote though it may be—we have thought it advisable, upon the whole, to administer sedatives and anodynes, and to subject the patient to the full antiphlogistic course. All this requires time, and the necessary prescriptions require space.

We trust, therefore, that we shall be excused for postponing all discussions of a delicate nature until September, when we hope to be able to show that however numerous are our defective institutions, we have a sufficient

number of the best class to enable all who have the intelligence, the good sense, the wish and the means, to avail themselves of them, to do so without much trouble or loss of time.

Mentioning to some of our educational friends that we intended to have some "Hints" in the present number, one responded by sending us a well written sketch which we shall take pleasure in presenting to our readers, only premising that it is the contribution of a lady who is enviably distinguished both as an educator and an author—as the head of one of the best schools for young ladies on the Hudson, and as the author of two of the best books published for some time by the Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Speaking of "Hints to Parents and Guardians" recalls to mind the remark of Addison: "What sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul." But where is the marble? Is it in the young lady whose father, when he places her in school, says: "I do not want you to be hard on my daughter, so let her study only when she feels like it." Or is there too much marble in the child of ten years, whose father leaves it to her judgment to decide whether she shall, or shall not do a thing? And is not there some truth in the remark of a plain man: "It seems to me they educate all the common sense out of scholars now-a-days?"

Many of us remember taking our dinner baskets in the morning, and walking a mile or more to school, having only an hour's recess at noon, and being dismissed at five in the afternoon. The heat and rains of summer, the cold and snows of winter were never thought of as an excuse for staying home. Our only holiday was Saturday afternoon. The word vacation, was not then in the teacher's or scholar's vocabulary. As time progressed, parents became more tender-hearted, and book makers came to their aid, making things so easy that the scholars could understand without an effort. Mother Goose was discarded as being too intricate, and scientific baby-books took its place. The next progressive step was in the year itself. Those who had learned that there were four quarters in a year, had to learn that there were five, and that one of these five quarters was to be reserved for vacation. While this fifth quarter was revolving with its fellows and trying to preserve its equilibrium, the young ideas shot forth in all directions and were soon bewildered with the multiplicity of studies, sciences, arts, accomplishments, and impressed with the notion that everything was to be learned, everything done, and all the accomplishments mastered by every individual pupil. It was now, as a flock of Strasbourg geese was looming in the distance, that the new word, "crammed," was coined.

But that was not the worst of it. The constant and intense application to study, the carrying of so many books, now began to tell on the health, and generated a new disease called softening of the brain. Parents, without stopping to inquire whether it was the books carried or the books studied; or whether more strength and endurance were required for walking to and from school every day, than for dancing at a party four or five hours in a

heated room ; jumped to the conclusion that more relaxation from the pupil's arduous duties was needed ; and so a day or two in each week, or at least an hour or so, every now and then, was taken from their attendance at school to accommodate the dress-maker, or the dentist, or the photographer, or an occasional visitor, as preventives to softening of the brain. But whether this disease is worse than a brain containing only scraps of knowledge, or honey-combed with gaps, which the plastering of a lifetime will hardly be able to fill up, may be very much questioned. The result of such training was admirably caricatured in one of our late papers. A fond husband was presenting some refreshments to his wife, who was exhausted because she had held up her parasol during a drive !

No, if there is ever to be any more marble, it must be begun in the home training. Education may be classed under two heads : the moral and the intellectual, and if these are properly attended to, it is safe to predict that the body will be healthy. Children should, first of all, be taught obedience, self-control, habits of order and industry, truth, integrity, civility ; and encouraged to endure the little hardships of childhood, instead of being spared every exertion of mind and body. These qualities are not imparted by instruction—they are taught, imbibed by example. The child becomes interested in what interests others ; it instinctively respects and reverences what it sees others respect and reverence. Thus the home and the associates are the moral educators. The intellectual education consists in imparting information by a teacher ; and if he is expected, not only to instruct the pupil but to help him to form habits of order, industry, application, and to beget a love for study, in the five hours a day, five days in a week, the least a parent can be expected to do is to see to it, that his child is in school every hour of that time—then, too, may he rest assured that such constant attendance will prove more healthy to the morals, the body and mind of his child than all the amusements, relaxations, and medicines that could possibly be given.

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BELLES LETTRES.

*Le Bluet.* Par GUSTAVE HALLER. Préface de George Sand. 18mo.  
pp. 233. Paris. Colman Lévy. 1876.

Any work which is connected by even the slightest association with the name of the illustrious romancer, whose decease the literary world has so lately had occasion to mourn, must, at the present time, possess an especial interest. This story is connected with Madame Dudevant by a simple preface only ; but a preface which indicates so strong a sympathy between the minds of the authors that we feel instinctively that in *Le Bluet* we have the

work of a kindred spirit, perhaps of the same sex, as the preface strongly intimates; in any event every reader will coincide in the opinion therein expressed, that

"Le public encouragera ce remarquable essai d'un homme excessivement délicat, ou d'une femme très fortement douée." P. iii.

There are passages in the work which, it would seem, could have emanated from the pen of a woman alone; for instance, Renée's account of the commencement of her attachment.

"On ne raconte pas comment une existence s'altère peu à peu, et s'efface enfin. Par une belle matinée le soleil se lève, brille et monte dans le ciel bleu; puis un nuage vient. Le soleil s'obscurcit, les oiseaux se taisent, les plantes s'inclinent, et toute la poésie de la nature s'éteint dans les larmes du ciel. Rien ne ranimera cette même matinée. Le lendemain le soleil se lèvera encore mais ce sera sur une autre scène. Là on devine la femme et la vie; elle n'a qu'un jour, celui où elle aime. Tant pis si ce jour est sombre." P. 77.

The delicate beauty of this passage will recall George Sand's own writings; but the readers will miss the masculine energy which characterizes her works. The characters, with the exception, perhaps, of the Russian Count, who plays a secondary part in the story—are all of a type essentially feminine. We appear to recognize a woman's pen in the character of Augusta—her frivolous instincts and strong passions, as well as in the element of cunning, under-lying them all. We find it still more strongly in the scene in which she manifests her love of admiration, and idolatry of her own beauty—a sentiment more powerful than pride of birth or social position, as she is willing to sacrifice the latter to her affection but not the former—eliciting from her lover the reproof:

"Vous m'aimez plus que votre noblesse, mais moins que votre beauté." P. 70.

It appears as distinctly in the charming portrait of Renée—frank, unconventional, noble in all her instincts—throwing her whole soul into her friendship as well as into her love. The feminine hand is still more evident in the heroes than in the heroines—Franz Tillman is one of those exceptional natures—a man with a woman's soul. He has no mercy for the woman that he loves; but he takes to his bed on the discovery that she is unworthy of his esteem, and dies of a broken heart, because misjudged by his friends. The Count Maksinski is almost equally feminine in all his characteristics. In fact, in strength of character, both heroes decidedly yield to the heroines—a strong proof that they are the creations of a female brain.

*Le Bluet* is in fact not so much a tale of real life as a poem, an idyl, a fantasy. There is little probability in either the incidents or the characters; yet it possesses a singular charm in the simple and touching style of the narrative which not unfrequently recalls the writings of Charles Deslys. It is a work which no one will read with indifference; and in so gracefully introducing it to the public, Madame Dudevant will be felt to have added to the debt of gratitude with which, notwithstanding the moral eccentricities of her early works, readers of sentiment and refinement are disposed to regard her memory.

*Three Girls of the Revolution.* 18mo., pp. 424. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 1876.

It is not often that we are called upon to review productions of a juvenile character; but the work before us possesses merit sufficient to render it interesting to adults as well as instructive to children. It is a simple but graphic picture of American rural life as it existed a century ago. The scene is laid in New Jersey, which, during the period of our struggle for independence, was the theatre of some of the most stirring events of the war. Few of them are, however, depicted if we except an animated account of the battle of Princeton, introduced in the form of a letter. What we have principally to deal with are the experiences of the non-combatants—the aged men, women and children who remained at home unprotected, while their husbands, sons and brothers were fighting the battles of their country; and who were, again and again, not only plundered, but turned ruthlessly out into the cold winter nights by marauding parties of British soldiers. The atrocities of the British in New Jersey are related with a simplicity and minuteness which would seem almost like the narrative of an eye witness; they are undoubtedly fragments of family tradition handed down by the descendants of those who were partakers of the sufferings described.

These scenes are, however, not of sufficiently frequent occurrence to cast a gloom over the general cheerfulness of the narrative. On the other hand, we find many graphic pictures of the old colonial life as it existed among the middle and lower classes in the last century. The journeyings on horseback, the girls in short gowns and mobcaps, the families who spun all their clothing, table linen and other domestic articles; whose most precious treasures were "those silver spoons and forks," and whose living room was the large, cheerful kitchen, the parlors being only for ministers or lawyers in court week—are all described with a minuteness which would seem as of to-day but for the quaintness of the life portrayed.

Although the scene of the story is laid in New Jersey, we strongly suspect the work to have emanated from a New England pen. This we infer, not only from certain peculiarities of diction, but from the general type of the character delineated in which we recognize the unflinching endurance, the determination, the stern principle and the unfaltering conscientiousness which pre-eminently characterized the women of that section of our country during the revolution.

The three little heroines are each skilfully portrayed. The post of honor belongs unquestionably to Polly Diamant, who, brave, single-hearted and unselfish, is powerfully contrasted with the clever, but conceited, Dorcas, and the timorous but conscientious Kerenhappuch. The subordinate characters, though numerous, are all clearly individualized.

We are glad to find works of this character coming from the Sunday-School press. Regard for literary merit, and attention to the intellectual as

well as the moral and religious character of the *pabulum* which is provided for the minds of the young readers, indicate a decided advance beyond the old time-honored standard of Sunday-School literature, and one which we trust may not be without its fruits.

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*The Hunting of the Snark. An Agony in eight Fits.* By HENRY HOLLIDAY.  
18mo., pp. 83. London: MacMillan & Co. 1876.

To those who find something extremely comical in pure, unadulterated nonsense, an entire absence of meaning, and an abundant sprinkling of the article commonly known as gibberish, this *Agony* will be exactly suited; but for anything like wit, humor or even the humble ingredient which children call *fun*, the reader may look in vain. We have tried hard to discover some latent jest or satire in the Snark, the Jubjub, the Banderclatch, the man called Hi who does not know his own name, the Boojum, the talking Beaver and the chart which is a "perfect absolute blank," (p. 16,) as well as in the captain who swings a bell for a signal, mixes up the rudder and the bowsprit, and orders the helm put "starboard with the head to larboard"—but the humor is altogether too recondite for ordinary mortals to appreciate.

Our author, it is true, appears to find something irresistibly comic in the use of the word "frumious," which occurs perpetually *à propos* of everything and nothing; but the process by which the word is evolved and the humor pertaining to its evolution, remain as great a mystery as the nature of the "Snark" itself, to which no clue is given beyond the picture of a gigantic and spectral face dimly visible in a grove of dead wood. This is, by the way, the most intelligible of the numerous illustrations with which this "agony" is adorned? Gigantic heads with no perceptible bodies, a general disregard of perspective, a total absence of subject—these are their general characteristics.

We cannot even concede to this twaddle the merit of originality. Various efforts of a similar nature were made in earlier centuries of which some few specimens have been transmitted for our edification; but being in reality the compositions of clever men, they possessed at least one element of humor in that the nonsense they contained had a certain appearance of sense, and the reader found himself continually on the verge of an idea, and was moved to laughter by the ingenuity with which it was eluded. So with the unpretending rhymes which amused our childhood. Notwithstanding their absurdity, they always presented some idea; and the ridiculousness of the images suggested was at least calculated to provoke laughter, however devoid of anything like wit. Here, however, we have nothing of the kind. We have over eighty pages of the most dreary verbiage, not one word of



which is likely to elicit a smile from the youngest and most infantile reader. It is in fact more akin to the lucubrations of a madman than to the productions of an author in his senses; but even the madman generally starts with some idea even though his mind may not possess the continuity to retain it.

We are at a loss to divine the object of the author in giving all this insanity to the world, or of the publisher in fathering it, unless he be remunerated therefor by the author himself in his desire to see in print the production—we can hardly say of his brain—but of whatever substitute therefor is adopted to the development of such an emanation. If the object be to amuse, it fails most signally, for nothing can be more melancholy than an unsuccessful attempt to be funny; and if it be to make money, we see little prospect of success, for a glance at the pages of the work is sufficient to deter any reader from its purchase or perusal. The best advice we can offer to the poet is to emulate the example of his hero Hi—and disappear from the realms of literature as that individual is supposed to have done from the rocks where he caught sight of the Boojum.

*Songs of Religion and Life.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. 18mo., pp. 242  
Scribner, Armstrong & Co. New York. 1876.

If by a *song* we are to understand something to be *sung*, there never was a title more glaringly misapplied than in the present instance. Not one of these effusions could be *sung*. Some portions of them are even in blank verse or in rhyming hexameters, and in almost every instance the metre is such as it would puzzle the most cunning composer to set to music, and the versification of a nature which the sweetest-toned artist would find it a herculean task to render mellifluous. Even the rhymes, or what are intended for such, are simply distracting to any one with an ear. Such combinations as "moonlight" and "noonlight," "river" and "ever," "ample" and "temple," "forth" and "birth," "don't" and "comte," are simple curiosities, but a strong remonstrance is demanded when the poet undertakes to give the sanction of print to the vilest vulgarisms of pronunciation, as in the following lines:

" For love and life and all the course  
Of lovely, shifting *nature*,  
Are but the play of one wise Force  
Which Moses called *Creator*."

From which we must infer that our poet's idea of the pronunciation of the last word in the second line is *natur*. If "religion" means any definite opinion on any conceivable subject, the title is far from the truth. The

author's only distinct idea, as far as we can gather, is that he has no opinions. He addresses a hymn to a "God of Glee," of whom he seems to consider himself at liberty to dispose at his own sweet will as he asks him (*passim*),

"Shall I set thee on a throne?  
Shall I lodge thee in a tomb?"  
"Shall I set thee on a steeple?"  
"Wilt thou sleep in death with me?"  
"Shalt thou be a horse to ride,  
For the pranks of human pride?"

and in conclusion,

"Shall I be the one pet lamb,  
Of the terrible I Am?"—p. 63.

As the author informs us that he "holds one God, but many forms divine," (p. 95) we confess ourselves at a loss to comprehend to which category this "God of Glee" is supposed to belong. This last assertion occurs in a poem addressed to the Trimarti, in which he discovers a good deal of divinity in Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. Another of these "forms divine" is Socrates whom he introduces in familiar conversation with St. Paul, and to whom he addresses the pious invocation,

"Sancte Socrate, ora pro nobis!"—p. 96.

We are sorry to remark in a poem which is intended to be of the most touching character—that entitled *A Dirge*, the poet, in the midst of his philosophic raptures, plunges into very unphilosophical and unpoetical "slang,"—*ecce signum!*

"Oh my *lean eyes!* she's hid, she's hid forever,  
Deep, deep with mystery and with God!"—p. 220.

But the crowning gem of this collection is an enthusiastic effusion addressed to the Frogs.(!) This production, we are informed in a foot-note, was suggested by some remarkably sweet music which the author heard while residing at the water-cure establishment (which was probably a wise precaution) and which he ascertained to proceed from a chorus of *green frogs*. He accordingly commences:

"Brekikikex, coax, coax! O, happy, happy frogs!  
How sweet ye sing!"

And proceeds with a rapturous eulogy from which it would appear that the happiest state of existence is that of a frog, inasmuch as

"Little frogs with paddling foot  
Can sing when gods and kings dispute,  
And little bards can strum the lute  
Around the croaking nation."

With brekkikikex, coax, coax! O, happy, happy frogs!"—p. 181.

This poem really rivals in sublimity the celebrated *Ode* of Mrs. Leo. Hunter. We tender the poet our sincerest sympathies that he cannot, as he so pathetically expresses the desire,

" Always sing  
Around the green pond's reedy ring  
With you, ye boggy muses!"—p. 182.

And would suggest, in taking leave of him, that he meditate awhile on certain of his own lines which have this advantage over the majority of his productions, that they contain an idea which is not only perfectly intelligible, but which is if possible still rarer—remarkably just,

" What thing am I,  
To soar so high,  
Such proud conceits to cherish?"—p. 106.

What, indeed?

*The Coming Race.* By LORD LYTTON, 16mo., pp. 209. New York: Harper Brothers. 1875.

If this work be really from the pen of the late Lord Lytton, it will go far to confirm a suspicion which had already gained considerable ground in his lifetime, namely, that spiritualism and the study of social philosophy had decidedly affected his mind. If it were not very easy to divine what he intended in the *Strange Story* and *Kenelm Chillingly*, the question becomes impossible to solve in *The Coming Race*, which is simply a host of reminiscences of *Gulliver's Travels* and Jules Verne, with a considerable dose of Baron Munchausen, and a slight infusion of Max Müller, to whom it is dedicated in tribute of respect and admiration. Swift, it is true, made his imaginary voyages the vehicle of the most trenchant satire and the most profound philosophy. Verne, if he goes to the very limits of probability, is logical and scientific, and conveys a great amount of valuable information in the recital of his hero's marvellous experience. Munchausen was a clever burlesque. But if burlesque be here intended, it is most marvellously disguised under a very serious dress. The satire, if there be any, is utterly unappreciable; and the information conveyed through the medium of this wonderful production is simply *nil*—to say nothing of the physical impossibilities and contradictions which beset the reader at every step of the way—unlike the French author, in whom, if we once concede the point from which he starts, the rest of the narrative follows in perfectly logical sequence.

This *Coming Race* of Lord Lytton's is a race dwelling in the bowels of the earth—a race of human and, the author adds, Aryan origin, whose ancestors took refuge in these caverns at the time of the universal deluge,

\* Ode to an Expiring Frog.—*Pickwick Papers*.

and have propagated a generation akin to the Antediluvians. How they manage to breathe in the absence of an atmosphere we are not informed, nor how the unfortunate miner who contrives to tumble among them retains his health and perceptions. In other respects they appear to be well provided. They have streets and houses, gas lamps and gardens—though the color of their vegetation is “not green, but rather of a dull leaden hue or of a golden red,” p. 12. Their houses have elevators like our hotels and stores; and they have artificial wings with which they amuse themselves by flying, not in the air, but in whatever medium may be supposed to fill the recesses of the earth. They have birds that sing without the aid of an atmosphere; and brilliant colored flowers without the assistance of a sun. But their most wonderful possession appears to be the *vril*, which the author explains is a subtle fluid which represents

“The unity in natural energetic agencies, which has been conjectured by many philosophers above ground.” p. 36.

This “*Vril*” is so important a bond between the communities of the *Coming Race* that the word A-*Vril*—can the author notice any sly allusion to *poisson d'avril*?—is synonymous with civilization.

The ladies of this race are larger, stronger and more beautiful than the males, and are the philosophers of the race, and moreover do all the courting. Woman's rights are recognized to an extent which would delight our petticoated reformers. As, however, they are more skilled in the use of the *vril*, and can put an end to refractory husbands when they please, the privileges what they enjoy are not surprising.

Let not the reader imagine, however, that, with all its marvellous imaginings, the work is in the least entertaining or instructive. On the contrary, it is, we regret to say, both dull and silly.

What can be more futile, for instance, than a chapter devoted to the language of this imaginary race, its roots, its combinations, its grammar, its declensions, even the mispronunciations to which it is subjected? Philological disquisitions on a fictitious language! Is this really a burlesque or serious earnest?

“*Zu*, pronounced zoo (which in their language is one letter) is the ordinary prefix to words that signify something that attracts, pleases, touches the heart—as *zummar*, lover; *zutze*, love; *zuzulia*, delight. This indrawn sound of *Z* seems indeed naturally applicable to fondness. Thus even in our language, mothers say to their babes, in defiance of *grammar* (*sic*) “Zoo darling!” and I have heard a learned professor at Boston call his wife (he had been only married a month) “Zoo little pet.”

Is this sarcasm, philology or pure babyism? Other parts of the book are in like manner taken up with discussions of the religion of this subterranean race, its political economy and its advancement in the arts and sciences; the phrenological development of the people and their physiological conformation, the principal feature of which is that, while the men are beardless, the women in old age sometimes develope, or *develop* as the Harpers put it, a

small moustache ! We begin after a time to obtain a glimmering of what may be the author's idea, namely, to convey, as if in a parable, the theory that the perfection of a race would be secured by the extinction of all passions, ambitions, and even tastes ; and that to be without literature indicates the perfection of wisdom ; and that those are the most perfect beings who have no events to chronicle, and of whom no more can be said than that " they were born, they were happy, they died." (p. 113.) We cannot, however, imagine any reason for his elaborate description of imaginary animals and plants with which we are regaled, unless he gravely contemplates the infliction of a new moon hoax upon his readers ; nor can we comprehend what is his idea of describing the funeral ceremonies of his imaginary race, unless he proposes to convey an argument in favor of cremation.

We had well nigh forgotten the most important feature of all this remarkable production. It is the announcement that the Coming Race is ultimately destined to return to the upper world and supplant all the inferior races now existing therein. p. 89.

The more carefully we peruse this book, the more thoroughly are we convinced that Lord Lytton wrote it not in satire or burlesque, but in good sober earnest ; not exactly intending it to be believed, but as an exercise for his own imagination or rather fancy—a harmless recreation perhaps for himself, but simply disgusting when offered to the world as a serious and earnest performance.

Poor Lord Lytton ! If he really intended this only as an indulgence of his own fancy, or an exercise of ingenuity for his own diversion, or if, as we are half inclined to suspect, his brain was sufficiently disordered to find relief in these monstrous and morbid creations, what a cruel act it was to publish it after his death, and furnish a fresh proof of the deterioration of an intellect which was once as a magician's wand potent to charm millions.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Summer Excursions, via Erie Railway, for the Season of 1876. An Illustrated Descriptive List of the principal Pleasure Resorts of America, showing how to reach them, and at what Expense of Time and Money.* 16mo., pp. —

Many an octavo volume of high pretensions reaches our table, which does not contain half so much that is interesting or suggestive as this slender brochure. We are quite aware that at first sight this would seem an exaggerated estimate; so it would be, did we speak of the tiny publication for any merits, whether literary, scientific or artistic, which it possesses *per se*; although it fully accomplishes all it promises on its title page, which is a great deal more than could be said of three-fourths of the pretentious, ponderous works published at the present day. But it is as a sort of table of contents to a highly, picturesque, beautiful and attractive fragment, or rather series of fragments, of the noblest of works—the book of nature—that we appreciate and welcome it.

The lover of art who has visited any of the great galleries of Paris or Florence, Dresden or Munich, and has availed himself of a descriptive or illustrated catalogue will readily understand this. Although he found the catalogue very useful while passing from one gallery to another, with the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the great masters in view, it was not until he was hundreds or perhaps thousands of miles distant from the gallery—when years had elapsed since his visit—that he was capable of appreciating it at its full value. Looking over it then in the solitude of his chamber, how many descriptions in it, however curt and imperfect, recall each a train of thought worth costly volumes, by itself. Again, there are hundreds who never could have imagined what exquisite pleasure is to be derived from æsthetic studies had their attention not been accidentally directed to them by some unpretending hand-book or catalogue, the cost of which, if anything, was but nominal.

But we have to do here with works which cast into the shade even those of Angelo and Rafaele, Canova and Titian, Guido and Correggio. The greatest of those renowned masters can claim no more than to imitate nature—at best to approach her—never to equal her, especially in her

wild grandeur and sublimity. And where on earth are there grander scenes than some of those to which the reader's attention is invited in this little book? Those scenes are, indeed, not described in it, although their description is honestly attempted in most instances. It would be, not only credulous, but absurd to expect that the compiler of an unpretending hand-book, could present faithful pen-pictures of scenes which have baffled the genius and cunning of the greatest poets and artists, whose privilege it has been to see them.

Who, for example, has described, or can describe Niagara Falls? Who has described even Terrace Falls, Glen Onoko? Nay, has any of our poets or artists given a true picture of Trenton Falls? And we are also reminded by the Erie brochure of the Lehigh Gap; of Mauch Chunk Mountain; of Mount Pisgah Plane, Mauch Chunk, &c. &c.; to none of which can the pleasure-seeking tourist, or lover of nature—especially of nature as improved by art, and rendered subservient to the purposes of civilization—be indifferent.

In short, there are none that have any appreciation of natural scenery in its wildest, boldest, and most picturesque features; who, no matter how much they have travelled in Europe or America, would not rather travel on it than on almost any other road on which are situated an equal number of popular cities and towns. Nor is it preferred by many merely for the variety and beauty of its landscapes. Not a few travel on it for no other purpose than to seek recreation and health among its breezy hills, its shady groves, its rich well stocked pastures—not to mention its magnificent lakes and rivers.

We learn from the little book before us that there is now a close alliance between the Erie and different other roads, each of which presents to the tourist many attractive scenes. This is particularly true of the Lehigh Valley, which, in proportion to its length, has more places of interest than any other road in this country. Lehigh Gap, where the river forces itself through the Blue mountains, is really worth going a day's journey to see it; although it is hardly more attractive, or more a curiosity, than Mauch Chunk, Mount Carmel, and several other places on the same road, which also enjoys the honorable distinction of being one of the best managed in the United States.

This reminds us of the present management of the Erie, as compared to that of former years. Our readers may remember that while it was in the hands of Fiske and Gould, we never spoke of it in any other language than that of criticism—generally severe censure—whereas we had often deemed it our duty to commend the management of more than one of their



predecessors. It is in the same really impartial spirit that we now bear testimony, from careful personal observation, to the judicious, enlightened and liberal manner in which the Erie has been managed during the past three years—so that the road has exhibited decided improvement during that time, in every essential respect, except in enriching itself, or even requiring itself at the expense of the public, for the good it does.

But we feel that we should not close even this hurried glance at "Summer Excursions" without at least alluding to some of the summer resorts of which the little book so-called reminds us. There are several on the line of the Erie which possess many advantages; there is no reason, however, why we should confine our passing remarks to those situated immediately on that road, or in its vicinity. But we are reminded at the outset how prone man is to overlook the attractions that are almost at his door, to go long distances in search of those that are pretty certain to prove inferior. Although New Yorkers are almost ubiquitous—one meets with them everywhere—in every part of Europe as well as of America; although no foreign pleasure-seekers are more likely to be met with at St. Petersburg or Constantinople, at Cairo or Tunis, yet there are some charming spots almost within gun-shot of their own beloved, though ill-governed, heavily-taxed city, of which not more than one out of five thousand of them seem to know anything whatever.

This is true, for example, of West Rutherford Park, N. J., on the Erie road, only ten miles from New York. Here is a place fitted up in every essential respect for a summer resort. With its stately forest trees, its umbrageous groves, its fairy bowers, its bright sparkling river—the Passaic—gliding on with a half suppressed murmur, within a stone throw of the hotel, it seems as if Nature had intended it as a place of delightful repose from the cares and anxieties of life. The rides and drives, in every direction, are as diversified and beautiful as if they had been planned and adorned for the purpose. On one side of the hotel, at respectful distance, one sees the gardener, with his assistants, cherishing with anxious care and cunning skill, every plant that can adorn the table, or gratify the palate; on the other side the large Alderney cows with distended udders low eagerly morning and evening, as if to call the milkman, or chide him for his tardy coming; on every side—at all hours during the day—an almost endless variety of birds make the air vocal with songs as multifarious as their species.

Yet, although the facilities for reaching West Rutherford are unsurpassed,—every train on the Erie road stopping opposite the hotel—only a comparatively small, but select number avail themselves of its advantages and at-

tractions—scarcely enough to requite the present spirited proprietors, for their incessant efforts to contribute to the comfort and well-being of their guests.

We presume we need hardly say that we have no other interest in inviting attention to this place than the wish to afford others an opportunity of being as comfortable, and well satisfied, near New York, as we are ourselves. We certainly do not do so for any lack of refined, interesting society at the hotel, for among its permanent guests are ladies and gentlemen of the highest culture, and of the most unquestionable social position—a fact which would be readily admitted by our readers, did we deem it proper to mention the names of private individuals—especially ladies—thus publicly, without their permission.

We had intended to give our impressions in brief of several summer resorts which we have visited from time to time, in our peregrinations, and found attractive and agreeable; but we have now so little space left in this department, that we can do little more than mention the names of two or three.

Our readers are aware that it is not our habit to offer them information on subjects of any kind, with which they are already sufficiently familiar. Nor shall we pursue any different course in the present instance; we will indicate only those resorts which are comparatively new as such, and which deserve to attain a rank second to none in the country.

This is emphatically true, for instance, of Prospect Park Hotel at Catskill, N. Y., with its fine, commodious, elegant buildings; its extensive well-shaded grounds; its high elevation overlooking the Hudson, and above all, its almost Alpine scenery; its upper windows commanding views of as grand, romantic and beautiful scenery, as it has been our privilege to admire in any part of the world. Excellently managed, as the Prospect Park Hotel is, we know no place on the noble Hudson, among its mountains or its dells, which we could more confidently recommend to those seeking all the comforts and attractions that can be combined with pure, healthy mountain air.

Another resort which deserves to be much more widely known, is Dr. Fulmer's High Falls Hotel on the Delaware river, at Dingman's Ferry, Pike county, Pa., in the midst of as wild, picturesque and grand scenery, as the most exacting, yet most fastidious, lover of the wierd and beautiful in nature, can desire.

We can only mention one other place here, namely, Maplewood Hall, at Pittsfield, Mass. The Hall and its extensive, beautiful, finely-shaded

grounds, are famous in all parts of the United States, as those of one of the best schools for young ladies even in Massachusetts. Two years ago we spent some time ourselves at the Hall, during vacation; and it affords us pleasure to bear testimony that nowhere have we been more fully satisfied either with the table, with the rooms, with the grounds, with the general management, or—what is not to be overlooked—with the guests.

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*Treatise on City Travel, with a Solution of Rapid Transit. Speer's Plan of an Endless Train for Rapid Through Transit of Passengers without stops, &c., &c.* By ALFRED SPEER.

The title of this pamphlet seems rather ambitious, but the plan which it advocates and describes, has at least the merit of being an ingenious one. We cannot undertake to say that it is practicable, but we readily admit that we have seen no other plan that appears to us to combine so many advantages, or to embrace so many features which would be likely to give general satisfaction to the public.

Nor have we arrived at this conclusion from merely reading the pamphlet before us, although it not only contains a lucid and graphic description of the Mr. Speer's plan, in all its ramifications, but is illustrated by skilfully executed diagrams and maps. An esteemed friend who called our attention to the project induced us to accompany him to the rooms of the inventor, who politely showed and explained to us his model, operated by machinery, so as to exhibit to the observer even the minutest details—how the passengers are to sit on the continuous train while in motion, how they are to get off, &c.

Most cheerfully do we bear testimony, that let the result of the contrivance prove what it may, a more interesting net-work of machinery—each part performing its functions with the precision of clock-work—it has seldom, if ever, been our privilege to examine.

We might proceed to make some observations on the different kinds of cars, how they are operated, their relations to the whole endless train, &c. ; but we think the brief space which we have now left will be occupied to better purpose by an extract or two from the inventor's description. The following, although only a fragment, will give the intelligent reader a tolerably definite idea of the essential features of the plan :

"The nature of this plan may be described as consisting in an endless, perpetually and rapidly moving train or series of light platform cars, 8 feet wide and 30 feet long, the flooring to be with semi-circular ends, one fitting in the other similar to a rule-joint, by which they are closely coupled together ; thus preventing any open joints between the cars when turning curves.

"The underneath frame-work of the two ends that come together are made to lap so that they both rest on one truck, thus facilitating the turning of curves, and requiring but one truck to each car section of 30 feet.

"The train when complete will be endless, and is to cover the track on the whole route, up one side of the street, around a curve, and down the other side ; or up one street, and down another ; forming an endless belt of cars.

"Suitable drawing-rooms (or enclosures) 6 feet wide are to be erected on the outer part of the train ; which will leave a space of 2 feet on the inner part of the train not enclosed for the use and free passage of the transfer car. The drawing-rooms, or enclosed cars, will be in groups of eight or nine cars together, and these groups will be one-eighth of a mile apart, or the distance of three blocks."

We confess we found it difficult, at the outset, to understand how people could step on a train going at full speed, as easily and as safely as if passing into a store in Broadway, but Mr. Speer illustrated the fact for us by means of his machinery in a manner at once satisfactory and interesting. How the almost incredible feat can be accomplished he explains in his pamphlet as follows :

"The facilities to be provided for passengers to get on and off the train without stopping it are simply by means of these transfer seats or cars, that can be made to start or stop at the will of the conductors who have them in charge. This is done by friction breaks, which may be applied to the wheels resting on the permanent track to bring it to a stop ; or to the wheels on the train to bring it in motion. When the transfer car has acquired the same motion as the train it is then as much a part of the train as a settee on a deck is a part of a steamboat. Passengers then step out of the transfer car on the train station, and take their place in one of the drawing-rooms or other places on the train. At the same time others may wish to get off the train, having assembled at the train station, get in the transfer car, and the conductor by reversing the breaks, causes the train to drop the transfer car behind, which gradually slackens its speed until it comes to a stop at the next fixed station, where it again exchanges passengers ; and by another reverse movement of the break-handle it starts off very slowly at first, gradually accelerating in speed until in a few seconds a train station overtakes it and has acquired the speed of the train, and is a fixture to it as before."

*A collection of Standard Anthems and Choruses, to which is prefixed a method for teaching the art of singing in chorus with taste and expression.* By A. N. JOHNSON. Pp. 335. New York: S. T. Gordon & Son. 1876.

The distinguishing feature of this work is the method, which is original, and calculated to be of service in the drilling of amateur choirs. The method is by what are called "words of command," which are to be studied by the choristers, so that they may know how to fulfill them at the order of the leader. The words of command are well defined and easily comprehended; but some of them seem rather long for the convenience of a leader—such for instance the command, "according to the rule of repeated words reversed," (p. 5,) and "the repeat in alternate choirs changing the position," (p. 7,) and several others. It would facilitate the labors both of leader and choristers to have chosen a single word or a sentence of not more than three words to express the idea. The rule for acquiring the principles of time and power is a very simple and good one. It is—

"To sing so that if listeners should describe the singing, they would be *sure* to give the definition of the word of command. For example, if 'Largo' is called for, the singers must sing so that listeners will be *sure* to say that they sang *very slow*; if 'Allegro' is called for, they must sing so that listeners will be *sure* to say that they sang *fast*—and so on." P.\*6.

The rules for the cultivation of the voice are also good, and easily comprehended; though we doubt the practical efficacy of the exercises for practising the letter sounds, namely by repeating or singing one whole line of a tune with a single letter or syllabic sound as *Ba, Pa, Ma*. It seems to us that the effect of such a system of practice might prove too ludicrous for the gravity of the young people who usually compose amateur choirs, and might thus materially impede their proficiency.

The system of drill exercises is good, and the tunes seem well adapted for such drilling. Here our commendation of the collection must end; for the tunes, with the exception of a few familiar favorites, are generally monotonous and deficient in melody. We find, however, certain adaptations from the great masters, such as the "Inflammatus" of Rossini, on page 75, and the "Hallelujah Chorus," on page 116. We think upon the whole that the work is better calculated for the training of choirs than for actual use in public worship, although we observe that some good judges recommend it for the latter purpose also.

*Seventeenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department  
of the State of New York.*

We cannot say that we are much surprised at the melancholy record presented by the Superintendent. We are told that the number of companies has decreased, fewer policies have been issued, and, owing to innumerable cancellations, the total amount of insurance has vastly diminished. The decrease in the number of companies is not perhaps a subject of regret; certainly not, if all whose names have disappeared from the report, belong to the first of the three classes enumerated in our December number. Of this class it is rather unfortunate that so many still remain; for, as long so they continue, the power which they exercise is for evil and not for good; and the longer they last the more extensive will be the suffering experienced when the inevitable crisis for which they are paving the way arrives.

It may appear somewhat strange that while there is so general a falling off in the business of life insurance, the amount of gross assets returned should have increased beyond those of the preceding year to an amount exceeding fifteen millions. This is, of course, balanced to a certain extent by a corresponding increase of over thirteen millions in the liabilities; but there still remains the apparently favorable circumstance of a two million increase of net assets; and this while the aggregate amount of income received by the companies has fallen off seven millions, and there is a decrease of over twenty-two millions in the amount insured.

When we remember the manner in which what are called "gross assets" are in too many instances made up, the apparent increase is very easily explained. In the first place, there appears in almost every report a certain class of assets for whose genuineness we have no means of vouching beyond the statement of the company. Such are the items "cash in bank," "cash in principal office," "agents ledger balances," "money in hands of agents," and so forth. When the return of any company shows a large proportion of such items as these, as compared with other assets, its

responsibility may very reasonably be questioned. In like manner we should, in general, look with doubt on all such items as "deferred and unpaid premiums," "interest accrued but not due," which represent nothing but *debts* that may or may not be collectible, and that have no bearing on the question of the *present* ability of a company to meet the claims against it. Still more doubtful is the item "premium notes, loans or liens on policies in force." These, for the most part, are notes received in part payment of premiums, and are not only never paid but are very often never expected to be paid, except out of the dividends declared by the company to the holders of mutual policies. We do not mean to deny that all companies, even the best, return a certain number of these assets; nor to claim that their existence in the return is in itself any ground of suspicion as to the solvency of a company. But the test to be applied, and from which no really genuine company would be likely to shrink, is the question whether independently of these items, there remains a sufficient surplus after balancing the liabilities with the assets of whose sufficiency there can be no doubt.

That there are companies which are fully capable of standing this test, or any other fair one, it will afford us pleasure to show before we close; nor shall we have much trouble in doing so. Indeed, there are few, if any, in the habit of reading these pages who need to be reminded of the life companies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Newark, &c., which are abundantly able to fulfill all their engagements, and—what is more and better—which need no coercive laws to induce them to do so.

Applying the test to some of the other companies whose returns lie before us, let us see what prospect they hold out to policy-holders of the security of their investments. We need not make a very profound investigation into the affairs of the American Popular, as on the face of the record its capital stock appears impaired to an amount exceeding one hundred thousand dollars. But a further inspection shows that more than half of its gross assets are made up of precisely such items as those of which we have just spoken; and that the amount of these assets is more than double the surplus which it returns for the policy-holders. The income record appears at first sight more favorable as it shows an excess of receipts over expenditures amounting to not quite \$32,000; but when we discover that the premium notes taken in part payment for premiums during the year exceeded \$65,000, we perceive that in the *cash* income of the company it really fell as far short of its expenditures as it professes to be in excess!



The Brooklyn Life, which takes the lead at present in braggart statements and direct self-puffery, returns a surplus of over \$257,000. In its advertisements it represents its surplus at \$278,000—which it accomplishes by including all the items which are not admitted in the report—and then assures us that its surplus exceeds that of last year in the sum of \$63,000. When we look, however, at the list of gross assets from which this surplus is derived, the first item that we find is "premium notes and loans on policies in force," nearly \$450,000, almost twice the amount necessary to swallow up the unfortunate surplus! When we find that over \$200,000 more of the reported assets is made up of such items as "cash," "deferred and unpaid premiums" and "accrued interest," we shall feel scarcely prepared for the announcement that "From this amount a dividend will be paid to the holders of participating policies." Dividends are pleasant things to receive; but it may not be quite so pleasant when the policies begin to fall due, and the question arises as to the company's ability to pay.

Of the Home Life it is sufficient to state that with a surplus returned of not quite eight hundred thousand dollars, its premium notes alone exceed a million, and its "cash in bank" and "deferred and unpaid premiums," amount to over \$400,000 additional. It is clear that but for these items there would be a very marked deficit, sufficient to absorb not only the nominal surplus but the capital stock of the company.

There are some companies whose returns make such a poor figure on their own showing, as to render superfluous any investigation as to the items which make up their list of assets. Such is the case with the Homœopathic which has impaired its capital to the extent of over \$100,000, or more than one-half; and unhappily we may add the same of the degenerate Knickerbocker, whose expenses during the past year have exceeded its income by almost \$50,000. The Knickerbocker, however, contrives to return a nominal surplus of about \$700,000, but as its premium notes alone amount to \$2,800,000, its claim to possess an actual surplus are, we are sorry to say, not well founded. Oppression does not always prove profitable as old Knick seems to have discovered to its cost.

We should be very much pleased to ascertain to what extent the Mutual Life authorizes the acts of its agents; for one can imagine hardly anything more discreditable than the proceeding which we are about to relate, and which it appears to have adopted to the extent, at least, of defending the suit to which it gave rise. One John M. Stillwell, a merchant of Yonkers, was

insured by the North America Life, for \$10,000, for seven years. He had already paid \$2,300 in premiums, when an insurance agent induced him to cancel his policy and insure in the Mutual. Shortly after this insurance, Mr. Stillwell was taken ill, and it seems that the same agent then called on him, and threatening to charge that he had deceived the company concerning his bodily health, made him give up the policy and receive the premium he had paid. His wife unknowingly signed away her interest, and Mr. Stillwell died on the twelfth of July, 1875. Mrs. Stillwell sued the Company; Judge Barnard, after hearing the case took it from the jury, and ordered the Company to return the policy to Mrs. Stillwell, that she might sue upon it for the amount insured.

Referring above to the apocryphal assets exhibited by so many companies, we have remarked, as we often did before, that there are a sufficient number of those whose assets bear on their face the stamp of their value—a stamp of whose genuineness there can be no question. Thus, for example, we take up the Annual Report of the New York Superintendent and turn to table No. II. It matters little which of those companies, so well and favorably known to our readers, we happen to cast our eyes upon. We certainly could use no better illustration for any useful purpose than the case of the New England Mutual Life. Well, how do the assets of this company stand in the official table? A few periods of figures will be the best reply. Thus, under the head of "real estate," we have \$1,336,334.23; under that of "bonds and mortgages," \$2,234,142.22; under that of "other stocks and bonds," \$6,527,680.50, &c. We might mention several other kinds, including U. S. stocks, all of which are fully equivalent to the value which they represent. When we add to this that the total assets set opposite to the name of that company in the New York Report—in a line with the solid items we have mentioned—are over fourteen millions, we think we have satisfied every intelligent impartial mind that the great New England Company continues worthy of its name and fame.

Turning to the Old Manhattan we find piles equally substantial and of equally permanent value. Thus, its "bonds and mortgages" are estimated in the official table at more than five and a-half millions (\$5,505,803.67.) We pause here to ask one question. Who has ever heard that the company holding these millions in mortgages has taken any unworthy advantage of its mortgagors? If it has ever been accused even by its enemies of adopting the contrivance which we have stamped in these pages as the "Equitable

Assurance or Pawn Office plan," we have never heard any intimation of the fact. Among the other items in the table are "U. S. stocks and securities," \$447,135.25; loans on stocks and collaterals, \$904,311.84, &c. Now, if it be taken into account how careful and cautious the Manhattan is in accepting risks, it will be easily understood that a total of such assets amounting to nearly ten millions (\$9,977,473.17), constitutes an ample provision for all probable or even possible contingencies. Fifteen years have now elapsed since we compared the Manhattan Life and the New England Life with each other, pointing out some sterling qualities which they possessed in common. Amid all the changes and fluctuations which have occurred during that period, we may ask, which of those qualities has either company lost, discarded, or violated?

Considering the comparative youth of the New York Continental, no company has a better record; no company is more frank or more faithful in its official statements. It has never dealt in apocryphal assets. Nor has the "hard times" made any change in the characteristic integrity of its course. In the table already quoted from we find opposite to the Continental, under the head of bonds and mortgages, \$1,301,377.50; under the head of U. S. stocks, \$585,516.25; under real estate, \$822,385.15; loans on stocks as collaterals, \$309,505.00, &c. Every one of these items is substantial—worth every penny it represents; and the Continental's total of such assets amounts to \$6,229,484.83. This is a safer, surer pile than the tens of millions counted by the "iron clad" and "pawn office assurance" corporations.

There are none of our companies that stand on a more solid basis than the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey; no one more intelligently or more honorably managed. Subjected to the test we have applied to its worthy compeers it presents the following significant results: Bonds and mortgages, \$12,821,812.20; U. S. stocks, \$1,821,710.00; other stocks and bonds, \$9,169,755.63, &c. Of assets thus constituted, the company of which the industrious, honest, law-abiding and law-executing State of New Jersey may well be proud, exhibits a total of \$31,300,677.93.

The American Life, of Philadelphia, being a home company—one that has no ambition to extend its labors beyond where it is well known, sends no statement to the New York superintendent. But its record in the corresponding department of Pennsylvania is such as enables it not only to bear the above test but also to leave a wide margin to meet any additional fair test. Its guaranteed bonds of various kinds amount to nearly half a million; its mortgages and real estate to nearly three millions; its own real estate to \$321,500.00, &c.

We might easily add other facts and figures to show that the companies which do their work faithfully and well are in no danger of the "hard times," or from any contingencies whatever.

We are glad to see that the New York Legislature have at length passed an act prohibiting life companies from declaring forfeited or lapsed any policy hereafter issued or renewed by reason of non-payment of any annual premium, interest or any portion thereof, unless a notice in writing, stating the amount of annual premiums, or interest due, and when due on such policy, and the place where said premiums or interest may be paid, shall have been duly addressed and mailed by the company issuing the policy to the insured, postage paid, at his or her last post-office address, not less than thirty or more than sixty days next before such payment becomes due, according to the terms of such policy. This act will, it is to be hoped, put an end to such oppressive proceedings as that of the Connecticut Mutual which refused payment of a policy because the insured party had been insane on the day when the last payment became due, and therefore omitted to pay his annual premium\*, and the still less creditable action of the Knickerbocker Life in the case of Emelie Leslie, lately decided in the Court of Appeals. It appears that in the latter case the owner of the policy had applied to the company *who had the policy in possession*, to be told when the premium and the interest on the note given by the insured would become due. The party at the cashier's desk declined to give the information, but promised to give notice of the time and the amount before it became due. This notice was never sent, and it further appeared that the company knew at the time that the health of the insured was failing, and spoke at the office of the fact, and of the intention to enforce the rules if the premium were not paid. Of course the company set up the non-payment of the premium as a defence. In both these cases the judgment was given against the company on the merits, accompanied in the latter instance by some severe strictures on the bad faith of the company; but we trust that henceforth such companies will be deprived of the power of taking advantages of this kind—advantages repugnant to all sense of honor and even of decency.

We had hoped to have heard the last of the "iron-clad" companies and their resistance to the payment of the policies held by Southerners whose premiums had lapsed during the war. But the Penn. Mutual has recently presented us the spectacle of a fresh struggle over the same question; we are happy to say with the same result. In this

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\* Wheeler against the Connecticut Mutual Life.

case\* the insurance had been effected as long ago as 1847, and the premiums paid regularly until 1861. From that time until 1865, the insured being an inhabitant of Virginia, was prevented from paying the premiums. Upon the close of the war he wrote to the company inquiring what steps he must take to continue his insurance. It answered that it was forfeited by the non-payment of the premiums in 1861, and would not be revived. After a protracted negotiation in which the insured appealed in vain to its honor, its liberality and such considerations, he was compelled to resort to legal remedy, which we are glad to see proved completely successful. He was decreed to be re-instated in his policy on payment of his lapsed premium with interest, which was all that the company could reasonably require, and which they should in common justice have accepted without putting the insured to the delay and expense of a vexatious suit.

This Penn Mutual, by the way, is a company which makes an enormous flourish in the way of self-laudation and returns a list of assets exceeding five millions, which, however, is so closely shaved by its liabilities as to leave a surplus of little over nine hundred thousand dollars, inclusive of its capital stock, while its "premium notes and loans," "cash in office and bank," "deferred and unpaid premiums," and "interest due and accrued," amount to over a million, so that without these items there would be a deficiency of something like one hundred thousand dollars over and above the amount of the capital stock.

We now turn to the fire companies. Here the returns show an increase in the amount of admitted assets and an increase in that of liabilities; while at the same time and during the same period their income has diminished upwards of three millions, and their expenditures increased only two. How are we to account for this? There can be but two explanations. Either certain companies have improved by careful management, while others have weakened by recklessness and improvidence: or else the assets of many of the companies have been manipulated to such an extent that their returns do not present a genuine statement of the company's actual condition; while the relative proportion of their incomes and expenditures afford a true indication of their real financial positions. That this last is too often the true explanation appears from the language of Superintendent Smyth himself. He says:

"They estimate as high as possible every asset capable of increase, and diminish their liabilities, if possible, in like ratio, and not unfrequently failing to consider capital a liability, illegally declare dividends."†

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\* Bird v. Penn Mutual Life.

† Fire Report, p. 441.

We can hardly open the Report without lighting upon some instance of what we have stated. The very first company on the list—the New York *Ætna*—presents an excess of expenditures over income to the amount of fifty-seven hundred dollars. This is not very heavy, but when we find how large a portion of it was paid in dividends, salaries and brokerage, we can see how easily it might have been reduced within limits, and cannot but argue unfavorably for the thrift of the company. The *Adriatic* returns a surplus of twenty-seven thousand dollars, which is almost literally made up of “interest earned and accrued,” “cash” and “premiums in course of collection.” Its expenses did not exceed its income, although they shave it very closely—in fact within six hundred dollars.

The expenditures of our old friend the *Arctic* as usual exceed its income to the amount of nearly twelve thousand dollars; that is ten thousand dollars more than the surplus which it returns of assets over liabilities. The *Brewers’* and *Malsters’* returns a surplus of not quite twenty-five thousand dollars, while the “uncollected premiums” included in the list of its assets, exceed thirty-one thousand dollars, and its “bills receivable not matured” amount to over seventeen thousand more. Of actual and available assets it does not appear to have an amount equal to its liabilities. The *Columbia* returns a surplus of not quite forty thousand dollars, whereas its “accrued interest,” “uncollected premiums,” “bills receivable not matured,” and the very doubtful item of “cash belonging to the company,” is stated at nearly forty-five thousand. The expenditures of this company during the past year exceeded its income by nearly eighteen thousand dollars.

The expenditures of the *Commerce* exceeded its income by over four thousand dollars a goodly portion of this went in salaries to employes and dividends to stockholders. In the case of the *Fireman’s Fund* the excess of expenditures are twenty-five hundred dollars; that of the *Gebhard* about four hundred and fifty. All the returns of this company appear to be on a limited scale, especially its surplus, which is only about thirty-eight hundred dollars. This is its nominal surplus; it would be hard to say what actual surplus it possesses when its “unpaid interest” and “uncollected premiums” amount to double the sum. These are the small fry. Among the larger, we find the *Knickerbocker Fire* with an excess of fifteen thousand dollars expenditure over income; and the *Metropolitan Fire* with a similar excess of over nineteen thousand. This latter company, by the way, returns a surplus of a little over twenty-five thousand dollars, while its items of “cash,” “accrued interest,” “uncollected premiums,” and “bills receivable,” exceed thirty-three thousand!

We have discovered enough instances to show how it is that while the fire companies' returns display unmistakeably an increase of expenditure and a diminution of income, and in many instances an excess of expenditures over income, they still continue to present a fair seeming list of assets which conveys a general impression of their prosperity in many instances far from well founded. It is generally done by a free use of their items "interest accrued" and "uncollected premiums," which are not in the true sense of the word *assets* at all, and a liberal amount of "cash in bank," which may be the genuine property of the company, and may be only a temporary deposit of borrowed money. In estimating the responsibility of these companies the same question should be applied as a test as in the case of the life, namely, will the assets, if all these items be withdrawn, still bear a substantial surplus over and above the liabilities? If so, the company's finances stand on a sure basis; if not, it is greatly to be mistrusted.



**Echoes from Article on "Puffing Element in Higher Education,"  
in last (September) Number.**

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"What in it (the Review) will attract the most attention is the paper on the Puffing Element in Our Higher Education. \* \* Evidently this publication [the United States School and College Directory] is a mere advertising sheet, and thoroughly illiterate, as such so often are. \* \* That there is a vast amount of ignorant puffing in regard to education and every thing else in this country is not likely to be denied, though it is worth pointing out, but it is no proof of the worthlessness of a school, for instance, if it is spoken well of by an idiot." \* \*—*Hartford Courant*.

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\* \* "This article is followed, probably by way of relief, by an amusing criticism, entitled "The Puffing element in our Higher Education," upon an octavo volume, "The United States School and College Directory for 1875," in which almost every separate institution, large or small, good or middling, receives a great deal of high-flown eulogy. The compiler or editor of this Directory, it is shown here by numerous quotations from his work, has a fine contempt for the rules of syntax.—*Philadelphia Press*.

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\* \* "We confess that, until we read the really able article in Sears' Review, we had no idea of the thinness of the intellectual strata that underlie the surface of the minds of our famed educators. The extracts furnished from the prospectuses of the various colleges and schools mentioned in the "Directory" are sufficient to convince any sane man of the extremes to which humanity's self-conceit and vanity may advance. \* \* Daily experience goes far towards confirming the truth of these terse, sarcastic reflections. \* \* We thank Dr. Sears for the really able manner in which he has presented this subject. We will welcome him should he ever stroll this way, and, although it be our lot to be one of those institutions that are "located" in Western New York, we trust that this circumstance may be no barrier to our progress. And should our respected friend choose to indite us a Latin epistle, we can guarantee that he will receive, in return, one, equally as classic in style, as affectionate in terms, and as correct in grammar, as are those with which, in one or two places (in the Review before us) he regales his readers.—*Niagara Index* (Catholic College Semi-Monthly.)

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\* \* "To all those who wish to follow the course of modern criticism, and examine some of the most prominent results of modern thought and experience by the aid of skilled analysis, the National Review, under the able and progressive editorship of Dr. Sears, appears as a safe and pleasant guide. \* \* 'The puffing Element in Our Higher Education' makes out a strong case." \* \*—*Boston Post*.

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"In Article IV. the reader will find a special tid-bit, which he had better, like the school-boy, reverse for the last. If he has the smallest particle of humor in his composition, the writer's dissection of 'The United States School and College Directory for 1875' must make him laugh. The entire article presents as good a bit of humor as we have had for a long time. Take the following as a trifling example." \* \*—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

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